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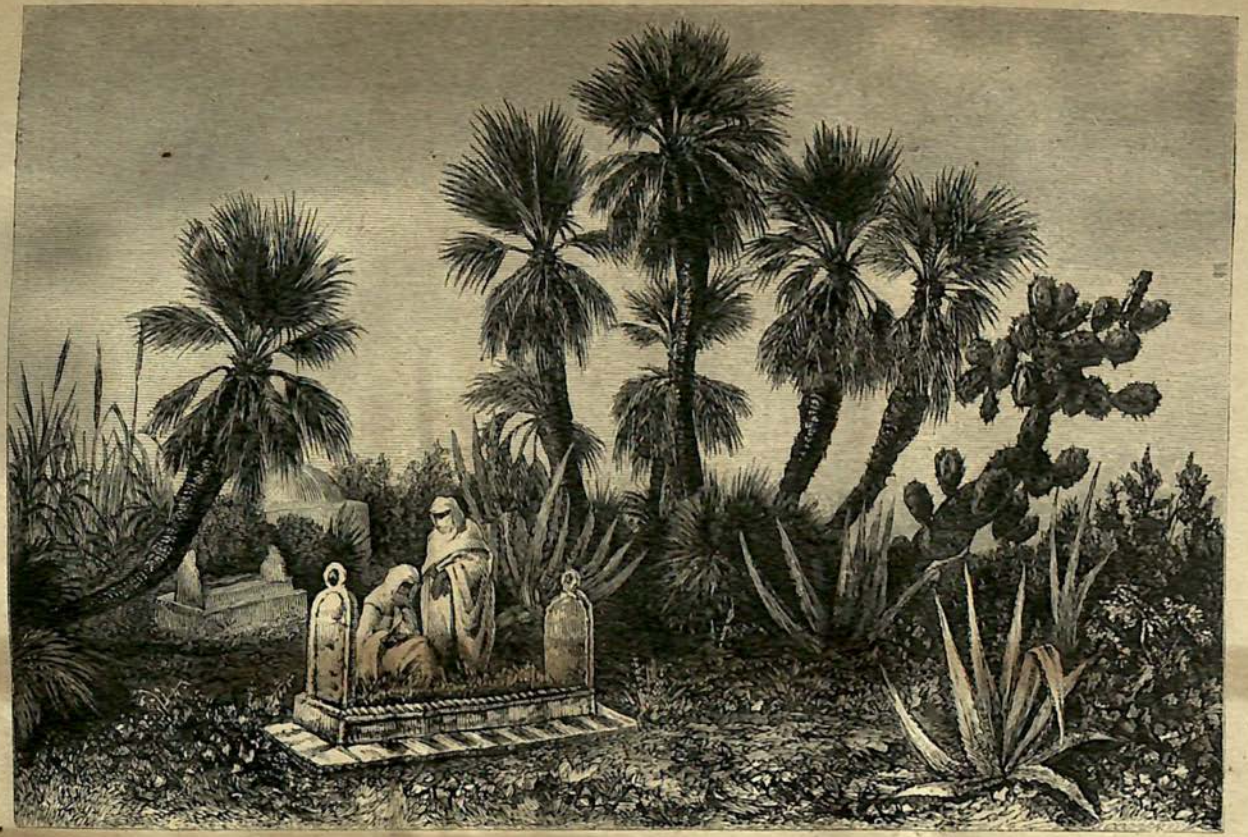

MOORISH TOMBS ON THE BOUZARÉAH. *Frontispiece.*

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by H. Churchill, Esq. C.B.)

A

WINTER IN ALGERIA.

1863-4.

B 2591

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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BY

MRS. G. ALBERT ROGERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE FOLDED LAMB," AND "THE SHEPHERD KING."

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON
LUDGATE HILL.
1865.

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PREFACE.

THE preface of a book—the page last written, and, it is hoped, first read—is expected to say a few words on behalf of the volume which it undertakes to introduce to the public. A grateful task this where merit can be pointed out, and the production of another praised. Where his own is in question, the author can but give the reasons which have led to the publication of the work.

Last winter, when a residence of some months in Algiers was first contemplated, we naturally sought to obtain every information respecting a country so comparatively unknown to us. On inquiry at the circulating libraries, the answers received were far from encouraging. Few English works on Algeria were published, and none of these were very recent. The *vivâ voce* accounts given us by those who had visited the place, were strangely contradictory on almost every point. Disappointed in the result of our inquiries, we nevertheless endorsed the opinion of a German writer, that "excursions to new

regions are useful, to rub off the cryptogamic growths with which too long a residence in one and the same country, is apt to encrust the human soul;" and we looked forward with the greater pleasure to a *séjour* in Africa, from its very uncertainty, and novelty.

One parting injunction was repeatedly urged; that a journal should be kept, and our *quota* of knowledge gained on the spot, be added to the general store. *Eccolo.*

I have gratefully to express my obligations to those who have kindly aided me, by giving, or procuring for me, local information. Especially to M. Bulard, Director of the Imperial Observatory at Algiers, who has furnished the observations which are given in the Appendix; and which have been prepared expressly for this work, at a great cost of time and labour. They possess a high scientific value, from the fact (which M. Bulard states), of this being the first time that any reliable meteorological documents relative to Algeria, have ever been published. I have also to thank M. Durando, Botanist and Librarian, for kindly indicating the names of native plants which are peculiar to this country. The list of plants I am thus enabled to give, may be of use to those who visit Algeria, as showing what additions may here be made to the Flora with which they are already familiar. To a stranger in a foreign land, in search of health, and wayside recreation, this is often a subject of importance.

The photographs from which several of the plates have been taken, are thus used by permission of MM. Alary and Geiser, Algiers. The frontispiece has been taken

from a water-colour drawing kindly lent for the occasion by the Consul-General. I have not hesitated to avail myself of Dr. Bodichon's publications on the climate of Algeria; nor to consult the best French and English authorities, on historical, and other points.

It is perhaps right to apologize for the retention of the Diary form. A *primâ facie* objection is obvious: merely personal recollections, devoid of interest to others, will largely mingle. Many of these have been eliminated; and much has been added on subjects concerning which, information would generally be sought.

It was no part of the Author's original intention to have given any of the Arab legends, which will be found interspersed in the following pages. The suggestion, however, that the legends of an unlettered people, such as the Arabs of Algeria, convey the best index to their character, habits, and mode of thought, has, upon re-consideration, led to their insertion. Curiously as truth and error are always interwoven in these Oriental fables, there is usually veiled some historic clue, to repay the reader for his trouble.

Another objection may be taken to the want of connexion which necessarily marks the daily entry of passing events. But if the graces of style do not cluster around the leaves of a journal, and in ornate composition it may be found deficient, it yet offers as compensation for these disadvantages, the fidelity and freshness of first impressions. How much those herein recorded may possess of either interest, or value, it is not for the writer to decide.

The wide-spread insurrection which broke out in Algeria during our residence there, has drawn unusual attention to that country. If this volume be found to contain instruction for the tourist, guidance for the invalid seeking health in more genial climes, or information for the general reader, no further apology need be offered for the publication of a "Winter in Algeria."

LONDON,
March, 1865.

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A WINTER IN ALGERIA.

1863-4.

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GOING OUT.

The Crossing—Paris Fogs—New Greek Church—Emperor and King of Greece—Information gleaned respecting Algiers—Tomb of Napoleon—Messageries Impériales—Cost of Transit—St. Germain de l'Auxerois—Purgatorial Association—Mausoleum of Louis XVI.—Journey to Lyons—Bishop of Gibraltar—Route to Marseilles—Warning against Tricks at Marseilles—The Mediterranean—Minorca and Majorca—Nearing the African Coast.

On the 19th of October we crossed the channel, slept one night at Dieppe, and proceeded next day to Paris, meeting with but few incidents of travel by the way. The rough five hours' crossing was not favourable to literary effort, albeit the boat was good and swift. The Southerners, so we learnt from our Captain, had just offered £6,000 over cost price, hoping to secure her. Custom House annoyances are, it would seem, really consigned to the oblivion they should long since have enjoyed. We had nothing overhauled on arriving at Paris, and even at Dieppe, where one box was unlocked, not an article was displaced.

We found Paris enveloped in one of its cold, white, October fogs, which, hear it ye Parisians! are fully as prejudicial to health and comfort as those of London, which

you talk of cutting with a scythe. Stormy weather is predicted by the *savans*, so we are glad to be thus far on our way, and still more so to find ourselves safe, with a hearty welcome, under the hospitable roof of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes.

Oct. 21*st.*—There was a special service this morning at the new Greek Church, which enabled us to see the building to advantage. The lovers of the beautiful should include in the sights most worth seeing, the St. Sophia of Paris. The gilding of the roof was dazzling; superb yet chaste, and harmonious as the burst of voices which seemed to come from the exquisite cupola above us. The subdued light streaming through many coloured glasses, the clouds of incense, the pictures, the marble, the splendour of the dresses—for some high day had assembled a vast array of officiating priests—all combined to make one fancy one's self in a sort of fairy land. Ladies, with their young Greek attendants in picturesque costumes behind their chairs, were prostrating themselves constantly to the very floor, as the low sonorous chanting rose and fell. Still it was impossible to couple with all this gaudy display the idea of worship, and it was with a sense of relief that we left, and proceeded to the Thursday morning service in the English Church, Rue d'Aguesseau, where we heard a valuable sermon from Mr. Forbes, the English chaplain. From thence to the Musée du Louvre. The pictures were old acquaintances. Admired some of the new fresco ceilings excessively. When the union of the Louvre and Tuileries is completed, the whole will indeed form a stately edifice. *En route* saw the Emperor taking the young King of Greece to a Review given in honour of the latter. The contrast between the bright looks and upright bearing of the young king, to whom the weight of sovereignty was as yet unknown, and the

careworn-looking Emperor, on whose fiat the destiny of Europe seems to rest, could scarcely fail to strike a beholder.

"Mamma, I wish I was an emperor, too, and could have a great many soldiers," said Louis Napoleon, some forty-five years ago. Does he ever recall his mother's words? Placing her hand on her young son's head, Queen Hortense replied,—

"My son, it is no enviable lot to wear a crown. It is but too often affixed to our brow with thorns."

We had the pleasure of making acquaintance this evening with Miss L. who had been Miss Crawford's companion in Algeria some three years ago. Her description of the passage they had from Marseilles is dreadful, and almost tempts one to turn back. She says the French Government, in their desire to colonize Algeria, offered a free passage to all emigrants, who on that occasion were certainly of the lowest and dirtiest class. Miss L. is a sort of rival of Miss Pardoe, and a most enterprising traveller; often when in the interior putting up in a rough stable for the night, with only her saddle for a pillow. It was, therefore, doubly alarming to hear her say that nothing would tempt her to undergo such a passage again. The first-class deck was literally covered with swarms of these dirty creatures and their children, rolling about in every revolting form; and the sights which met her gaze, and the sounds which assaulted her ears, were so unendurable, that, though an excellent sailor, she retreated, after the first afternoon's experience, to her cabin, and never left it again. To complete the picture, a terrible storm came on, the hatches were battened down, and the passage occupied sixty hours. This is undeniably a most comfortless prospect, and my courage sinks.

Thursday, Oct. 22d. — Visited the Invalides. One

would never tire of seeing the Emperor's tomb. The simple blue glass in the windows of the crypt, the plain golden glass in those of the chancel, have a most scenic effect, throwing a sombre light on the tomb, and a glorious hue over the high altar. Poor Louis-Philippe! How he miscalculated when he touched those dangerous ashes, from which, phœnix-like, the present stern ruler of France has sprung. Had a visit from the author of the pamphlet, "Notre St. Père le Pape," and a long account of the trouble its notoriety had occasioned. The *Times*, thinking it one of the brochures put forth from time to time under the inspiration of the Emperor, had announced it as such, and the Minister of Public Instruction had summoned the author, threatening prosecution. Happily, after some time, this intention was abandoned, but it caused months of anxiety.

Mr. Forbes brought home the intelligence that all the berths to Algiers were engaged for weeks to come, leaving no hope of a passage. Altogether, matters do not look very propitious as regards our transit to Africa.

Oct. 23*d.*—We had always intended to wait till we reached Marseilles before taking our passage; but this morning, the bright idea of some friendly adviser led us to visit the *Bureau des Messageries Impériales*, as the best way of obtaining precise information. To our great joy we found the state of things existing three years ago had undergone a complete reformation. No longer are emigrants provided with a free passage; or if exceptional cases occur, they are not permitted to invade the first-class decks. The officials assured us that the best boats in the service now ply between Marseilles and Algiers. They showed us the plan of the one which crosses to-morrow, and said if we would call the next day, we might select our places for the following Tues-

day, by the plan they would then have received. This, however, we left to them to choose, and they promised at once to telegraph for the best cabin to be kept for us. Thus the fears of the last two days were dispelled, and we felt we had no slight grounds for thankfulness.

First-class tickets from Paris to Algiers, are 191fr. 75c. We also ascertained the cost of transit to other parts of Algeria, though with no intention of availing ourselves of these lines. From Paris to Marseilles, 96fr. 75c.; Marseilles to Oran, 143fr.—Total, 239fr. 75c. Paris to Stora, the port for Constantine, 214fr. 75c. Second-class fares on the three routes respectively are: to Algiers, 143fr. 40c.; to Oran, 185fr. 40c.; and to Stora, 165fr. 40c. In all these charges food is comprised. It is not so in the case of third-class passengers.

Thence to the Church of St. Germain de l'Auxerois. On the pillars inside we found a printed notice of a remarkable charity connected with that special church and parish, for extricating the souls of the faithful from purgatory after death, and for supplying extreme unction to the devout poor gratuitously at the last hour. To encourage contributions from the rich, special exemptions and indulgences were decreed for them, and this in the vaunted nineteenth century!

With some difficulty we found our way to the now unfrequented spot where the mutilated remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were deposited after the Bourbon restoration, together with those of the Swiss guards who fell in the path of honour. The gates were unlocked by a portress, who told us the entrance was *à volonté*, which of course in free translation, meant a franc. There is a severe simplicity about this mausoleum, and the monuments to the late sovereigns and the Princess Elizabeth are very touching.

Oct. 24th.—Bade adieu to our kind friends, and left Paris enveloped again in its cold, chilling, white mantle. Reached Lyons per express in eleven hours, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel de Lyon. By the time we had arrived at Melun the fog had dissipated, or we had railed away from it, which enabled us to discern very pretty scenery, both by the river side, and higher up. The Forest of Fontainebleau looked rich in its autumnal garb, though our line does not pass through the finest part. The buffet at Dijon is justly considered a very good one. At all such places, however, digestion is out of the question, from the brief space of time allowed for the exercise of one's gastronomic powers.

By the time we reached Blaissy-Bas, the full moon had risen, shedding a soft lustre over vineyards displayed in squares, in terraces, and trailing over craggy hills which terminated in scarp rocks, often crowned with seeming ruins grey. It was altogether very pretty; but we are now tired, and more fit for rest than for recording the impressions of the journey.

Sunday, 25th.—G. very unwell. I had to go to church alone, where I heard the Bishop of Gibraltar preach. In the course of his sermon, the Bishop took occasion to animadvert in somewhat forcible terms on the conduct of the travelling English. He said they were renowned for the liberality of their expenditure, that they grudged no amount of money if anything was to be seen, or any pleasure to be purchased; but that he was sorry to say too many did grudge contributing in any proportionate degree to the support of Divine Worship in their own tongue. His lordship added, that they should be only too grateful to find the services of their own Church provided for them in a foreign land, &c. &c. All this produced, I think, its due effect, as the collection in the

plate looked decidedly penitential. I fear it is a fact only too well attested, that *kreutzers* and *centimes* have been known to issue on these occasions from the pockets of well-dressed people.

In the afternoon G. had a long conversation with the Bishop, and found him very cordial and agreeable. His predecessor in the See of Gibraltar was sent out in a British man-of-war, and had a house provided for him. Retrenchment is, however, the order of the day, and both these items now come from the prelate's privy purse. The appointment is far from valuable in a pecuniary point of view, and requires private means. The Bishop intends fixing his residence at Malta. Being Sunday, we have seen little or nothing of the town. The plants in the Place Imperiale gave one an impression of being in a more southern latitude.

Monday, 26th.—Up early, and off by the *grande vitesse*. *En route* to the station fell in with some pleasant English, and contrived to keep a carriage to ourselves all the way to Marseilles. The whole journey was performed by daylight, and was one continued scene of beauty. Our route lay alongside the Rhone. We frequently crossed and re-crossed the river, which from St. Vallier becomes studded with islands. After passing this town, which stands on a terrace high enough to escape the periodical overflowings of the mighty stream, picturesque ruins and chains of hills attracted our notice. The beautiful outline of Mont Pilate was seen in the distance; soon after the Alps of Dauphiné; and ere long all eyes were eager to descry Mont Blanc, but this I fancy requires a very peculiar state of the atmosphere and very powerful glasses. We, at least, failed to discern the monarch of mountains.

From La Concorde to Montelimar, the Rhone presented

exquisite pictures. Every here and there white sand-banks and pebble ridges were peering above the stream, the little wavelets of which were dancing and gleaming in the sunlight. A suspension bridge spanned the Rhone here, probably on the site of the one which was swept away by a flood in 1840. Patches of bright verdure girdled the limestone hills in broad belts. Above them, on picturesque crags, were reared castles on seemingly inaccessible summits, while Nature imitated so closely these works of art as almost to defy detection from the windows of a railway carriage. Pierrelatte, the colossal mass of rock rising erect from the plain—magnificent Mont Venteaux—the frowning Alps, towering as they did in the background, far above other and nearer mountain ridges—the widening Rhone, embracing the beautiful little islands which now rose rapidly upon its bosom—each and all combined to make the scenery lovelier than we had ever anticipated.

At one o'clock we had our first glimpse of Avignon, the city of the Popes. The beauty of the day added to the charm of the view, which was altogether lovely as imagination could have pictured it; and in the distance we fancied Avignon bright as when the residence of Petracha and his Laura. The dazzling brilliancy of the white buildings surmounted with gilding—one especially, with a golden figure, which we concluded had once been the Pope's palace—the dark green background of the cypress-trees, with an intensely blue sky relieved by light fleecy clouds overhead, formed an exquisite picture, and seemed to render Avignon a fitting cradle for Horace Vernet's talent. Looking back after quitting this city, when our course was steering amid the olive-trees, the Rhone still flowing on our right, we saw snow on a distant chain of mountains, and far away to our

left rose another line of hills, resplendent in hues of purple and green, competing for the palm of beauty. Perhaps it is partly owing to our expectations not having been too highly raised; but certain it is our journey this day has left pleasurable reminiscences far beyond what we had anticipated.

At Miramas we first caught sight of the Gulf of Lyons. The lofty Pyrenees were seen in the distance, and as we dashed on through ridges and tunnels, beauteous peeps of the Mediterranean gladdened our eyes, till we came down at last upon this wonderful city of Marseilles, and exchanging the railroad for the wide spacious streets, found ourselves at the Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix. Chartering a guide, we soon sallied forth to see a little of the town, which some consider the finest in France. To judge by the buildings, and improvements everywhere pointed out to us as in progress, I should say it at least bids fair to become such. We have, however, all the forenoon of to-morrow for further explorations, and I think I have done my duty as a journalist this day.

Oct. 27th.—At two o'clock this afternoon, we left Marseilles per *Hermus* steamer. A trick, which it is well to record as a warning to future passengers, might have lost us our passage, had we not started long before the appointed time. We engaged a carriage to take us to the steamer, whither our baggage had been sent previously from the Messagerie office, and, perhaps unwisely, paid for it in the hotel bill. We drove past so long a forest of masts—a familiar sight to English eyes—that we were quite prepared to alight when the coachman drew up on the quay, and threw open the door; but unprepared to see no vessel alongside, and to hear him hail a boat for us, with one or two passengers already in it. However, without waiting to answer our inquiries he was off, and

we seated ourselves in the little boat. Some five minutes or more brought us amidst a crowd of steamers, when G. suddenly asked, "Are you taking us to the boat for Algiers?" "Algiers! Is not Monsieur going to Italy?" With some trouble we hired a second boat, and on finally reaching the steamer, discovered the cheat which had been played by the driver to save himself two sides of the long quay. We should have driven to the spot, and walked on board!

If the entrance to Marseilles yesterday surpassed in beauty all that we had previously seen, the scenery to-day on quitting the harbour charmed us yet more. The surrounding heights, the fortifications by land and by sea, the extent of the town, its churches and other edifices, give an air of magnificence and grandeur to the scene which we had little expected. We had ample time to examine the harbour, which, not less beautiful than extensive, bears the impress alike of nature and of art. Too soon, however, for comfort we were out of its smooth waters, and rolling and tossing in the Gulf of Lyons, where an uneasy spirit seems to reign over the waves. I was one of the few who attempted to do justice to the dinner, which was admirably served, but I have an uncomfortable suspicion that on this score I had better not boast too soon.

Thanks, however, to my being a tolerable sailor, I spent the afternoon on deck alone, that is, without G.'s society, and watched my fellow-passengers go down, one by one, to the lower regions. One military gentleman, as disagreeable in manner as in personal appearance, and who seemed avoided as much as possible by his brother-officers, had at length to bow to stern necessity, and to beat a retreat, to the great satisfaction of the few whom he left in peace.

Wednesday, Oct. 28th. — This morning we passed between the Isles of Minorca and Majorca, though it was difficult either to adjust the glass to one's eyes, or to maintain a frame of mind capable of admiring the buildings on shore which were pointed out to us.

We have had a glorious passage. This I say on the captain's authority : pitching and tossing like a child in a swing, bringing misery untold to most of the passengers, would, I am afraid, more accurately describe *my* idea of what we have undergone. These vessels, so we are told, do not carry sufficient ballast; and whenever this is the case, steamers and human beings are much alike.

This evening we are sensibly in a more southern latitude. A purple sea crested with white foam has borne us up throughout our voyage, but now the sun is sinking in the west, amidst hues of violet, and bars of gold and red; and troops of porpoises, surrounding our vessel, seem anxious to stop in their gambols to tell us we are nearing the African coast. The captain assures us that we shall be in harbour at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and if so, an unusually rapid passage will have landed us on the shores of Algeria.

CHAPTER II.

SETTLING IN.

Casting Anchor—Debarcation—The Sirocco—Hotels—The British Consulate—House-hunting—Outrageous Prices—Place du Gouvernement—Motley Crowd—Illness—Our New House—First Sunday—Service at the Consulate—American Consul—Visits—Adventures in Furnishing—Vegetation in the vicinity of Algiers.

Hôtel de la Régence, Algiers, Oct. 29th.—At half-past five this morning the vessel cast anchor, after a rough but prosperous voyage of only thirty-nine hours. How welcome the sight of land! What a bustle overhead, announcing the hasty departure of some of our fellow-passengers, almost before we were well aware that we were inside the port! The sun had not yet risen, when we went on deck, and gazed on the new strange scene. How unlike anything European! The lower and new part of the town is French; but at first sight one overlooks this, and, glancing upwards, sees only the Moorish capital. Built as it is on an eastward slope, or rather steep declivity of the Sahel, it catches the eye with its white, square-built, terraced houses—pigeon-holes doing duty for windows—and giving an air of desertion to the place, which a nearer inspection quickly dissipates. At half-past six, as soon as the sun had risen in splendour behind the range of hills that encircle the bay, casting a flood of glory over the picture, we put ourselves into one of the many boats that were rowing around the steamer, inviting passengers to enter, and

went ashore. The cool breeze in the harbour was delicious, but no sooner had we landed than we came in most unpleasant contact with the hot wind from the Desert. The sirocco was actually blowing at this the end of October, and, combined with the fatigues of the voyage, made one feel as we ascended the narrow, dirty steps, leading from the harbour to the Place du Gouvernement, that we were verging upon a tropical clime. This entrance to the town is by no means inviting, and we are not sorry to hear that a new ascent from the landing-place will shortly be opened on a widely different scale.

We were glad to take refuge from the heat, which even at that early hour was really oppressive, in the hotel to which we had been recommended by Miss L. We have already, however, found cause to repent our choice. The Algiers of 1860 is not the Algiers of to-day; this hotel is both noisy and dirty, and the proprietors not remarkable for the *suaviter in modo* so essential to the comfort of their guests. Above all, situated as it is in the Place de Gouvernement, it is too low for those who require bracing and tonic. The Hôtel de l'Europe is decidedly, by all accounts, and in virtue of its situation, the best adapted for English visitors, at the present date. A magnificent hotel is in course of construction on the new Boulevards, the great influx of English last winter having encouraged hopes that such an addition to the town would be desirable, if not needful.*

* Neither here nor elsewhere have I mentioned hotel prices in Algiers, the reason being that railroad and steam have now pretty nearly equalized all such items within four days' journey of Paris. 3 to 3½ francs for the mid-day breakfast; 3½ to 4 fr. for dinner, including vin ordinaire: apartments *au choix* from 2 to 10 fr. are the usual charges, here as elsewhere, at the good hotels. Arrangements may be made for being received *en pension* at from 5 to 10 fr. per diem, according to the hotel and rooms selected. The new Hotel d'Orient is said to be as good as the Grand Hotel at Paris, with about the same scale of charges.

After breakfast G. started out to call on the Consul, whom he found most kind and attentive; and ere long, Mr. Elmore, who has been established here as Vice-Consul for some years, came to call at our hotel. He seems well acquainted with the interior of the country. G. accompanied him on a visit to the President of the French Protestant Consistory, to ask for the loan of their Temple for the English service this winter. It is a pity the English have no church of their own here. The *Commissionaire* to the British Consulate was sent by the Consul in the afternoon to aid us in house-hunting. To Mustapha Supérieur, a high and beautiful environ of Algiers, we accordingly drove; but except the general idea we have thus formed of the place and neighbourhood, our afternoon's work has been so far in vain. The prices put upon the houses and apartments, in expectation of the arrival of English "milords," are something fabulous, and enough to deter the said English from coming at all. For good country houses suitable for families, but furnished in a style which would prove most detrimental to letting in England, they ask the most outrageous prices,—1,000, 1,400, and even 1,800 francs a month; the arrangement of the rooms, the state of the walls, and the general want of comfort, being usually such as would make the latter sum adequate for an annual rental. We looked at furnished apartments. Some, in which there was not the space proverbially required for the rotatory evolutions of a cat, were valued at 300 and 350 francs per mensem. However, we had not, of course, expected to establish ourselves on the day of our arrival.

On our way home I saw a cloud, portending, as I thought, rain, but Zamit, our Maltese commissionaire, laughingly assured us that there were no hopes of that,

and that rain had not fallen for eight or nine months. It would have been refreshing, for the sirocco, slightly as it was blowing, had dried up one's skin, and made us feel very parched and feverish. At the table d'hôte dinner, a rustling breeze was heard, and the waiters flew in all directions to shut up the windows. I asked if a storm was really apprehended, when the unwonted reply was given, "Non, Madame, c'est le vent du Desert." This is naturally dreaded, as it fills the house with sand and fine dust. However their fears were groundless this time, as it proved to be a slight shower, which has somewhat refreshed the air.

Friday, Oct. 30th.—Awoke by noises and sounds of every description, admirably calculated to banish sleep, which after our late fatigues one feels specially to require just now; but the unmusical and incessant rattle of martial drums, the passage to and fro of military waggons and other vehicles, the perpetual transit of bipeds and quadrupeds, either civil or military (the latter greatly predominating), seem to call one to be up and doing as soon as the sun rises.

It was indeed no less pleasant than strange at that cool morning hour, to take one's station at the window and look out. Beneath was animated Nature: Moorish ladies closely veiled, going to, or returning from, the adjacent mosques, followed by an attendant negress, shrouded in her takhelida, or blue check; femmes de ménage innumerable, laden with their morning's marketing, or attended by an Arab bearing the burden; French gentlemen enjoying an early morning stroll; soldiers off duty, sauntering about; swarthy visages and piercing eyes; rich dresses and graceful garments; the handsome sons of Abraham, whose origin none can dispute; the Moors of the town, in their flowing burnouse, and the

ragged Bedouin of the Desert, driving a little file of heavily-laden asses, were all to be seen upon, or around, the Place du Gouvernement. In the centre of the Place is Marochetti's beautiful equestrian statue of the lamented Duke of Orleans. By the way, we have since been assured that, under the Provisional Government, a proposition for its removal was seriously entertained.

We look down on a fountain ever playing, and doing its best to refresh the sultry air. Surrounding it are some eighteen young orange-trees, not in boxes, as in England we are wont to see them, but luxuriating in a congenial soil and clime. A lofty date-palm rears its head proudly above them, and some dignified turbaned Turks are enjoying their chibouques on the seat placed beneath it. But dust covers its leaves, and those of the orange-trees, and does not even respect the new comers, for everything in our rooms is white, and it becomes a question whether or not to admit the outer air. The muezzim's call to early prayer might have aroused us, for we face the minaret of the Mosque of Djama-Djedid, but the din and noise all around would preclude our hearing it. If the Faithful ever catch the sound, it must rather be by instinct than by their auricular organs.

Either the oppressive heat, or the effect of the voyage, has so prostrated me that I am unequal to further exertion, and am feeling thoroughly unwell. G. dreads my becoming ill at an hotel in the hot town, and has spent all the day in house-hunting in all directions. In the afternoon he returned, saying he had seen a house which we could have at once near the town, and looking out upon the Jardin Marengo. The only drawback is that it is unfurnished, a difficulty which looks rather formidable. We are, however, assured it is easily to be overcome. A *marchand de meubles* will put in every

requisite at an hour's notice, which we can hire by the month. We have accordingly agreed to take the premises from to-morrow. The proprietors occupy the *rez de chaussée*, but all the upper part of the house, with a separate staircase and entrance, is ours. We have taken it for three months.

Oct. 31*st.*—Saw, and engaged a French servant. Domestics do not, by what we hear, stand high as a class in Algiers. The hire of our furniture seems likely to be a less easy affair than was represented. The man has had twenty-four hours' notice, yet we have come into bare rooms, and on looking up the delinquent, all our *commissionnaire* could get, consisted of beds, a table, and chairs. While ready to admit, in theory, that "man wants but little here below," we hardly expected to be thus suddenly called upon to prove its truth. However, here we are, quiet and alone; a comfort which can only be duly appreciated after travelling, and living at hotels, and feeling ill. The *batterie de cuisine*, crockery, &c., had, of course, to be bought, and our *femme de ménage* seems in her element, so we must contrive to get on till Monday. The *marchand* offered to bring up all the rest of the furniture to-morrow morning (Sunday), and thought our refusal to receive it most enigmatical.

The heat is everywhere intense. Last night the fierce attacks of the mosquitoes showed their taste for English blood. I believe new comers always suffer. The change to this higher locality has already done me good.

Nov. 1*st, Sunday.* — Our first Lord's Day in this strange land. Service was held this morning at the British Consulate; Mr. Churchill having kindly opened his suite of rooms for the purpose. About twenty only were present. In going and returning, it was sad to see business transacted as on other days; the markets and

the shops rather fuller and gayer than on other days. Would that we could devise some plan for reaching the hearts of this people!

Nov. 2*d.*—We English present strange compounds. Proud of our liberty, we are always ready to become slaves to any arbitrary custom, or unmeaning fashion. Here it is the etiquette for new comers to call on all the residents. One may be ill, or ignorant of the existence of some, perhaps, charming people; still one must find them out, and must call ere any attention can be expected from them. On first arriving in so strange a place, it would be far more gratifying to receive visits, and offers of kindly assistance, than to be bound to find out who's who, before feeling either settled or acclimatized. I see Russell complains of the same state of things at Simla, and I believe it is not unfrequent on the Continent; still, I confess to preferring manners and customs more purely *à l'Anglais.*

G. called on the American Consul, and found him an agreeable and well-informed young man. Indeed, his sole work here is to glean information and transmit it to his Government. There is not one single American resident in the place, nor as yet a visitor from across the Atlantic. He did not seem to think that much love was lost between the Arabs and their present masters. The French are not felicitous in their endeavours to win the affections of their nomadic subjects. Occasionally a whole tribe is brought into Algiers, fêted and taken to the theatre, the *ne plus ultra* of French delights, but the stolid Arabs are unable duly to appreciate these advantages. Certain it is that the French, with all their diversified talents, do not seem gifted in forming a prosperous and happy colony. We shall learn more on this subject by degrees. The first thing which strikes one is,

that there is here simply a grand military establishment. Almost every other Frenchman one meets is in uniform. The officers have beautiful horses provided for them and in every respect take precedence of their civilian countrymen.

The vegetation here has charms inexpressible for an unaccustomed eye. Boundaries, which take the place of our hedge-rows, are formed of aloes, so exactly resembling large pine-apple plants, that I was at first sight deceived. These are spread in all directions. Every here and there a tall, straight stem has sprung up, borne flowers, of which, alas! scarce any now remain, and then, fading away, has rung the knell of its parent's decease. As soon as the aloe has borne, its life pays the penalty of the effort, but around each plant from twenty to thirty young ones are springing up to claim its name and place. Caxti, whose fruit is the Barbary or Arab fig, which is said to be extremely nutritious, also abound, and are likewise much used as hedges. The cotton-plant, the datura, the hybiscus, the *lilac des Indes*, oleanders, African mimosas, orange and lemon trees, and other more familiar shrubs, are in full flower; together with smaller aspirants in the shape of roses, bigonias, cyclamen, fuschias, &c. Scarlet geraniums grow wild, and emulate creepers in twining amidst the caxtus and the olive. Still the vegetation is not such as one reads of in tropical regions, and the absence of woods and forests is a marked, and to me an unexpected, feature in this part of the province. The exuberant growth of such trees and shrubs as are to be found shows what might be done if the French turned their attention to thus cultivating the soil. Of course the question of irrigation must be taken into account. Just now water is sadly needed, not a drop of rain having fallen since the beginning of last May.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF ALGERIAN LIFE.

Visit to an Arab Court of Justice—Legal Powers now permitted to the Arabs—Courts of Justice—Their Constitution—Visit to the Mosque of Djama Kebir—Description—The Mosque Djama Djedid—Troubles in Furnishing—Jardin Marengo—Its Flowers and Plants—Heavy Rain—Peto's Works—Arab "Idle Corners"—The Arabs veritable Gibeonites.

Nov. 3*d.*—Zamit conducted G. this morning to the principal mosque in the place, in the Rue de la Marine, and introduced him to the mufti, or chief priest. This most dignified looking personage received him with the greatest politeness, and expressed much pleasure at making his acquaintance. He had the sagacity to say that he well understood the difference between Protestantism and Popery, and could sympathize with the former, but that he abhorred idolatry under whatsoever name. The conversation had to be carried on through an interpreter, so it was not easy for G. to say all he desired to this kind-hearted, but deluded, follower of the false prophet. G. expressed a wish to bring me to see the mosque, to which the mufti gave his assent, and said he hoped to meet him again.

In the afternoon I accordingly visited the mosque, having first obtained entrance at an Arab Court of Justice close by, where Zamit told us of a cause going on. Civil cases only are allowed to be tried in their own Court. It was a low building, dimly lit, and crammed with turbaned Moors, and burnoused Arabs.

One of the former, who sat at right angles with the presiding cadi, rose and made a most excitable speech, as though he held a brief on the occasion. The particulars of the case we could not exactly understand.

A friend in the Cour Impériale has kindly furnished us with information in reference to the extent of legal administration which the Arabs are still permitted to exercise, and as to the constitution of their Courts of Justice.

The Arabs, not enjoying the privileges of French citizens, cannot fill any employment in the French administration; but their own manners, customs, and religion are protected by the Government. The ministrations of justice amongst them are, and always have been, simple enough. The *Bureaux Arabes* are spread all over the country, and are responsible to the *Bureau Politique*, at Algiers, which centralizes them. At the head of each bureau is a French officer, together with his one or more assistants, including an interpreter. The *kodja*, or secretary, attached to every bureau is usually a native. Other natives are also associated with them—chaouchs, &c. &c. In the territories still under military rule the presiding officers are military; in the civil or more tranquil parts civilians administer justice. At the head of each tribe is a caïd; at the head of each *douar* or village a sheik, or one whose age commands local respect. These native chiefs are more properly agents than functionaries under the Government. Their influence is nevertheless very great. In certain cases they can inflict fines and impose other penalties. As the sheiks are under the cadi, so the caïds are in their turn under an agha, who presides over a large district; nevertheless this imposing array is in reality vested with little beyond honorary powers.

Their own Courts of Justice are constituted as follows. The caïd, or cadi, who is the one only judge, is armed with full power of pronouncing judgment in all civil cases. The Arabs are a most litigious people, and our friend says it is impossible to form an idea of the tenacity with which they spin out a lawsuit, or of the means they employ for defeating an adversary. They shrink from neither fraud nor falsehood. The cadi sits daily, or whenever it pleases him. His tribunal is composed of a *bach-adel,* to whom he may occasionally delegate his own powers; of *adels,* or assessors, who have a voice in the deliberations which ensue, and act as secretaries; an *aoun,* or usher, and *chaouchs.*

Their only law is that of the Koran; but its precepts unfortunately are not always very clear, and this has given occasion for endless commentaries. Each cadi is at liberty to choose his favourite law-book, which results in every judge having his own peculiar jurisprudence.

The mode of proceeding is very simple. For example, a native will come and complain that another owes him 100 francs; the aoun is immediately despatched to fetch the delinquent, and both parties state their side of the case. It was just such a case we watched, and it would be difficult to convey an idea of the energy and animation with which the contending parties expressed themselves. The cadi finally gives judgment, and without further ado the sum due is always paid in court. There was till lately an appeal to a higher tribunal, composed of several cadis, and presided over by the mufti. This is now suppressed.

Any contests between a Frenchman and a Mussulman are carried before the French Courts. To these an appeal is at any time permitted.

The Moslem women are not allowed to enter the

Mahakma, or tribunal. A little window, with iron gratings, is reserved for their use when they have a cause to plead. We saw several veiled figures eagerly crowding around this little aperture; but as we could not understand a word said, our visit was not long enough to hear if they had any complaint to make on this occasion.

Armed with the mufti's permission we next entered the Grand Mosque. Before the French occupation Algiers boasted a hundred and odd mosques, some and probably the greater proportion of which were simple *koubbas*. Some of the finest have, of course, been appropriated for Romish worship; some have been converted into barracks, or otherwise adapted for military service; and a large number have disappeared altogether, either as interfering with imperial decrees relative to new roads, fortifications, or ramparts, or have tumbled down in the lapse of time. Only four of any note now assemble the faithful within their walls. Of these the grand mosque of Djama Kebir ranks highest, and is said to be the most ancient. It dates from 409 of the Hejira, or A.D. 1018. The minaret was not added till 1323, by the Sultan Abou-Tachfin. Within we found worshippers performing their devotion on their carpets and mats, which were the more necessary as the law obliges them to leave their slippers at the door. No particular service was going on, but from time to time fresh devotees came in, bowed low on entrance, and then passed through the vestibule unshod to the court, where a fountain ever flowing amidst orange-trees enabled them to perform the prescribed ablutions. Around this vestibule were columns of white marble, supporting fourteen arcades, all beautifully carved with the favourite tooth-like decorative style. A Roman inscription at the base of the minaret is said to be part of

ancient Icosium, the ruins of which have served so many successive races in building and rebuilding Algiers. It runs thus :—

. . . VS· RVFVS AGILIS F. FL.
. . . ATVS D. S. P. DONVM D.

and is in good preservation. The interpretation thereof I leave to the learned. A "dim religious light" reigns throughout this large building, which makes it favourable for meditation and repose. There are, however, dissenters amongst the Mahommetans, as in every Church in all ages. This one belongs to the Maléki sect, and is specially favoured by the Arabs and Moors. Whitewash under this azure blue sky, sets off to great advantage the exterior of this and other mosques.

In the mosque Djama Djedid, in the Place de la Pêcherie, visitors must specially ask to see a chair sculptured in white marble, and a splendid folio copy of the Koran in manuscript, sent as a present to some Dey of Algiers by some Sultan of Constantinople. We did not visit this mosque to-day, but we hear that the splendidly illuminated pages of this manuscript are a prodigy of art, and cast all the monkish illuminations of the dark ages quite into the shade.

All yesterday the arrival of our much-needed furniture was delayed under various pretexts. A few articles made their appearance, coupled with solemn promises that all should be completed to-day. The man now declares, despite the agreement, that he only undertook to furnish one bedroom. There is also some dispute respecting the drawing-room furniture; and the dining-room table just sent is only fit for the kitchen. Fortunately, Zamit seems a match for them, and if violent gesticulations on both sides are all that is required to settle the affair, we

shall not much longer remain in the Robinson Crusoe-like state in which we now are.

Wednesday, Nov. 4th.—The various Arab costumes which we daily see are as yet beyond my comprehension. The Bedouin Arabs, the swarthy sons of the desert, meet one at every step, but habited in a garb different from that of the Arabs who have made the town their abode. To-day, whilst reading in the Jardin Marengo, three Arabs, or Moors, in as many divers styles of dress, came and stood, or leaned, over a railing near me, *posing* themselves in most picturesque attitudes. The heat was oppressive. I fell fast asleep, and awoke to find them all squatted on the ground close by—a novel guard of honour.

This garden in summer must be very lovely indeed. Even now it is beautiful, if compared with a French or English garden in November. Avenues of young date palm trees, interspersed with tropical plants and flowers of every hue, radiate from a central marble fountain. The broad glossy leaves of the caoutchouc, and those not unlike it of the banyan, a species of Indian fig which throws out roots from its branches, the yaccas, the aloes, the Carob tree, the Bell' ombra, the pomegranate, and the cotton plant, grow side by side with the hardy Scotch fir, and Laurustinus, and seem to speak of a climate as favourable for those who seek health here from a more temperate zone, as for those who come from India and Persia to recruit their wasted energies. The banyan is not indigenous, and the specimens of it here are young. Its branches stretch out horizontally like arms, and then point their fingers to the ground, which they soon reach, take root, and throw up other stems. In India, where they thus cover a space many hundreds of feet in circumference, one can

well fancy a regiment taking shelter under its large bright green leaves.

To the coxcomb tribe—certainly a very handsome one—an especial division of the garden is reserved. Beautifully coloured convolvuluses, phloxes, cyclamens, salvias, and other flowers common as household words, are intermingled with the mangrove and nutmeg tribe, euphorbias, brumansias sanguinea, the variegated thibaudia, the striated abutilon, &c. &c.

Situated on the abrupt slope of a hill, the garden has required no small degree of labour and skill to make so large a space level. It has been achieved by flights of steps, lowering the ground at the back, from which we enter, and raising it up with embankments and terraces in front, facing the sea. The whole is the work of soldiers who have been condemned to penal servitude. A colossal bust of Napoleon I. in white marble crowns a high column erected on one of the lower walks; the inscription to this idol of the French nation being,

"SON GÉNIE AVAIT RÊVÉ CETTE CONQUÊTE!"

I was assured by a French lady that this garden was formerly "exactly like Paradise," or the Garden of Eden, I forget which. But latterly the work of demolition has been going on, greatly circumscribing its boundaries. The new Lycée, now in course of construction, stands on what was once the lower part of the Jardin Marengo. The view from the upper part is lovely in the extreme.

In accordance with prescribed etiquette, we made a round of visits to-day on the residents. The Consul, who draws beautifully, kindly offered to go out sketching with me. Visitors are scarcely yet arrived. Called at the *campagne* of the Vice-Consul, near the Fort Napoleon, which commands a lovely view of the Bay

of Algiers and the surrounding mountains. Those in the distance are the Lesser Atlas. The vast plain of the Metidja intervenes between this range, and that of the Sahel, on which Algiers stands, and by which it is surrounded. The thermometer under Mr. Elmore's verandah last summer, stood as high as 128°. The sirocco at such seasons they naturally enough dread. When this wind is blowing, furniture may be heard splitting all over the house. The sea to-day is of the brightest blue, with scarce a ripple on its surface. As to our furniture, we are still *in statu quo*, and to-day, as on each previous day, the faithless *marchand* promises us to bring it "*demain*."

Thursday, Nov. 5th.—Heavy showers of rain fell this morning, and our French maid, being evidently no agriculturist, says it is "triste, bien triste." However, in the afternoon it cleared up, and we walked down by the Route Malakoff to the beach, in front of the Cité Bugeaud, as that environ of Algiers is called. A N.E. wind had effected as complete a change in the aspect of the sea, as it is possible to conceive. The Bristol Channel dashing in full force against its rocky coasts, need not have disowned the huge waves which now came rolling in towards us; and the hue of the Mediterranean, yesterday so blue and placid, was of that lovely tint of green so often to be seen at Ilfracombe. We are not therefore beyond the reach of vicissitudes. No Guy Fawkes to-day; probably a needless entry. There is little or no twilight here. That tranquil hour, the delight of meditative spirits in our northern climes, is almost unknown, and when the hour of sunset draws on, one must not linger far from home.

Sir Morton Peto is here on a visit of inspection to his works, which are proceeding on a scale of great mag-

nitude. He has undertaken to construct a boulevard surmounting a rampart 6,500 feet in length, including fortifications, extending from the Place du Gouvernement to the Fort Bab-Azzoun. It is to be completed in 1865, and on it the Company are expending upwards of a million sterling. The Boulevard de l'Impératrice, by which name it is known, looks extremely handsome on approaching Algiers from the sea. It is raised upon lofty arches, which are already being let as shops and warehouses; and the promenade over head promises to be the most fashionable in Algiers. The terms upon which Sir Morton Peto has undertaken this national work, are equally advantageous to himself, and to the Government. I suppose, too, the selection evinces the appreciation of the Emperor for English enterprise, and his confidence in English capitalists. Sir M. Peto is said to own half the town of Algiers, which probably may be translated to mean the land on which the said Boulevard stands, and a strip of the ground adjacent, throughout its length and breadth, which has been made over to the Company for ninety-nine years. Assuming the stability of the Imperial dynasty, this is unquestionably a most profitable arrangement. Meanwhile, he is naturally anxious to convert it into cash, and the other day sold a site for some large building for 20,000*l*. Sir M. makes no secret of the fact that this is likely to be a most remunerative speculation; and as such the French in Algiers now regard the whole affair, with no little jealousy, instead of gratitude, that an Englishman has been found able and willing to do for them that which they could not do for themselves.

As to our furniture, we are getting desperate, and to-morrow must take the law into our own hands, unless the upholsterer mends his ways. Had a long and pleasant visit to-day from our Consul, Mr. Churchill, whom we

like much. He is a young man, but gained his C.B. from being with General Sir. F. Williams at Kars, where his knowledge of Persian was invaluable.

Friday, Nov. 6.—This is the sacred day *par excellence* with the Mussulmen. The poor Arabs begin to excite our interest greatly, though I am afraid great hindrances will be thrown in the way of any manifestation of it for their spiritual welfare. We learn from Mr. Lowitz, a missionary to the Jews stationed here, that no effort for their spiritual enlightenment is permitted by the Government. Even the Roman Catholics are forbidden to make any attempt to rescue them from Islamism. Unless, however, the word of God is given them, conversion from one religion to another would avail little. Whenever *émeutes* have occurred, violated religious prejudices have been assigned as the cause, and have occasioned the prohibitions. Would that these poor Arabs knew the value of the Lamp of Life! Here, as elsewhere, there are special idle corners, where, in addition to the coffee-houses, the Arabs are wont to assemble, to listen to one of their number who is usually engaged in telling stories, or reading aloud. G. saw one of these men yesterday writing, apparently at the dictation of one of his brethren. We must try to adopt Miss Whateley's plan, and get the New Testament stories thus read to them. I told Mr. Churchill I wanted to get hold of some Arabic sentences—"Can you read?"—"Would you like a book?" &c. &c. He said it would save trouble if he answered the first. That none of the poorer classes can read, and amongst the better educated they can seldom do more than read the Koran, or recite portions by heart. There are, however, exceptions to all rules.

The furniture man is very penitent, and very profuse in promises for "*demain.*" We relent, of course, though

scarcely thus deceived. It is impossible to trust a word these people say. Instead of placing the requisite furniture in a proper waggon, and sending it off, as a respectable English tradesman would do, it is the custom here to send up every article piecemeal on the shoulders of an Arab; or, at best, to place it in a cart drawn by two of these Gibeonites; for verily they are hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rest of the community. The very servants speak of them to their faces as "*les pauvres diables*," and I usually see our cook returning from market, her purchases borne by an attendant Arab, whom she always denominates a "*diable*." Mr. C. told us to-day that hitherto every season has been inaugurated by leading articles in the three newspapers which Algiers boasts, reminding the tradespeople, and lodginghouse-keepers that the English are now arriving, when they must make their harvest. This advice, as far as fixing exorbitant prices, the French Algerines have certainly not been slow to follow. I am, however, by no means sure that they do not mistake the means for the end.

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES.

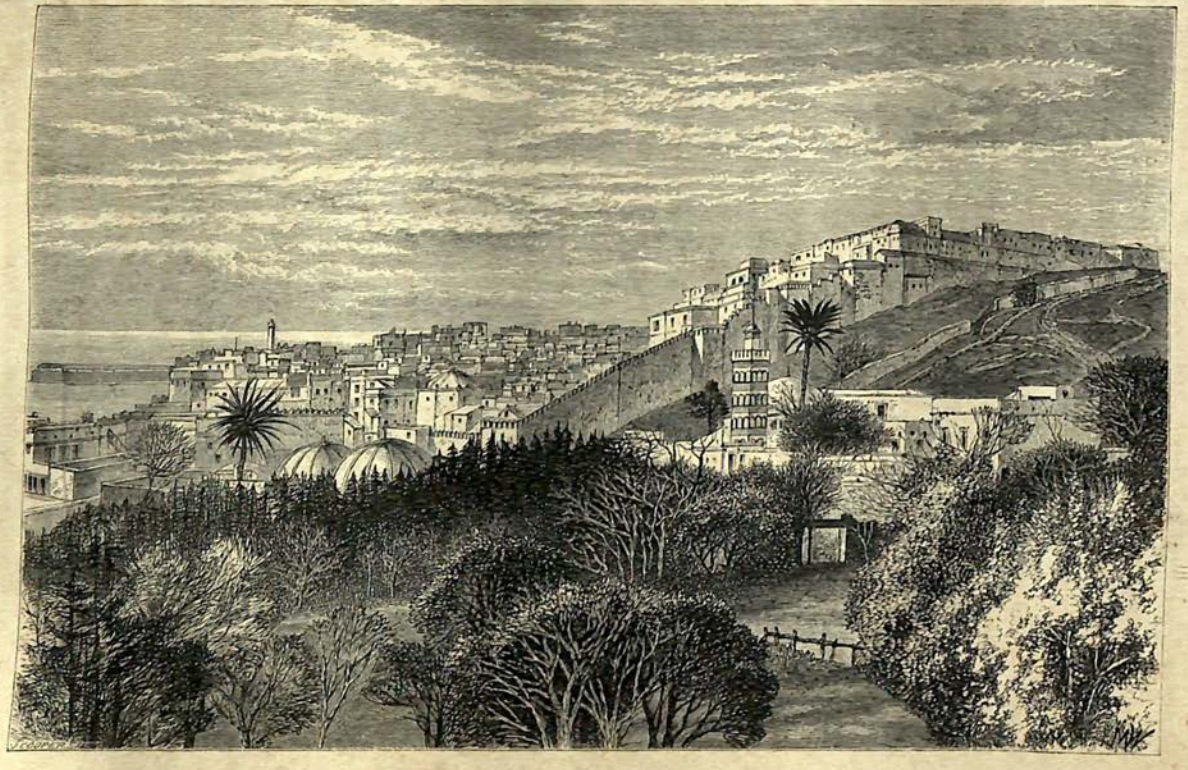
Furniture Climax—Description of the Casbah—Its Past History—Deeds of Cruelty—Insult to the French Consul within its Walls—The French Conquest—The Casbah as the French found it—Wanton Destruction of the Public Archives—Arab Porters—Opening of the Railway to Blidah—French Vanity—Crimean Medals in the French Army—Gales in the Mediterranean—History of the Kabyles—The Arabs—The Moors—The Mozabites—The Biskris.

Saturday, Nov. 7th.—We have been one week to-day in our unfurnished abode. Patience herself could not be expected longer to await the upholsterer's pleasure, especially as on all hands it is agreed he is a perfect cheat. Finding we were not to be imposed on, and that the *commissionnaire* to the consulate whom we had employed, insisted upon the performance of his agreement; and that good articles, instead of rubbish, should be sent, he probably regretted his bargain. The vice-consul kindly accompanied G. to-day to the *magasin*, and by his advice G. desired that the little furniture which had been sent up, should all be taken away. So we have now to commence the purchase of furniture, at the dearest time of the year. As a salve we are told that every one attempting to hire has suffered much in the same way. A gentleman tells us, that had the said *marchand* fulfilled his contract, he might, at the expiration of the term, have held us responsible for every scratch or stain, received in fair wear and tear, and charged us the full nominal value of

the article. Had we even taken a furnished house, or apartments, as we at first intended, we must have had an inventory descending to minutiæ, such as would never have entered an Englishman's head; every crack or stain in the crockery must have been registered therein, or we might perchance have had to buy a new service—an event which had actually occurred to a friend of his own. So altogether it has, perhaps, ended well, however great the tax upon our time, serenity, and comfort.

We cannot too highly recommend Zamit to the notice of any future visitors to Algiers. His willingness to oblige, and readiness to do anything and everything in his power to serve, and his knowledge of all the languages in common use—and this is saying a great deal—make him quite invaluable to new comers.

There are excellent photographers in Algiers, and we have been fortunate in getting a photograph of the view from our house, overlooking the Jardin Marengo, and the Mosque of Djama Abd-er-Rhaman-et-Tçalbi with its exquisitely graceful minaret, and giving our eastern boundary—the walls of the once famed Casbah. What strange memories must that name evoke to one learned in Algerine history. The word itself designates a citadel on a height, and as such is applied to other citadels in Algeria. This one, situated 464 feet above the sea level, formerly appertaining to the seat of Government, and the most ancient fortress in Algiers, has a special history. Hither the Deys, who had too often waded to the throne through blood, and were consequently in perpetual apprehension of violence, resorted on the slightest apprehension of danger. Here, too, they transported their treasure and valuables, and frequently resided at the Casbah, even when free from alarms. It was at once the palace, the stronghold, and the dungeon, of the reigning



THE CITY OF ALGIERS, ITS CASBAH AND PORT.

sovereign; and so long as the Janissaries proved faithful to his person, he could set all surprisals at defiance.

These walls on which we look, have often been witnesses to deeds of cruelty, open and secret. At the beginning of the present century, before Lord Exmouth's appearance here, when Mustafa Pasha ruled, an Arab chief, named Toubeurt, beheaded in one day, in front of the Casbah, 132 of his men who had deserted him. This parade-ground, for such it is now become, is still used as a place for public executions. A gentleman told me the other day he had been up there to see a poor wretched Moor shot. I supposed it was accidental, but he pleaded guilty to a full comprehension of what was to be enacted. How singular a taste! Is it sympathy with human woe, or morbid curiosity, which draws men to see how their fellows comport themselves when brought out to front a death of shame?

Ali-Ben-Ahmed, the last Dey but one, having alienated the affections of the military, caused all his treasures to be transported by night to the Casbah, and there shut himself up with a strong guard, to avoid the fate of his predecessor. The Janissaries broke into open revolt on discovering how they had been overreached; but Ali proved himself their match, and stopped the *émeute* by decapitating the greater number of them.

It was in this very Casbah that the blow, that is, cuff with his *chasse-mouche*, was administered by Hussein Dey to the French consul, which afforded so plausible a pretext for the invasion, and final subjugation of Algeria. If

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriæ mori,"

how inexpressibly sweet and soothing must have been the reflections of the French minister, who, at so much

slighter a cost, secured for his country a conquest, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. France, however, had certainly deeper grounds of complaint, and a juster pretext for this invasion and conquest of Algiers, than is generally supposed. The conduct of the Dey towards her was marked with a degree of perfidy, which hardly comports with Eastern astuteness and a political *savoir faire* towards so powerful a nation. The French had secured the exclusive right over the coral fisheries in these waters, in virtue of an annual tribute of 17,000 francs, Suddenly the Dey, without warning, raised this sum to 20,000 francs. This unreasonable demand was no sooner complied with, than he gave permission to other nations to poach on their coral grounds. Remonstrances so offended the Dey, that he ordered the French consul to quit Algiers, and the minister was only permitted to remain on payment of a fine of 100,000 francs.

It was not to be expected that such a nation as France would for ever submit to these insults, but the climax was reached in April, 1827. The French Consul espoused the cause of two Algerine Jews, to whom a sum of 7,000,000 francs was due, a portion of which the Dey desired to pocket. It was then that the never-to-be-forgotten interview took place in the Casbah, when the Dey so far forgot himself as to strike M. Duval, the French Consul, with his fan.

Nor did their folly end here, for upon a Minister plenipotentiary being sent to Algiers to demand reparation, he found Moorish duplicity more than a match for his diplomacy. The Ambassador had to leave the question unsettled, but upon his vessel quitting the harbour, all the guns of the fort were, without warning or pretext, opened upon him. No wonder that a French fleet was

equipped, and despatched from Toulon to avenge this new outrage.

This palace and fortress of the Dey was formerly surrounded by massive walls bristling with 200 cannon, which defended every approach by land or sea. These walls are now in a state of sad dilapidation, and entrances have been made in all directions.

The wide carriage-road which passes our door, leading to El Biar and into the interior, now runs through the Casbah. What apostrophes to Allah would have been excited at the bare suggestion of such a possibility, previous to the year 1830! The only entrance then was by a single gate in white marble at the highest end. Beside it the mouth of a cannon, enormous in size for those days, and painted red, appeared through the wall to guard the approach, and overawe the Dey's loving lieges. Having passed the white gate, the visitor was conducted under a black Moorish horseshoe archway, from which hung suspended lanterns and divers vessels, beyond which was a white marble fountain fed by a never-failing spring. From thence the guest proceeded through an open alley, with flowers on either side, leading to the palace of the Dey, and to several batteries on the right; on the left to the powder magazine, and to the batteries which commanded the city. I suppose one may form some faint conception from this of what "Shushan the Palace" was like, at least the Casbah has often helped me already to understand parts of the Book of Esther, which seem unintelligible to our English idea of palaces.

The large court of the palace, now transformed into barracks, is paved with white marble, and surrounded, like all the Moorish houses, with a covered gallery formed by a range of arcades which support marble columns.

This gallery was covered with pieces of coloured glass of every form and every hue, brought from all parts of the world. In the adjacent tower some of the same ornamental work is still to be seen, and remarkably well it looks. Merle, the secretary of General Bourmont, who entered the palace immediately upon its surrender, says the only furniture in the state room—the whole length of the gallery—consisted of some Smyrna carpets, a timepiece of Buhl, a small cabinet containing the Koran, a Turkish calendar, and some perfumes; and lastly, an English barometer resting on a table of acacia-wood. A long, low bench was placed the whole length of the gallery, the upper end of which was covered with scarlet cloth, fringed with the same colour. Here the Dey gave audiences, and administered summary justice. At this end was a door secured by all the Hobbs' and Chubb's of that date, leading into the treasury. To render this secure there were long corridors, from whence numberless dark caverns, each about four feet wide, were entered. In these, gold and silver coins of every realm were found in strange confusion. Over the treasury were the apartments of the Dey, and his harem. Within the precincts of the palace was a mosque, an armoury, baths, a vast powder magazine, a menagerie, zoological gardens, pavilions allotted to the beys of the different provinces, &c. &c. &c., the whole surrounded by a wall forty feet high. After hearing this, it is not difficult to believe a fact stated of the last Dey. He never but twice in his life quitted the Casbah, and on those two occasions only to visit his princely gardens at Bab-el-Oued.

It must ever be a source of regret that when the French found themselves installed in the Casbah—an event which occurred within one calendar month from the date of their landing at Sidi Ferruch—so little disci-

pline or supervision was exercised, that, under the very eyes of the officer in command, the public archives were utterly destroyed; the common soldiers actually lighting their pipes with documents—invaluable to the historian—which were found in the State-Paper Office. Poor General Bourmont was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his son, that he left everything to the unintelligent mercies of his subordinates. Unfortunately their organs of destructiveness were allowed free scope; the country between Sidi Ferruch and Algiers was laid waste—trees were cut down, gardens destroyed, aqueducts irreparably damaged, and in every respect the conduct of the army was as though they had only come to invade, to pillage, and to retire.

Monday, Nov. 9th.—We are getting something of a settled look; and my advice to all who contemplate a winter's sojourn in a house or apartments, *non meublés*, in Algeria, would certainly be, to buy their furniture in preference to hiring it. The lazy natives who lie coiled up in all parts of the Jardin Marengo, or prostrate along the pavements, especially in the Rue D'Isly, start into life endowed with almost inconceivable strength, when engaged as burden-bearers. Few of the shopkeepers ever send home one's purchases. If you desire to have them the same day, they volunteer at once to send for an Arab, if, indeed, one is not already at your heels, having entered with you in expectation of an engagement. To-day G. bought a large and heavy divan—of course with three cushions—a drawing-room pier-glass, full size, and a small centre table. All these shortly arrived borne on the shoulders of three Arabs, or more probably on their heads.

On Saturday we had a bevy of these wild sons of the Desert in attendance, when one certainly carried two

tables," about the size of dressing-tables, on his head. After all, it is a very enviable power; and as for ourselves I know not how we should get on without them.

One of the English residents called to-day. He was here at the opening of the railway which connects Algiers and Blidah. On the occasion carriages were provided, for all the big-wigs who were invited to make the trial trip, but, by some strange oversight, none were allotted to the English engineers, or any of the officials of the Company. Inquiry was naturally made by the latter, as to which carriages were reserved for the engineers.

"None at all," was the reply. Nor was this polite tone changed until they were thoroughly made to comprehend that the railroad, being as yet unpaid for, was not theirs. This altered the French view of the matter. Carriages were instantly ordered to be placed at their disposal, and tickets for the dinner, which they had previously withheld even from Sir M. Peto's agent, were now graciously offered, and, I believe, as graciously declined. The railroad, by the way, is entirely the work of English talent, aided by English capital. At the dinner, which wound up the rejoicings on the occasion, speeches were made, healths drunk, congratulations exchanged. The enthusiasm of all present was *au comble*, when the Marshal presiding actually shed tears in expatiating on the debt of gratitude due from Algeria to her great Emperor, and at the *bonté* of the French people in having achieved this great work! It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the name of Sir M. Peto was never mentioned, nor the most distant allusion made to English enterprise as having had any hand in the matter.

We have doubtless our own failings, but whatever

may be our peculiar vices, I do not think this inordinate vanity, and depreciation of other nations, is characteristic of Englishmen. It seems rather the reverse, especially amongst those of our compatriots with whom one comes in contact abroad, and who appear too often to take an unseemly delight in extolling everything foreign, at the expense of their own country. "Your greatest misfortune is being an Englishman," foreign artists have repeatedly said to Philips. "If you could but pass for a foreigner of any nation, all London would be wild about your singing, and you would have made a fortune long ago."

French vanity has such a childish aspect, that one feels inclined to pity and pardon, but for the extraordinary impertinence superadded. I remember being in Paris after the Crimean medals had been issued to the French army, in commemoration of their Eastern campaign. Seeing a medal on the breast of a soldier to whom we were speaking, turned the reverse side, G. turned it round so as to display the effigy of our beloved Queen, to whom he made some allusion. The soldier replied by a contemptuous retort, and reversed it. This led to inquiry on the subject among some friends long resident in Paris, and conversant with the feelings and ideas of the French army. Mr. F. assured us that when first the medals were distributed, the wrath excited was only to be paralleled by that subsequently excited in India at the issue of the unfortunate cartridges, and the soldiers could not be pacified but by their officers going amongst them, and solemnly assuring them that the medals were simply intended to commemorate the gratitude of the English at having been saved by French valour from utter destruction! Viewing it in the light of a medal given by the Royal Humane Society, they condescended

to wear it, and the impending *émeute* was averted. So ridiculous did this story appear, that we have again and again mentioned it to those whom a long Continental residence had made familiar with French sentiments, and they either confirmed it, or saw nothing incredible in it. So much for a national weakness, which, however, we shall find underlying, I doubt not, many estimable qualities. Nor is this by way of advancing any special claim to an award of humility on England's behalf. I believe we are too proud to be vain, and from very consciousness of pride desire rather to veil than to manifest it.

This evening it is pouring in torrents. Everything in these regions seems in earnest, man only excepted. Many trees, and flowers, and shrubs which in England we know only as small and prized exotics, are here spreading out their exuberant treasures, and even waving them above our heads. The sun at noonday makes us seek shelter, and forget it is November; all is life and animation, all but these poor torpid, purposeless, and degraded-looking natives. The post from England came in to-day. The weather at Brighton is described as terrific at the very time of our crossing, and for several days after our arrival. We were then suffering from intense heat. Admiral Fitzroy had just predicted a continuance of gales for six weeks. A pleasant prospect.

Nov. 10th.—One of the most singular sights here is that of the Moslem veiled women, who are to be seen in every direction. They never leave their homes without a sort of handkerchief across the face fastened below the eyes, called *cudjar,* and a large white woollen or muslin cloak, which they call *khaïk el tèlhhil,* veiling the entire person. The eyes and painted eyebrows are alone visible.

By dint of questioning the best authorities oral and written, we have gleaned such information as makes us better able to analyse the component parts of the motley crowd by which we are surrounded. I feel justified, therefore, in hazarding an entry as to the distinctions amongst the native races. These are more clearly defined by their dress and habits, than by a marked difference in their physiognomies.

The Kabyles are said to be the veritable aborigines. Most of the Arabian writers have been content to fix the date of their existence as a people at the third or fourth century of the Hegira. One, however, bolder than the rest, says, "The truth is," dispensing with all further hypotheses, "that the Kabyles are the children of Canaan, son of Ham, son of Noah." Be this as it may, their moral character certainly places them in the foremost rank amongst the natives of Algeria. In strong contradistinction to the Arabs, they are fond of labour and despise idleness. A nomadic life is consequently unsuited to their tastes, and they prefer the house to the tent. The Kabyle not unfrequently contents himself with only one wife, to whom he is faithful and attached, and who, therefore, is considerably removed above the level of the Arab woman. Indeed it is said there are holy women amongst the Kabyles, which would seem to imply that they have souls—a fact which Mahomet never questioned, though the generality of his followers do. To stay the importunities of an ancient dame, who once implored him to grant her a high place in heaven, he replied that there would be no old women in Paradise—an *equivoque* which answered the twofold purpose intended, but gave rise to an endless misconception of his views amongst Mussulmen in general.

By their own code, the number of wives is not per-

mitted to exceed four, and in multiplying his spouses even to this mild extent, the Kabyle makes a legal surrender of his independence, in an inverse ratio to the increase of his acquisitions. During the day he is permitted to enjoy himself as best he can, but at sunset he becomes the sole property of one of his wives, who take it in turn to spend the evening with him alone, and keep him in charge till break of day. An invasion of this privilege is most seriously resented; and the only time when these vested rights are ceded, is on the occasion of a fresh marriage, before the given number is complete. The bride is then usually permitted the undisputed society of her lord for eight days.

At the time of the conquest of Kabylia, Colonel Walmesley relates that while riding in company with Gen. Rondière, a Kabyle woman came out from her hut, and seated herself on the ground in the midst of the road—a sign this of having something to say—and the General reined in his horse. Amidst copious tears her plaintive tale was told. Her husband having taken a fourth wife, had withdrawn his affections from her, and no longer allowed her the evening which was hers by law. She prayed, amidst heart-breaking lamentations, for a restitution of conjugal rights; and the General's award being in her favour, the interpreter was sent to impress the same on her recreant lord.

The Kabyle is the soul of honour and integrity, and prides himself on his loyalty and hospitality, and on the sacredness of his word. He regards the *anaïa*, much in the light that an Englishman regards the Habeas Corpus Act. It renders inviolate the person of any one, be he friend or stranger, who takes shelter under his roof. The love of country is strong in him. He is quick and intelligent, though illiterate. Few of the Kabyles can

read and write. Their memories, like those of the bards of yore, are filled with Arabian traditions and war-songs. As regards the outer man, opinions differ. I have before me two books, one of which paints him with blue eyes; the other states that the true Kabyle has always brown, black, or *red* eyes. I incline to the authority of the former, but will henceforth make my own observations. In person he is well built, of middle height, strong, and robust. The face is square, with a light-coloured complexion, thick lips, and what the French call a voluminous head. This latter is usually bare. The Kabyles wear a sort of woollen shirt which reaches below the knee, called the *cheloukha*, and sometimes, but not always, the *burnouse*, which is gracefully thrown over the shoulder. A kind of leather leggings, without covering for the feet, seems to complete their costume.

The Kabyles are chiefly to be found in the Atlas Mountains, where for centuries they held their own against all invaders. They live in villages called *dashkrahs*, consisting chiefly of tents which they call *gurbie*, composed of mud and loose stones, covered with reeds or palm-tree branches, and thatched with turf, straw, or the long fibrous spikes of the aloe.

The French conquest had been predicted by a celebrated prophetess amongst them, Lalla Fatma by name, whose fame, when 1857 brought Marshal Pelissier to their mountain fastnesses, was only increased by the accomplishment of her prophecy. She sent her brother to negotiate terms, and was herself received by the General and his staff, with as much politeness as though she had been a princess. This submission terminated the Kabyle struggle for independence.

The Arabs may be divided into several classes—richer and poorer, inhabitants of the city and of the country—

but the fashion of their costume is unvarying: that is, the flowing burnouse is universal, the closely-shaven head is always covered. In point of richness it will, of course, differ according to the means of the wearer, and great is the taste for display amongst the younger men. The Bedouins, too, may always be distinguished at a glance from their city cousins, by the coarseness of the texture of their garments, the addition of a black burnouse, and the coverings used for the head. Whether in town or country, in the kahoua or coffee-house, or under a wide-spreading carob-tree, their delight is to congregate together, and to enjoy their pipe in perfect idleness by the hour together. Their vernacular is said by those who are studying Arabic here, to be far from pure.

The Arabs have chiefs both military and religious, and own three grades of nobility. The first and highest is that of birth. To be admitted into their aristocracy, the patent of nobility must prove a descent from Fatima Zohra, daughter of the prophet, and Sidi Ali-Abi-Taleb. The influence of this class is considerable. The members of the military *noblesse* are called *Djouad.* They are descended from the most ancient and illustrious families in their tribes. To them it belongs to make peace, or war. Virtually, therefore, the Arabs become subject to the *djouad.* The title of their religious chiefs is that of *Marabout.* The Marabout is a sort of high priest. In the eyes of the Arabs he preserves their faith intact. He is specially devoted to the study of the Koran, and to the instruction of the younger Mussulmen in the religion of Mahomet. His words become oracles, and it is not difficult to understand, how even one of these devotees can excite and inflame the passions of a whole tribe. If, on the other hand, they range themselves on the side of

peace, they have frequently been known to stop the effusion of blood. The Arabs in Algeria are divided into almost endless tribes. In the province of Constantine alone there are eighteen principal tribes, some owning unpronounceable names, such as the Oulad-Si-Yahaïa-ben-Taleb tribe, and the Oulad-Naïl-Cheraga. Nineteen more are scattered throughout the province of Algiers, the Oulad Khrouïdems, and the Beni-Khrelifas amongst them; and ten or twelve or more in that of Oran. It is needless to say they are not yet reconciled to the French occupation, and always entertain hopes of regaining their liberty. The Arabs and the Kabyles have for many centuries held Northern Africa as their own. Together they number about 13,000,000.

The Moors, according to M. Victor Bérard, are the descendants of all the races who have alternately landed on the shores of Algeria, from the time of the Argonauts, down to the renegades of the last century. After such a statement, one is not surprised to hear that they are mean, cringing, indolent, false, cowardly, boasting, and void of strength, either mental or physical. Nevertheless, the Moor is beyond the average stature, with oval face, aquiline nose, and large, dark, lustrous eyes. Their costume is more purely Oriental than that of the Arab, and their manner and bearing often such as would befit a pasha. The head is always closely shaven, and we frequently see the operation performed in public. The invariable turban is made of folds of white muslin, or formed of a twisted and sometimes embroidered scarf. The *djabadoli*, or *veste*, and the *sedria*, as their two waistcoats are called, are all of the brightest colours, and worked in silk, silver, or gold. They seldom indulge in stockings, but wear a kind of large, and almost oval shoe, most difficult to keep on the foot, one would imagine.

The *Biskeris* are the water-carriers. So picturesque I always think them, with their large copper pitcher on their shoulders, that their name at least must be remembered. They are descended from a cross between the Arab and Kabyles. Dressed in a white cloth tunic and trousers, with bare feet, and shaven heads, we constantly meet them plying their calling.

The *Mozabites* are, too, a distinct and peculiar people; so a new comer has no slight task in attempting to master all these divisions and sub-divisions of the native races. They are a cross between the Kabyles and the Jews, and partake more of the commercial character of the latter. Their burnouses are generally striped with blue bands.

The rest of the community—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, Spaniards, Maltese, and Negroes—must rest in peace for the present as far as I am concerned. I cannot to-day commit to paper more of my recently-acquired knowledge, and probably my readers will think they have already had more than enough.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

An Englishman's first Adventure—Fort des 24 Heures—Storms in the Mediterranean—Fires required—Arrival of the King of Bavaria—A Midsummer Day—Fruit—Sad Story of English Emigrants—Chasseurs D'Afrique—Snow on the Djordjora—Acclimatization—Three Rules for New Comers—English Workmen—Opinion of the Arabs on the Statue to the Emperor—Acclimatizing Fever—Gabrielle's "Venial Sin"—Sunday Sports—Point Pescade—Fishery—An unexpected Meeting.

Tuesday, Nov. 11*th.*—A young Englishman has just been with us, recounting an adventure which might have been less amusing to a nervous invalid, than it was apparently to himself. He had ordered a riding horse to be at his hotel at a certain hour, and found one at the door at the appointed time, held by an Arab. He asked if it were for him, and if it came from such and such stables, to all which the Arab, who probably understood but little of French, assented. Mr. H. mounted—was perfectly satisfied with his steed, and greatly enjoyed his ride. On his return he found the police in attendance, and had a narrow escape of being taken into custody as a thief. He had ridden off with a horse belonging to General de B.; but his explanations were deemed satisfactory, and all passed off harmoniously. This afternoon another downpour came on, driving first from the east, and then, instantly changing round, from the west. Although close to the house when it began, I was completely wet before I could get under shelter.

The rains appear to have thoroughly set in. Last night there was a perfect waterspout, and another to-day; but, unlike the rainy season in India, between the storms the weather is most enjoyable. The dust is laid, the heat is no longer scorching; the trees, which still retain their leaves, are all brilliantly green, and the air has something about it most refreshing. A friend pointed out the site of the Fort des Vingt-Quatre Heures, of which now nothing remains but a small portion of the rock on which it stood, and even this is rapidly disappearing — the artillery barracks and parade-ground, more than occupying its original position. This evening it is excessively cold, and we are warming ourselves with wraps, and contemplating fires as soon as we can procure the prerequisites. It may be as well to state that unfurnished apartments are most truthfully what their cognomen denotes, viz.: four bare walls—not even grates in the empty fireplaces.

12*th*.—Admiral Fitzroy's gales have certainly visited us, and we are not a little thankful that we crossed the Mediterranean when we did. The thunder and lightning last night, and a great part of to-day, has been most crashing and vivid, accompanied by torrents of rain. Having bought our "Griffins," we are luxuriating beside a wood fire—coal being nearly unattainable. Despite the deluge of rain we have had, between the storms it is dry enough under foot. The thirsty state of the earth (which at the period of our arrival had drunk in no rain since last May) probably explains this phenomenon, for Algiers cannot boast a gravelly soil.

The King of Bavaria and suite arrived to-day per steamer, and the Hotel de la Régence has been prepared for his reception. A gentleman of our acquaintance has just secured for himself furnished apartments, with

attendance, cooking, plate, and linen all included—quite *à l'Anglais.* We made special inquiries before coming here, as to whether such could possibly be obtained, to avoid the trouble of having a small establishment of one's own; but were assured such arrangements were unknown in Algiers. Our servant was not well when she came, and is now ill in fever, which does not tend to facilitate our settlement in our new habitation.

Nov. 13*th.*—

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Longfellow might have composed this in Algeria. The thermometer is registered to-day at 11° above freezing-point (Reaumur) in the town, and in our higher latitude it must be colder still. The tremendous storms of last night subsided into incessant rain all to-day. "Can this be a climate for consumptive patients?" we have repeatedly ejaculated. A conversation with our *proprietaire,* has tended in some degree to adjust the seeming discrepancies between Algeria as we had pictured it, and Algeria as we found it. After trying in vain to reconcile us to the unexpected state of things, by assuring us that to-morrow might be so hot we should hardly know how to bear it, she suddenly enlightened me by saying, "Madame, la pluie c'est le froid." It appears that winter, in our acceptation of the term, is unknown here, and that cold is never felt in the daytime, but as an accompaniment of rain. Mr. L. who braved the weather, and called to-day, assured us that during a long residence in Algiers, he had never remembered such storms, and that he has known the month of December to be an uninterrupted sunshine. Picnics, and such like parties *al fresco* are not usually undertaken till the month of January.

Nov. 14*th.*—A Midsummer day! Just the weather one might expect in June the day after a good thunder-storm had cleared the air. Fruit is one of the few good things to be had at *bon marché*. The grapes here are far finer than in France. We visited the Covent Garden of Algiers to-day, and bought grapes at 40 centimes per livre; dates the same, walnuts the same, and a further investment of fourpence secured a good-sized melon. This is not, however, the fruit season; the long-continued drought having made havoc of all garden produce. In some of the country houses we have visited, the court-yard is completely trellised over with vines. Often the many clusters suspended overhead, have been the produce of a single vine. The fruit of the banana is the one most to my taste. The finest specimens measure 7½ inches long and 4½ inches in circumference. They are of a bright golden colour. Whole orchards of these trees may be seen, and one or more flourish in every garden, where their gigantic leaves bid defiance to all rivalry. The prickly pear, the fruit of the cactus, I cannot make up my mind to taste. It is said, however, to be very nourishing, and is a staple article of food amongst the natives. Poor creatures, it is pitiable to see them pulling up green leaves on the hill-sides, and to know that from food like this they often derive their only subsistence!

We had heard of a poor Englishman being laid up in the civil hospital at Mustapha, and drove there to-day to see him. G. found him out without much difficulty. It was the old story of false hopes, and delusive expectations. He and his father were in good employ at Bath as sawyers, when an agent employed to find colonists for Algeria, persuaded them that this was an El Dorado. He assured them that they would find such magnificent forests, that they might ship wood to England, and as

timber merchants alone, might make a fortune in no time. In an evil hour, and in total ignorance of the language, they came. The *couleur de rose* with which they had come prepared to invest all they saw, rapidly faded away under the discovery that there was not a stick of oak which, when stripped of its cork-like bark, exceeded a few inches in diameter, and that forests were a myth. This was the first blight; other representations proved equally fallacious; hope fled, fever attacked them, they struggled against it, their friends grew rapidly less, depression engendered fresh fever, and fever nursed despondency, till the father, and son, and a younger brother, are all alike prostrate, as we now find them. Putting aside the morality of the thing, what good can be gained by thus imposing on the credulity of English mechanics, and labourers? The climate is a trying one, even for those who can afford to rest, and take care of themselves.

Leaving the hospital, we passed through what appeared like a badly kept farm-yard, under an avenue of the beautiful Bell' Ombras. These were the quarters allotted to the famed Chasseurs d'Afrique. They are a fine-looking regiment. Close by is the Champ de Manœuvres, an extensive plain under the plateaux of Mustapha Supérieur, running down to the sea. Here the Chasseurs are constantly exercised, and once a year the Arabs come in great force to display their equestrian prowess. The scarlet and white burnouses floating in the air, the spears gleaming in the sunshine, their banners and richly-caparisoned horses, the address with which they manage their steeds, make this a very attractive scene.

Sunday, Nov. 15th.—In going down to Church, we saw snow on the Djordjora for the first time. The mountain looked down on us as it lay bathed in the

bright sunbeams, so calm and majestic, that it seemed the only object thoroughly in harmony with the sanctity of the day. Congregation only numbered thirty, as before.

Nov. 16th.—Called at the Prefêt's, M. Mercier La Combe, who is much liked here, and celebrated for the liberality of his views and opinions. He has married an English lady, daughter to the late Consul, Mr. Bell. He is said to be a great favourite with the Emperor, and likely to be promoted to some post nearer His Majesty's person when an opportunity occurs.* Meanwhile, he is the most gentlemanly-looking Frenchman we have yet seen in the colony. We found them at their country house, the approach to which, as indeed to almost every house of the kind, is kept in the most wilderness-like state imaginable. Perhaps they brush up for the summer. From their campagne the snowy range of the Atlas formed a striking feature in the panorama. The western sun cast a roseate hue aslant on the distant summits of the mountains of Kabylia, and made me long to achieve a visit to those parts. It is this constant background of hills, which constitutes the great beauty in every landscape here. For the first time to-day we saw the Bay of Algiers studded with sailing-vessels. So still and mirror-like was its azure blue water, that some of the said craft lay becalmed on its bosom for hours.

Wednesday, Nov. 18th.—The weather is glorious. No rain since Friday, and we are told that fine weather has now set in. This announcement sounds too premature to be credible. Madame M. tells us that she has usually found the end of December, and the month of January, a most enjoyable time here, the first rains being then over. Meanwhile, after sunset we often find it intensely cold.

* Since then we have seen with great pleasure M. Mercier's promotion to the appointment of Prefêt of Lyons.

We are thankful to sit over good fires, and 'to heap the yule faggot high,' likening our position to that so well known in England's olden time. One needs acclimatising here; and sundry ills in the form of neuralgia, fever, &c. frequently assail new comers. I am afraid we shall be unable to claim exemption.

Three special hints I must here commit to paper, for the benefit of those who may visit Algiers:—

1. Be well provided with warm clothing, and wraps.

2. Take rooms facing the south. Hot though the climate be, eschew a northern aspect for the winter.

3. Never remain out at this season between the hours of three and five, when the temperature gets suddenly, and sensibly chilly. The doctors are very particular in enforcing this injunction.*

We found out to-day several families of English workmen, employed on the new boulevard. Even in this undertaking, the two races do not always find it easy to co-operate. The English foremen take infinite pains in training the *ouvriers* under them, but find the French always on the alert to take advantage of them. The Arabs are usually so lazy, that the services of Spaniards have to be substituted. Nevertheless, they seem alive to the benefits accruing to the place from the Company's operations. A gentleman who speaks Arabic, told us last week of an amusing conversation he held with a knot of Arabs, who asked his opinion as to the need of the new statue proposed to be erected in honour of the Emperor. They wanted to know what good Napoleon had ever done them, and ended by saying they should prefer seeing one erected to Sir M. Peto, who had really provided the people with work, and benefited the town.

* For further particulars relating to the climate, see Appendix.

Monday, Nov. 23d.—For several days I have been prostrate under an attack of fever, which quinine has, I trust, at length subdued. G. is less fortunate. He has been, and is still, suffering in various ways. I can as yet scarcely crawl into the garden, and can only make a domestic entry, instructive enough in its way. Our R. C. *femme de ménage* has always rebelled against the order, which seems whimsical to her, to provide on the Saturday for the following day. Yesterday we had new bread for breakfast, despite my having refreshed the cook's memory on Saturday. Afterwards I spoke to her, when the following dialogue ensued :—

"You have bought bread again to-day, Gabrielle."

"No, Madame, I bought it yesterday."

"But it was *new* bread."

"Madame is mistaken; it was yesterday's bread."

"How can you tell me so? I know new bread, and this was to-day's baking."

"Ah! (in a whining tone) Madame then has found it out? Yes, she cannot be deceived. Ah, yes, I have told a lie; but Madame has not sinned, for she knew nothing about it; and I have not sinned, for our religion allows us to buy on the Sunday."

"Then yours cannot be the religion of the Bible, for God commands us to keep holy the Sabbath day, and forbids us to buy or sell on that day."

"Ah! I never read the Bible; but our religion lets us do so."

"And does your religion allow you to tell lies?"

"Ah, Madame, that was a sin, but it was not a great one; it was only a venial sin in our religion."

"But the Bible says nothing about venial sin. It says *all* unrighteousness is sin, and 'the soul that sinneth it shall die;' so yours cannot be the religion of the Bible."

"Very likely not, Madame; I only know what my priest tells me."

I think she must, in the further course of our conversation, have gleaned that no other priest but the One within the veil, could pardon sin; for, some time after, she came to notify that she was going to mass, adding,—"I am sure I wish I had a better religion, but till I have, I must attend to my own." Oh! that the true light might shine on the benighted thousands here. Can one be surprised at the universal opinion expressed here, that none of the servants are to be trusted? I only hope this apt pupil of her priest's, may not prove to be equally well instructed in Liguori's code of morals, endorsed as it is by the Pope, and the whole College of Cardinals.

In the afternoon our thoughts were turned to the many Sabbath-school children, just then assembling in our own dear land, when the quiet which reigned around, was suddenly broken by an unwonted uproar of voices and merriment. Looking out, we saw on the hill-side a large gathering of children, headed by, and under the direction of, two nuns, who carried on their dances and Sunday sports for a considerable time.

Tuesday, 24th.—Able to take a drive to-day to Point Pescarde, where we got out and walked. The ex-King of Bavaria had taken the same route, and we passed him on foot with two of his suite, his carriage following. The drive is a very pretty one. The overhanging shrub-covered hills on the one side, and the coves and beaches to which precipitous descents lead down on the other, reminded us much of the coast scenery around Torquay. Probably in the hands of the English, this might become its rival in beauty, as in natural position it resembles it. But a certain indescribable stamp of wilderness

desolation, seems to me everywhere more or less impressed. Yet the fan palm, the cactus, and the aloe, dotted the cliffs, together with occasional low brushwood of lentisk, and juniper; and here and there a more cultivated ravine, running down to the sea, displayed bananas, orange-trees, and geraniums still in fruit and blossom. The ruined Fort Pescarde, and its wilder beauties jutting out into the Mediterranean, tempted us much to scramble amongst the rocks. This however we wisely postponed till the return of strength, determining also before another visit to be *au fait* with its past history. Road-making here seems peculiar. The first operations of cutting and stoning, are performed as with us. The stones are then pressed down with heavy rollers, and overlaid with a plentiful coating of earth, giving the appearance of a road merely cut through the ground,—very pleasant at this season, but surely affording a superabundance of mud during the rains, and dust indescribable throughout the summer. It is all the work of the military, laying out roads and such like occupations being always assigned to soldiers in Algeria; a wise regulation alike in a financial and sanitary point of view. We passed St. Eugène, once a more favourite quarter with foreign visitors than it is now. The tide has gone, not west, but S.E. of the city, and Mustapha Supérieur now takes precedence. Probably it arises from the fact that the Bouzaréah entirely hides the western sun from St. Eugène, and a north-eastern aspect is unfit for those who come here to seek a warmer climate.

It imparted a picturesqueness to the scene in returning, to observe the poor Arab fishermen, in garbs of every hue, sitting on the craggy summits of the rocks, patiently endeavouring to catch fish for sale.

For some cause the Government places great restrictions on net fishing, thereby considerably augmenting the price of an article of food, which might be so cheap and plentiful.

We met to-day some very pleasant Scotch people in the Jardin Marengo, with whom we fell into conversation. We compared the lovely scenery before us with that in other parts of the world, which occasioned some allusions to Devonshire. Finding I was well acquainted with that county, the lady inquired if I could give her any news of the ——'s, mentioning my own family! Previously unknown to each other by name, we did not long remain strangers, on discovering that they had been intimate friends of my youngest sister—an agreeable discovery in a strange land. They are, however, only here for a short time, *en route* for a much more extended tour.

We have been obliged to adopt French hours, as most of the English here have done. The twelve o'clock breakfast is in fact an early dinner; still, on the whole, I rather think it gives one a longer day.

CHAPTER VI.

ALGIERS AS IT IS.

Status of Arab Women—French Justice—Story of an Arab Chief—Heat in the Town—Description of Algiers as it is—Its Streets—Hotel d'Europe—Its Gates—Present Safety in Algiers—Theatre—Shops—Carriages—Horses—Omnibuses—Account of a Moorish Wedding.

Wednesday, Nov. 25th.—Met as usual to-day troops of Arab women, when in the Jardin Marengo. These poor veiled creatures — veiled alike in mind and body — bound in shackles which none but their own sex can loose, how one mourns over them, and longs to be able to reach them! But without a knowledge of Arabic, the hope is futile. The sight of them at almost every step, recalls Miss Whateley's "Ragged Life in Egypt," with such added interest. I would we could employ an Arabic-speaking Bible-woman amongst them. The generality seem poor, miserable, stunted, frightened, and squalid; and I am sure, as far as I can glean from the mute language of looks, that they would gratefully welcome any such agency to their homes. It is seldom that they venture to extend their henna-dyed hands for alms, and when they do so, it is with such timid imploring accents.

Few positions in life, not even excepting American slavery, can be so utterly wretched as that of the very poor Arab woman. Amongst the richer Moslems the degradation of the women is mental and moral. Superadded to this, amongst the poorer classes the husband lays upon the shoulders of his wife, every conceivable

burden. As far as possible, he lives in the most perfect idleness, as one of the lords of creation. To the lot of the Arab woman it falls, to till the ground, to reap the harvest, to grind the corn, to knead the bread. If garments are wanted, it is she who must weave the cloth from the fibrous tissues of the aloe and the palm. Does her master condescend to expose Arab matting and baskets for sale, it is she who must fabricate the articles. If he be wealthy enough to own a half-starved quadruped, it is she who grooms, and feeds, and tends the animal, saddling him when her lord has need of him. Are purchases to be made, or heavy burdens from the town to be borne home, it is on her devoted head the weight must rest, while he does not so much as touch it with one of his fingers.

There is a baby, or small child, frequently appended to her person in addition, attached either to the shoulder or back, unless the arms happen to be empty. And though it is hers to prepare the meagre fare, it is not hers to share it with her husband, seasoned with the salt of love, which would make even a dry morsel savoury. No, she must stand aloof till his appetite is satisfied, when she may have the leavings. Nor has she any solace in maternal love. If her offspring are girls, they must be reared in all haste to share the mother's drudgery. If boys, ere they reach the age at which they might requite a mother's tenderness, they become her superiors and masters, if not tyrants. With them she may no longer eat, when their years permit them to share the father's meal. Oh, Christianity, haste to tear the fetters, and rend the veil from these degraded ones: no meaner power can save them.

That in the town, the civil arm can in some measure protect them, is true; but the following tale of recent

occurrence, will prove the peculiar danger of even legal interference here between man and wife. It is given on the authority of M. Cherbonneau, an elegant Arabic scholar, who heard it from Si-Chadli, a Mussulman of high legal standing at Constantine.

An Arab chief, of the tribe of the Haracta, between Aïn-Beïda and Tebessa, had occasion to betake himself to Constantine on business. He returned home one morning at early dawn, before he was expected, and calling his wife, desired her to bring him four stakes, and four pieces of rope. This done, he threw his wife on the ground, fastened her by the cords to the four stakes, and then, taking a long stick, began dealing heavy blows on the person of the unfortunate creature. Her cries of agony and despair awoke the whole tribe. They rushed to the spot, and tried in vain to arrest the arm of the savage husband.

"But what has your wife done?" they even ventured to remonstrate. "She is the pearl of the tribe. She is the best of mothers. She is a model for wives. What are you doing?"

"What has she done?—what has she done?" repeated the infuriated husband, redoubling his blows: "by Allah, I am relieving myself—I am binding up my wounds."

When his own strength failed, he subsided into calmness enough to relate the wrongs which he had endured. On his arrival at Constantine, he had there seen an Arab woman, relying on French support, bring up her husband before the cadi to complain of cruelty on his part, and the cadi had pronounced judgment in her favour! Monstrous! unheard-of iniquity. So transported with rage was our chieftain, fresh from the air of the desert, that, totally forgetting the business which had led him to Constantine, he set off instantly to avenge, on his poor

unhappy wife, the affront which had been thus offered to the lordly sex!

In speaking of the justice now awarded by the authorities, one can only raise a somewhat modified standard. An Arab, for instance, has been known to beat his wives to death, and then voluntarily submit himself to trial. If sufficient cause could be shown, and just grounds of jealousy established, the murderer has been let off scot free.

Thursday, Nov. 26th.—Paid visits in the town to-day. I ought ere this to have given a full description of Algiers, but the hot air and general closeness in the place are such, that we keep out of it as much as possible, and it has only been by slow degrees that we have attained to some idea of what this once famed city is, and was. My earliest recollections are connected with a large picture of Algiers by Luny, a master in sea paintings, representing the bombardment of the place by Lord Exmouth in 1816. Little would that great naval commander recognise the proud city he then reduced to obedience in twenty-four hours, by destroying the power of her navy. The French seem to do all they can to destroy the Eastern-looking aspect of the place, and gradually to pull down everything Moorish, around which Arab reminiscences are entwined. Perhaps it will be best to bow to the times, and commence with the modern, leaving the ancient part of the town for another day.

I have already described our landing, and ascending a flight of steps through the Place de la Pêcherie, where the fish market is held, leading to the Place du Gouvernement. This is the finest square in Algiers, and the centre of the town. Here a military band plays every afternoon, when it becomes the favourite resort

of all loungers. From hence the view of the bay, and its mountain surroundings, is always lovely, though not so magnificent as on higher ground. Here may always be seen in perfection the contrast between Western, and primitive Eastern manners and customs. There is a fountain ever flowing in the *Place*, and orange-trees around it, ever laden with blossom or fruit. Two of the principal hotels—that of La Régence and the Hotel de l'Orient—look into this square, some of the principal shops being underneath them.

The Place du Gouvernement, which is raised upon the magazines of naval stores, occupies the former site of two streets, El-Kissaria and El-Sebbarhin, and the Mosque of El Saïda, opposite the Djenina, said to be a model of beauty. Both streets and mosque, have long since disappeared. The Djenina, which was another of those comprehensive palaces, has been more recently swept away. It was from thence that Ali-Ben-Ahmed transported himself, and his treasures, by night to the Casbah, in 1817, for the greater security of his person. It was used by the French as a military encampment up to 1845, and its destruction is considered a great blow by all who regret the demolition of historic monuments in Algiers.

The new Boulevard de l'Imperatrice, so called from Her Majesty having laid the foundation stone on the occasion of her visit here in 1860, commences from the Place du Gouvernement. The two principal streets of Bab-Azzoun and Bab-el-Oued run S.E. and N.W. of the Place, in a continuous line of about a mile long. The Rue de la Marine is another large artery, which bears down upon, and terminates at, this Place. These three streets are said to be on the precise site of those which ran through Icosium in the days of the Romans.

Whether the arcades, with which all these streets are adorned on both sides, are included in this antiquity, I cannot clearly ascertain. The French contractions of some of the names of their ancient streets are far from pleasing to the Arabs. *Par exemple*, the street of Aïn-es-Sabath, signifying "Fountain of the Vault," is now written up Rue du Sabbat; that of El-Akhdar is spelt Rue du Locdor; and that of Souk-ed-Djama, is changed into the Rue Soggémah. Being, too, quite in the Arab quarter, this gibberish is all the more painful to Arabic ears polite. However, the English, who own a city where the Puritan motto, "God encompass us," is turned into the "Goat and Compasses," perhaps ought not to say much on this point.

The Rue Bab-Azzoun leads into the Place Bresson, where stands the Hotel d'Europe, which two years ago ranked as a third-rate establishment, but has since then been largely patronised by the English, and is now considered as specially belonging to them. It is said to be particularly comfortable, and suited to such as desire to remain there for the winter *en pension*, or otherwise. Here too the sea view, stretching out to Cape Matifou, and bathed as we saw it to-day in the setting sun, is most beautiful. The ancient fortified gate of Bab-Azzoun is adorned with iron hooks, upon which formerly hung, or swung, Christian slaves or Musselmen convicts, till they expired in agony. It is well to be shown vestiges of these atrocious practices, to reconcile one to the Gallic conquest. The Porte Bab-Azzoun, and the Porte d'Isly, are the two entrances to the town on this side.

The lower part of the town is completely French; the *haute ville* belongs for the most part to the Arabs. The streets in the Arab quarter are so steep, that all

which is brought to, or taken from the houses, has to be conveyed in panniers on the backs of donkeys; and so narrow, that it imperils a lady's dress to no slight extent, to pass a file of these patient creatures laden with rubbish and dust. These staircase-streets so intersect one another, as to form a perfect labyrinth in a stranger's eye.

The Rue Bab-el-Oued terminates in a *Place* of the same name, which was formerly a Mussulman cemetery. The S.E. portion served as a place of sepulture for the pashas, but where their remains now rest, and whether we daily tread upon them, are enigmas to me. I am rather afraid our house is built upon part of the site. Certainly the Moslem burying-ground that now is, is just behind us, a description of which must be reserved to another day. The Place, however, reaches down to the sea, and on it now stands the Artillery Barracks, the new Lycée, &c. Beyond this is the Porte Bab-el-Oued, on the road leading to St. Eugène. This, and every other entrance gate of the city, is strongly fortified.

French rule has reduced Algiers, and its environs, to the most perfect state of tranquillity, and ladies can now walk about alone, with perfect safety, as in London or Paris.

There are other streets, and squares I have not named, such as the Rue d'Isly, in which the English Consulate is situated, and which leads to the Place d'Isly, a great place of concourse for the Arabs. Immediately contiguous is the Arab market-place. The Rue Napoléon is a large new street, now in course of formation. Another on a still larger scale, is intended completely to intersect the Arab quarter, from the Porte Neuve, at which the French entrance was first effected, and

coming out immediately above the Jardin Marengo. This done, I fear the distinctive features of the "Pearl of the Sea" will be obliterated.

There is a theatre of course; under French occupation *cela va sans dire.* Also several other places of amusement—libraries, museums, French reading-rooms, &c. There is no English library—a want much felt, and which we must attempt to remedy. The public buildings I have scarcely as yet seen. The shops are fair; above the average. Boots and shoes, however, had better be brought from England, or Paris. Carriages, and saddle horses for hire, are cheap here; good steeds may be had at five francs for the afternoon, or eight francs for the whole day. Omnibuses are constantly running between every part of the town, and not only there, but wherever there is anything to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Nov. 27th.—Drove to Mustapha Supérieur—the now favourite resort of the English. It is an environ of great extent, and owing to the steepness of the ascent, and the consequent windings of the road, it is quite a journey when one has to pay a visit in that direction. Leaving Algiers by the Porte d'Isly, the route lies between the Agha and the mountain, upon which stands the Fort de l'Empereur. The zig-zag roads make the distance appear far greater than it is, though the beauties which outspread before one at every step, amply compensate for the length of the way. We passed the country-house of the Duke of Malakoff—that is, of the Governor-General as such—formerly a villa belonging to Hussein Dey. The gardens are beautifully kept—soldiers here acting as gardeners.* Close by is the

* In a late notice of the arrival of the new and energetic Governor-General, the papers specially state that, on visiting his summer palace, and perceiving the soldiers thus employed, the Duke of Magenta dismissed them instantly to their barracks, saying he would have no gardeners but such as were paid by himself.

once favourite villa of Mustapha Dey, now transformed into a gendarmerie. The convent of the Sacré-Cœur, and various other dwellings, most of which were taken by the English last year, nestle around this spot. Higher up, near the brow of the hill, are four cross roads, one of which leads to the Plain of the Metidja, once the granary of the Romans, and which might prove equally productive for the French, had they colonists enough to engage in its tillage. Birkadem, Birmandreis, and the Ravin de la Femme Sauvage, are all within an easy ride from this point, where the Colonne Voirol is reared, bearing on its base an inscription to inform the passer-by, that under the direction of a General Voirol, the indefatigable army made this road in 1834.

From hence a road, leading to El Biar, passes through the higher part of Mustapha Supérieur. If the scenery is lovely from beneath, it is superb from this high ground. The beautiful blue bay, and the open Mediterranean beyond; the plain, and the dark frowning background of the Lesser Atlas which here seems so near, reward one for the ascent. But when one looks at the immediate prospect, and towards the city which lies below, one is ever haunted by the aspect of desolation and barrenness, which must be seen to be understood. It is not that the turf does not display a carpet of many-tinted flowers: it is not that the hedges when you approach them are niggard in their verdant offerings; that the untrained African clematis is not more luxuriant than any creeper that England can boast; it is not that we are insensible to the beauty of the feathery reed, towering high above the aloe, and the cactus, or to the picturesque look of the scattered and half hidden Moorish dwellings, guarded each by tall, dark green, stately cypresses. But there is,

despite all this, a sort of unfinished, uncultivated, wilderness-look about the whole place, which makes one exclaim continually, "If this were but in the hands of the English!"

That the French do not understand colonization is, I suppose, an undeniable fact; but more of this anon. In these semi-Moorish, semi-French dwellings, comfort is seldom indeed to be found. It is rare to see a house facing the south, much as this aspect is needed in winter; and in every house we visit, we hear complaints as to the internal arrangements. With English comforts, Algiers, or its vicinity, would be a charming residence for some ten months out of the twelve. A lady whom we visited to-day, has taken a house at exactly one half the rent which we were asked for it one month since. This looks as if the English are not expected this winter in any great force.

Nov. 28th.—A lady gave us to-day a description of a Moorish wedding which she had attended. I had previously determined, if possible, to be present on some such occasion; but my ardour has been greatly damped on finding that this ceremony not only takes place at night, but involves an attendance throughout the whole night. Locked doors, and etiquette, combine to prevent one from leaving as soon as one has had enough of it. Only recently have Christians been permitted to witness the strict privacy of these scenes. The French Empress, when in Algiers, was invited to honour the nuptials of the late Dey's daughter with her presence, which she did, and since then, other Frank ladies have been admitted.

On the occasion in question the festivities began about 6 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. —— and other English ladies, had chairs placed for them in a corner of the room, but all the Moorish guests disposed themselves on

carpets, spread on the floor. Hired dancers first performed their part, followed by Arab vocalists, whose praises of the bride and bridegroom, in strains alternately monotonous, and screeching, it was horrible to hear. The guests were splendidly attired, with an almost fabulous amount of jewelry. Every arm was laden with bracelets, and armlets, as high as they could be fastened; every finger so covered with rings, that the joints could not be bent; each ancle and leg encased in golden bands, set with precious stones; and, *mirabile dictu*, each digit of the foot ringed likewise with sparkling gems. Each of the Moorish beauties had on strings of pearls, beginning with a necklace of seed pearls, and every row increasing in size, till each pearl was about an inch in length—the whole reaching down to the waist, and giving the appearance of a breastplate. Diamonds of enormous value sparkled on the head, and about the dress; and our informant assured us the *tout ensemble* threw a drawing-room at St. James's into the shade.

About 11 o'clock the poor little bride was ushered in, having that evening left her home for the first time, during her short existence of nearly eleven years' duration. A regular little bundle she appeared, having a white burnous thrown over her person, and a closely muffled hood entirely veiling her face, over that again. After being divested of these habiliments by her friends, and especially by the mother of the bridegroom, who did the honours, she was laid on a state bed, prepared in the centre of the room for the occasion, and soon fell fast asleep.

The feast of the evening then commenced. A huge tray, brought in by attendant negresses, was placed on a large jar which acted instead of a table. The Moorish guests, to the number of forty or fifty, sat in a circle around it, with large scarfs in front of them to act as

tablecloths and napkins. The first dish being brought near the Madame Mère of the evening, she plunged in her fingers and helped herself, each guest following her example as the tray was gradually moved round.

Couscouss is the great Moorish dish, alike for rich and poor—a conglomeration of fish, flesh, and fowl, imbedded in rice; but they are said to excel in most delicious dishes of pastry, flavoured with various essences. It requires no small degree of practice, to manipulate each helping gracefully. A thumb, and the two forefingers of the right hand, have to carve, dip up the gravy, and prepare the meat for mastication, unassisted by the left hand, which it is supposed is only used by the Evil One. Chikouka is another favourite *entrée*—eggs, tomatas, and capsicums, being all beaten up with oil, and lemon juice. Fifteen, or sixteen such courses, being disposed of, the bride was awoke from her slumbers, and allowed to eat; after which the grand business of the evening—arranging her for her bridal—commenced.

When a Moorish infant is born, be its hair what it may, it is invariably dyed red; but when a bride is married, the colour is changed to black. The first great affair was dyeing her hair. Process No. 2 was enamelling the face. It must have been in one of these harems, that Madame Rachel learnt her art. The poor child having thus a false face, and dyed hair, colouring the eyebrows was the next step; and not content with arched brows of black, which meet in the centre, these must needs go half down the nose. Daubs of red paint ornament the face. The items of dress ought to be numerous, for each guest must adjust some article on the person of the bride, or she deems herself slighted. But the crowning effort of ingenuity is expended on the hair-dressing, on which an extraordinary amount of time, and patience is lavished.

Countless braids were plaited of the now raven tresses, all round the head and face; each plait being finished off with a jewel pendant—and lastly the poor eyelashes were gummed down, that she might not behold in public the husband to whom she was about to be united.

The bridegroom, meanwhile, had been entertaining a select circle of his friends downstairs; none of whom had invaded the sacred precincts above described. Were any "lord of creation" to be thus venturesome, he would never be suffered to leave the room alive, but would be smothered on the spot; so at least our friend was told, and firmly believed. I do not myself vouch for it.

The negresses set up a most unearthly shrill scream, when music announced the approach of the bridegroom. Instantly every Moslem face was closely veiled, his mother alone being permitted to look on her son, who entered, and took his seat beside her. The attendants then went to fetch the disguised, and disfigured bride, on whom his eyes rested for the first time. If the bridegroom sees aught in the lady to which he objects, he is at liberty to refuse her; but if he does not exercise this privilege, he takes her hand, seating her between his mother and himself. Fortunately, he appeared perfectly satisfied with the result; for, after rising, and lifting her veil, he seated her by his side.

This simple ceremony being thus completed, the husband and wife shortly quitted the festive scene for their own apartment; while the company, released from any further obligation to veil their faces, continued their merriment until break of day. Our friend was only too thankful to be permitted to leave at 5 o'clock in the morning. The whole of the following week, the bride was 'at home,' and devoted each day to the reception of her friends.

CHAPTER VII.

VARIETIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Shopping—Negroes—Whence they came—Their Emancipation—Their Idolatrous Sacrifices at Algiers—Their Fêtes—Whitewashing their Employment—The Spaniards at St. Eugène—Their Eagerness to receive Books—Interesting Meeting with a Patriarchal Hebrew—The Jews in Algeria—Their Past and Present Condition—Story of a Rabbi—Former Degradation of the Jews—Arab Horses—Port Dues—Green Peas for Dinner—A Wet Day—Storms—How Sunday is Observed by many English—String of Camels—Price of an Embroidered Vest—Mr. Churchill's Sketches of Arab Life.

Monday, Nov. 30th.—Shopping, and visiting, in the town, which, by reason of the close atmosphere, is always a kind of penance to me. With every feeling of heart and head enlisted against the Darwinian theory, it certainly strains one's fraternal sentiments to the uttermost, at all the corners of the arcades to stumble upon the negresses, enveloped in their invariable blue check *takhelila*. If they would only adopt the Moslem fashion, and hide their repulsive features, it would save one many a shock. They are usually to be seen in pairs, squatted on the ground, or leaning against a pillar, looking very like monkeys on a large scale, and earning a scanty livelihood as vendors of bread, broiled fish, &c. &c. These black merchants come from the Sahara, from Soudan, Gourma, Timbuctoo, and other parts. Originally brought to Algiers by the caravans, and purchased as slaves by wealthy Moslems, the Provisional Government, in 1848, decreed their enfranchisement. Many, however, preferred remaining in the families of their masters, where

their lot is said to be far from hard. Less than one hundred in all, availed themselves of the offer of emancipation. The slave-market is still shown near the port, where, previous to Lord Exmouth's visit, a Christian male slave could be bought for £30.

The number of the negro population I have failed to ascertain. It cannot be large, but they are in sufficient numbers to celebrate their pagan rites and sacrifices. Some of these, indeed, take place every Wednesday morning, on the road between Bab-el-Oued, and St. Eugène. I have been repeatedly invited to witness these ceremonies, but the early hour is one objection, and altogether I have not quite made up my mind on the subject. G. is still too unwell to undertake it. After all, it does not seem clear whether the sacrifices are Mahomedan, or pagan, for the negroes are invariably accompanied by Moslem women and children, though they themselves take the chief share in the business.

This seems to be the order of the proceedings. They assemble in front of the Koubba of Sidi-Yacoub (not the tomb of the patriarch Israel, but of some other holy Jacob), close by the sea-shore, at a spot called Seba-Aïoun, from having once boasted seven fountains. Close by one of these, a negress lights a chafing dish, and sprinkles thereupon several grains of incense, or benzoin, the vapour of which must be inhaled, by the party desirous of sacrificing. Other negresses then bring forward the fowls to be used in sacrifice, and half strangling the poor birds, throw them wildly on the sands. If the fowls in their agony, half rolling, half flying, can gain the sea, all is right. The Genius invoked is propitious, and the cure sought, or the wish expressed, is sure to be attained. If, on the contrary, the chicken die on the sand, all is a failure, and the only chance lies in a fresh

invocation. However, the negresses, who certainly are the only priestesses, or sorceresses, in these sacrifices, usually know to a nicety, how much garotting the poor fowls can stand, without actually expiring under it. This precision is attained in virtue of the high fees which reward a successful incantation, and which, alas! are withheld, if the divinity is deaf to their prayers. Sometimes a sheep is sacrificed; sometimes, but very rarely, an ox. On these occasions a negro officiates.

The *Guezzanates* also manufacture the love potions, which are equally appreciated by the Moorish, and negro beauties. *Apropos* of the latter, I hear that really handsome negresses are imported from Timbuctoo, whose charms have sometimes made them the fortunate consorts of Moorish lords. All I can say is, I have seen none of them.

Not far from our dwelling, the houses of the negro tribes are to be seen. They are chiefly in the Rues Darfour, and Kattaroudjil, abutting on the Casbah. The fêtes *par excellence* are the *Derdebas*, which take place in these localities, when the negresses, laying aside the *takhelila*—a blue and white check, very much resembling an English housemaid's duster on a large scale—come out in wondrous finery, and dance to the sound of unconscionable music till they fall down exhausted. All this, however, we are likely to see to greater advantage, if we fulfil our present intention of going into the interior.

One other great *fête*, it seems, occurs every year, the first Wednesday after the month Nissam, when all the negroes, bond and free, assemble at the Hammah, still on the strand, close to the Koubba of Sidi-Bellal, now half buried in the sands. This is in honour of the first ripe beans, a plant they hold in the highest esteem, but may not taste until the Feast of the Beans has been held. Poor

creatures! who is to give them light? Little more than this have I been able to glean of negro history. The negro men are chiefly employed in whitewashing, a trade which is here in special request. The negresses are the only attendants at the Moorish baths for women.

Tuesday, Dec. 1st.—Walked to St. Eugène, where there appears to be quite a Spanish quarter. When we offer French books and tracts there, we are usually met by a request for Spanish ones. To-day, in a house where we had gone to visit some English workmen, we gave tracts to one or two Spaniards on entering, and on leaving found a perfect colony of Spanish women awaiting us, having turned out from every room in the long passages, eagerly asking for books. They told us two gentlemen speaking their language had recently addressed them, and read from the New Testament, which had greatly excited the priest's ire.

Returning home, we met a venerable-looking Jew, who told us he had been in London, and Paris, and begged us to visit his house on the road to the Frais Vallon. He was much pleased at being given a small book in Hebrew. His dress, like that of all the Jews in Algiers, was somewhat imposing. In pattern, it very much resembles that of the Moors, but is far less gaudy in colour. The turban is black, as is also the richly embroidered vest. A red silk, and military-looking scarf, engirdles the waist. Shoes, and stockings, are always worn by the Jews. The trousers, reaching to the knees, are loose and full.

The Jewish type of face, and figure, is, I think, decidedly by far the finest we have seen in Algiers. This man was a handsome specimen, but not more so than the general run of his brethren, with whom we come in daily contact. Dark bright eyes, Jewish cast

of face, fine, tall, well-proportioned figure, raven hair, and long beard, usually characterize these children of the dispersion. He seemed gratified to find we loved his people. Previous to the French conquest, probably none would be found on this soil, bold enough to avow such a sentiment. Now there is an excellent missionary labouring amongst them, from whom we have gained much information respecting them. Mr. Lowitz is received with great respect by them, and is to them a proof that English Christians at least, love the House of Israel.

The Jews were only tolerated in Algiers during Turkish rule, under heavy vexatious restrictions, which made their existence a burden; and this more for the sake of commerce, than from any feelings of humanity towards them. They were likewise the sole bankers in Algiers, and consequently most necessary to a people who only lived upon piracy, and required an intermediate order between their own, and that of the lawful traders of other nations. Under the French Government, they are of course admitted to equal privileges with the rest of their fellow-subjects.

The Algerine Jews have a legend, which they hold as an article of faith, respecting their settlement on these shores. They say that on the establishment of the Moors in Spain, after having overrun the shores of the Mediterranean with fire and sword, they permitted and encouraged the settlement of the Jews in Spain, allowing them the free exercise of their religion. When, however, the Cross supplanted the Crescent in the Peninsula, the Jews speedily became the objects of fearful persecution from their most Christian masters, who sought by every device to despoil them of their wealth.

Their chief Rabbi at that time was Ben-Smia, a very holy man. At length sacrilegious hands were laid on him, and, together with some of the wealthiest of his nation, he was thrown into a dungeon. As they were momentarily expecting to be led to execution, resigning themselves to their doom, on a sudden the eyes of the Rabbi Ben-Smia sparkled with fire, his face became radiant, and light encircled his figure. Seizing a piece of charcoal which lay on the ground, he drew upon the wall, the picture of a ship in full sail. Turning to his weeping companions, who beheld him with amazement, "Let all," he cried, "who believe in the might of Jehovah, and desire instant deliverance from hence, place their finger on this vessel." Forthwith every believing hand was outstretched; when marvellous to say, the vessel became a real ship in full sail, which bore them to this strand. The Moslems received them with open arms, and accorded to them all the privileges they had formerly enjoyed in Spain.

When, however, Turkish rule was engrafted upon the Arab stock, and Pashas were sent from Constantinople, the fetters of these unhappy people were riveted; and they became more truly slaves than in Spain.

To give a few instances of their degradation: whenever they passed a mosque, the Jews were obliged to take their shoes in their hands, and travel barefooted till out of sight of the spot. In passing the Casbah, they had to kneel, then with bended heads to fly as rapidly as possible. They were furnished with a kind of passport, which might be demanded at any moment, and the unfortunate one who had left his at home was bastinadoed without mercy. They were prohibited from riding on horseback; even a donkey when entering

the town was forbidden them. They were not allowed to speak to a Moor, except with profound deference, and the slightest approach to an insult offered by a Jew to a Mussulman, was punished with instant death.

> "Friendless and homeless! How unlike the past!
> Once honoured scion of a noble stem."

Did all these cruelties recall to their memories, the cry in which the voices of chief priests, and people were blended, "His blood be on us and our children"? I trow not: blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.

Dec. 1*st.*—Yesterday we had a slight shower, and to-day a heavier one; but till now we have not seen a drop of rain since the 13th ult. Our hopes of riding exercise are diminishing. Everywhere we hear that Arab horses only are to be had, and their pace, however excellent for a race, is less pleasant for seeing the country. A gentleman told us to-day of his having hired a horse, which set off on leaving the town, and with all his might, he tried in vain to stop the animal, till he had galloped upwards of three miles.

These horses too have a most disagreeable trick of biting. Yesterday a poor little Arab groom belonging to Madame B. was attending to her horse, when the brute seized the poor boy's lower jaw, and bit it so frightfully that slight hopes are entertained of his life. A Swedish man-of-war came in to-day, and salutes have been thundering in consequence. The great thing wanted here, is a more extended maritime commerce. Through a short-sighted policy, no encouragement is given to foreign trade with Algiers. A heavy tonnage, amounting to four francs per ton, is levied on all foreign vessels entering this port, and this necessitates a correspondingly

heavy charge on all articles of foreign importation. Some efforts are being made to establish a line of steamers between Liverpool and Algiers, which would tend greatly to improve the place.

Green peas for dinner to-day; but more rain is needed to make them abundant. Went to see the practice on the artillery-ground. Transporting the guns on the backs of mules over mountainous districts, was the order of the day. It was wonderful to see what these patient creatures could carry, and beautiful to witness the celerity with which guns, and carriages, were limbered, unlimbered, and packed for transit.

An Irish lady called this morning before I was up, in sad distress about her only son, whom she had brought here on account of pulmonary disease. A stranger in a foreign land, and feeling desolate beyond expression, it was with such a sense of relief that she last night saw my husband's name. It was a real pleasure to try and be of use to her. *Déjeûner* with Mr. and Mrs. C. Afterwards went shopping in one of the Moorish bazaars, for there are four, where we met Prince Mustapha—a fine-looking specimen of a Turk.

Dec. 4th.—A thoroughly wet day, but scarcely so cold as an autumnal day in England. The beautiful bay has been lashed into fury, and the whole day has made an incessant roar as it tossed on the beach, avenging itself for having no tide worth the name. It does, however, advance and recede a very little, even on the calmest day. Fed as the Mediterranean is by innumerable streams—the Nile, the Rhone, the Ebro, the Tiber, &c. —all emptying themselves into her bosom; with the Atlantic pouring in through the Straits of Gibraltar, at the rate of four miles an hour at its western extremity, and the Black Sea paying exactly the same tribute at

its eastern boundary, it seems almost incredible that, in this sea alone, no ebb and flow should be perceptible.

Saturday, Dec. 5th.—The stormy aspect of the sea has deterred the mail steamer of the "Messagerie Impériale" from attempting to make the passage to-day; but the air is bracing and invigorating, and by no means cold.

Monday, Dec. 7th.—Yesterday was somewhat cloudy, and furnished a pretext to only too large a proportion of the English congregation to absent themselves from service. This evidence of a general want of appreciation of the means of grace in a foreign land, is sad to see; for the absence is by no means confined to invalids, with whom it may perhaps be compulsory. It is mournful to hear the excuses and reasons alleged for non-attendance, by those in whom a long continental residence has uprooted all sense of the holiness of God's day, and all love for His courts: "The time fixed interferes with my breakfast hour, otherwise I should make a point of attending." "The fact is, I always go to hear the band play on Sunday mornings, and I find that does me quite as much good as going to church." "We are truly sorry never yet to have been able to get to the service, but the truth is, our servants are all Roman Catholics, and, of course, we cannot interfere with their going to mass; so we are obliged to arrange our breakfast hour accordingly, which prevents our coming to church ourselves." "I live so far in the country," says another lady, who visits the town almost every week-day, "that I fear it will be an utter impossibility for me ever to think of getting to church." "And we," adds a lady in the town, "cannot manage the hour, ten is so *very* early; but then I assure you we always read the service at home." And thus too many

go their way—one to his farm, another to his merchandise, neglecting, refusing, despising, their short day of grace!

The steamer which left Marseilles on Thursday, has not yet reached Algiers; but it did not belong to the "Messagerie Impériale," which, be it remembered, is decidedly the best line of communication. Felt to-day the great difference between the air in the town, and that of our own *locale*. I went down to see a poor invalid, and spent a couple of hours in going about the place to render some little assistance, and then felt completely knocked up. On reaching home, however, the air was as invigorating, as that in the town had been depressing.

Wednesday, Dec. 10th.—In passing under the Porte d'Isly, met a string of camels going out, and on this occasion each was surmounted by a fine-looking turbaned Arab, any of whom might have sat for the picture of a patriarch of old. Nothing surprises one more here, than the general appearance of both Moors and Arabs. With everything unfavourable to a fine physical development, in their social and domestic habits—their women kept in the most rigid and listless seclusion; married frequently at the age of eleven years, and always in their early teens; the poorer classes suffering from constant exposure to the night air, and all weathers, privations arising from want of proper food, and indulging incessantly in the narcotic weed—they yet are, as a rule, whether poor or rich, a remarkably fine, tall, robust, handsome race. The married ones spend a fortune on the dress of the ladies of their harem. I met yesterday, in the Jardin Marengo, a Jew, carrying a richly-embroidered vest, with silver thread on red silk. When I stopped to admire it, he allowed me to

inspect it, and told me the price was 225 francs, and that it was a part of the trousseau of a bride elect.

To recur however to the camels. I must say they are the most picturesque, and remarkable-looking animals, to be seen in Algiers. Unlike the specimens from which one's untravelled notions of these creatures are derived, the dignified appearance, and expressive faces, of such as we saw to-day, give them a bearing as proud, and wild, as that of the patriarchal Arabs they bear on their backs. I cannot fancy a finer study for an artist's pencil. The consul-general, Mr. Churchill, who draws beautifully, has done them full justice in several of his sketches. Few sitters indeed are as patient as they, for they will remain for hours without moving a muscle —in this respect evidently imitating their masters.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANGES.

Anxiety for Safety of Steamer from Marseilles—Our *Femme de Ménage*—Her Age—Amusing Exemption from Fasting—Party at the Consul General's—Romantic History of a General and his Lady—Drive to the Frais Vallon—Description of Scenery—Vallée des Consuls—New Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique—The Boujaréah—Its Beauties—House-hunting again—El-Biar—Mustapha Supérieur—High Rents of Furnished Houses—Views from El-Biar—The Fort de l'Empereur, *alias* Bou-Lila—Rumours respecting the Missing Steamer—Heat in the Town—Rains—The Steamer Lost—No English on Board—The Arabs' Reason for Change in the Climate—Moonlight—Attraction to El-Biar—The Moslem Cemetery.

Friday, Dec. 11*th.*—Heavy tidings! The steamer which left Marseilles on Thursday, Dec. 4th (the very day on which, as the paper tells us, a violent storm burst over London), has not since been heard of, and all hopes of her having taken refuge on the coast of Spain seem now given up. God grant these worst fears may not be realized. We know not yet if any English were on board. Disappointment respecting expected letters sits on every face; and one French lady told me that a wardrobe she had ordered from Paris, of dresses, bonnets, cloaks, and what not for the season, had all been sent off by it! G. is decidedly better to-day. The feverish attack so frequently experienced by new comers seems taking its departure.

When, upon the sudden illness of her predecessor, our present *femme de ménage* was engaged, I asked her age,

which she stated to be forty, and politeness, or *nonchalance* prevented my questioning the fact, except mentally. To-day, when ordering dinner, I remembered it was Friday, and asked whether she would eat any meat.

"*Mais, oui*, Madame, I cannot get on without meat."

"But I thought you were not allowed to eat meat on Friday?"

"Yes, I go to confession every Thursday and Sunday, but I always eat meat on Friday, at least *bouillon*."

"How comes it you are so privileged?"

"Ah, Madame, on account of my age. I could do no work if I did not eat a little meat."

"Your age! why you told me you were only forty."

"Ah," (with the usual whine) "but Madame knows better. What age should you take me for?"

"Sixty-five at least."

"Ah, no, I am only sixty-two, but when I am *bien mise*, no one ever takes me for more than forty!"

So convinced was she that the end justified the means, that she would not be persuaded that such a misstatement could, under any circumstances be wrong. She is, however, a good old soul, and very fond of relating anecdotes to prove that her mother was a servant in the last royal household. Her ideas in consequence are aristocratic, and monarchical.

Spent a pleasant evening at our Consul-general's, Mr. Churchill. We were introduced to General and Madame Martimprey. The history of the latter is highly romantic. A Moslem by birth, she was captured in a *razzia* on the Moors, when only four or five years old. Her black eyes so captivated a young French officer, that—

"She was the robber, the captive was he."

He sent her to be educated in Paris, and some fifteen

years later, married her. Her captor is now Commandant Supérieur of the naval and military forces at Algiers. I had some conversation with Madame M. about the Moorish ladies, whom she visits here. I asked if it were true that they were never allowed to leave their houses, with the solitary exception of quitting the parental roof for that of their future lords and masters. She said the strictness of their seclusion did not go to that extent; that they exchanged visits at each other's houses, went on pilgrimages, &c. but were always closely veiled, which indeed applies to all Moslem women without exception. We frequently see a Moorish lady, judging by the texture of her veil, followed by her attendant negress, coming from the mosque.

Saturday, Dec. 12th.—Drove to the Frais Vallon, a spot which well repays a visit. At no great distance from the town, close indeed outside the eastern rampart, the ravine, which widens on reaching the sea, sufficiently to contain "La Cité Bugeaud" (as this outskirt of the town is called), suddenly narrows, till it becomes a sharp cutting between two steep hills. An old Arab pathway, recently made passable for carriages, by means of terraced embankments, lies half-way up the left side, of "ce coin de nature Suisse," as the guide books very justly call it. A Café Mauresque, and a pretty water-mill, indicate the spot beyond which no carriages can penetrate. We were compelled to retrace our steps, and defer all future explorations till we could make an excursion thither on foot. The return, facing the sea, and looking down into the precipitous ravine on our left, with the wild olive, the dwarf fan-palm, and the carob tree on each side, struck us greatly.

From thence, passing L'Hôpital du Dey, erected by the Dey Baba-Hassen, who reigned at the beginning

of the last century, we came upon the Dra-el-Baroud, or powder manufactory, only separated from the former by a pleasure-garden. This latter is a more modern building, having been completed in 1815, and is now converted into the French Military Hospital, capable of holding 5,000 patients.

Through the Vallée des Consuls—so named from the fact of the consuls of England, France, and the United States, having formerly fixed their summer residences here—we ascended the steep hill-side, to the new church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, which is in process of erection on the most picturesque, and I should think about the most healthful, spot anywhere in the neighbourhood. The church is being built, so our driver told us, entirely by charity; and the workmen, who are giving their services gratuitously, work at it every Sunday. I asked who it was had said they were not to work on the Sabbath-day, but the driver seemed to think the end justified the means.

We learnt afterwards that the large sum required, is being raised by the strenuous efforts of the Bishop of Algiers, whose summer residence, "Le petit Séminaire," is at a still higher altitude, but this ascending ridge we left for another day. The wild olive still overhung our pathway down, and as we examined its small, black berries, fit food only for the birds of the air, we could not but recall Rom. xi. 17—24, and long to be able to do some good to the numbers of the House of Israel whom we daily meet, and to hasten the time when they shall again be grafted into their own good Olive Tree.

The conformation of the Bouzariah is certainly very striking; its steep and rugged slopes, broken by dark ravines, with the cactus, the aloe, the juniper, and the olive, dotted about in various hues of the green which here never seems to assume winter's brown

mantle; its winding and terraced walks, catching a fresh point of beauty at every turn; while romantic-looking villas, with exteriors of dazzling whiteness, and embosomed in trees, are perched on apparently inaccessible heights, on its precipitous sides.

We passed the desolate spot where lie buried Israel's dead, the only indication of the place of interment, in each case, being a peculiar-shaped, oblong, white stone, sloped to a ridge in the centre, and bearing a Hebrew inscription on each of its slanting sides. Over against it, is the Moslem burying-ground, the boundaries of which have been immensely curtailed by recent enactments. Scarlet geraniums, and the ever-present aloe, form its chief floral adornments; and the hand of superstitious, but loving ignorance, has placed two or more flowerpot-like vases, in a framework of slate, at the head and foot of each grave, to hold water, which the departed spirit is supposed to come and drink. The disappearance of the water, and of an accompanying piece of bread, is proof positive to their simple minds that the deceased has partaken of, and enjoyed his meal. And beneath us, as we ascended the hill-side, between our route, and that to St. Eugène, lay the Roman Catholic Cemetery, not so well kept as ours usually are in England, but furnishing a contrast to the two former, with its dark green cypress beside each grave, and the ceaseless ripple of the blue waters almost laving its borders.

Thursday, Dec. 15th.—An exploring tour to El Biar and Mustapha Supérieur, to see what houses, and apartments were vacant. We are anxious, on sanitary grounds, to get still farther from Algiers. The air on this higher ground is far more bracing than in the town, and if the houses were but built after an English fashion, they would be very tempting. As it is, the one great aim is

to exclude heat, and to admit every breeze, which renders them only fit for summer residences. Their owners betake themselves to Algiers during the winter, and usually transport their furniture also, leaving empty houses, which they are now glad to let at about 100 francs a month. The furnished ones range from 250 to 1,000. Two months ago, for the latter, the modest sum of 1,800 was being asked, but as the English are apparently not coming this year, the terms are being lowered. Here, as elsewhere, the common difficulty of meeting all one's requirements was so great, that after a five hours' drive, we returned no wiser than we went.

Dec. 16th.—Another lovely day. In the town it frequently feels oppressive, and we make but little way in attempting to walk about. The incessant passing to and fro of dirty Arabs under the narrow arcades, which grace both sides of the principal streets, such as the Rues Bab Azzoun, and Bab-el-Oued, makes the confined air close and disagreeable. Once on the hills, the exhilarating atmosphere, and the beauty of the ever visible mountain scenery, stimulate one to exertion, and we walked out to a distance of between five and six kilometres—a kilometre being five-eighths of a mile. The site which commands perhaps the most extensive view anywhere to be obtained, is that of the summer residence of the Italian Consul at El Biar. The house adjoining it, is equally well situated. No words can paint the beauty of the distant colouring of the hills: the Plain of the Metidja; Cape Matifou, bathed in the warm glow of the setting sun, jutting out into the sea, with the deep blue waters forming a frame on three sides; snow wreaths and mists on some of the peaks of the Atlas, with others of the same range dipped in sunbeams; all seemed like enchantment.

The stern Fort de l'Empereur which we had passed in the morning, and under which we were now returning, could not dispel the illusion, which was heightened by a peculiar and almost indescribable mist, which seemed to overhang the Mediterranean, like a veil of finest texture. This fort is situated on the highest point of the fortifications which surround Algiers, 146 feet above the upper part of the Casbah. Various accounts are given for the origin of its name, but the reliable one appears to be that it was built by Hassan Pasha in 1545, to commemorate the departure of Charles V. from this spot, which his practised eye had selected for his camp, and whereon he had established his artillery. The Arabs, who, like most Easterns, have some reason for every appellative they bestow, call it also Bou-Lila, or Father of Night, because it was during one night in October, 1541, that the Emperor suddenly took up this position, from which he was subsequently compelled to beat so disastrous a retreat. How many a tale could those walls unfold! The ramparts have been restored by the French, and the fort is now used for barracks, and as a disciplinary military prison, through which all offending officers must pass, before being permitted to rejoin their regiments in Algeria. The sides of the Mamelon, on which it stands, are regularly planted with young fir-trees, which have a unique effect.

Dec. 17*th.*—Most contradictory rumours afloat regarding the missing steamer, proving how difficult it is, even on the spot, to get an accurate statement of facts. This morning we were assured that a frigate saw her go down out at sea, and that all hands had perished. Later we heard that she had been wrecked on the coast of Spain, and all hands saved. I fear the truth is that no news whatsoever has been received, and these fables are

invented to soothe the many aching hearts, which are yearning for tidings, in agonizing suspense. One gentleman here, had a wife, and three children, on board. The crew numbered sixty, and they had many passengers; all, it is feared, have found a watery grave.

Went to pay some visits in the town, and, as usual, found a difference in the atmosphere, which was close and enervating. The temperature must greatly differ from that above the city, for while we have had fires every morning and evening, Sir A. D—— assured us to-day they had never yet required one. G. took a ride to-day on a beautiful Arab steed, and found him manageable; so I hope soon to make a similar experiment.

Dec. 18*th.*—The rains again. It is, however, quite a treat to have a wet day to write one's letters, untempted by the genial sky and bright sunshine which almost daily allure one from one's desk. A gentleman who came up this morning to call, had just visited the office of the steam-packets, to which the unfortunate vessel belonged, hoping to ascertain whether any English were on board. To his surprise, and indignation, he found that they had received full and true particulars of every article of merchandise with which she was freighted, but that of the fifty or sixty passengers, not a name had been given!

Dec. 22*nd.*—The list of passengers has at length arrived. One British subject, a Maltese, is reported, but no English, thank God! are amongst them. It seems the unfortunate boat was heavily laden with iron, to which they attribute its loss in the late terrible gale. Mr. C. who has repeatedly made the passage, told us that the boats, even of the Messagéries Impériales, are by no means first-class, their machinery being very inferior.

Alternate rain, and sunshine, this past week. The latter has predominated; nevertheless, the residents are begin-

ning to write this down as a bad winter. The Arabs account for it, by saying the seasons have altogether deteriorated, ever since the French occupation! However, it is a winter which would satisfy us well in England, and decidedly finer than last summer was in Derbyshire. The beautiful leaves of the caoutchouc, or india-rubber tree, of the Bell Ombra, and very many others, look as green, and fresh as in spring. Orchards of leafless mulberries, or almond trees, are now and then discoverable in the background, but in the gardens all one wants is more flowers. These latter are just lingering on, as in autumn they would with us. The purple iris is still blooming in the fields, the scarlet geranium peeping timidly through the hedges, and the heliotrope, and the pale tea-rose, only faintly shedding their perfumes on the breeze.

Dec. 23rd.—If aught were needed, in addition to the sights by day, to remind one of being in a foreign clime, the moonbeams would suffice. The orb of night certainly shines here with a lustre unknown in Europe, and this evening the peculiar whiteness which it casts on all objects, far and near, gives a light almost unnatural. Such a full moon! It is almost worth crossing the Mediterranean to see its brilliancy.

Here we have, as Tennyson says—

> "Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies,
> Breadths of tropic shade, and palms in clusters, knots of Paradise."

At least the heavenly brilliancy is unmistakable, though the clusters of palm-trees may be less visible.

Went again to-day to El Biar. Saw the summer residence of the Italian Consul, formerly the abode of some Turkish or Moorish grandee, of wealth sufficient to have his harem in a separate house, connected only by

a courtyard of tesselated pavement. Making bold to walk up through the grounds, we found that this latter—the house of the women—was to let. The site is the one of all others we should like; the view magnificent; the air sensibly pure and bracing; the distance from the town between five and six kilometres. Altogether, we have a great idea of taking it, when our present term of three months expires.

Dec. 24th.—G. is very unwell, and we have some doubts as to whether the site of the ancient Mussulman Cemetery, is the healthiest we could have chosen. All traces of the graves have long since disappeared, by what means deponent sayeth not. All that is now left for the last resting-place of the Arab dead, is a small spot of ground far up the hill, which we visited to-day.

CHAPTER IX.

CLIMATE.

Christmas-Day in Algiers—Our Substitute for Holly—The Protestant Consistory and English Service at the Temple—English Congregation Dispersed—More Camels—A Rabbi's Mausoleum—French Cemetery—Le Petit Séminaire—English Library Arrived from England—Visited the Château D'Hydra—Sudden Change of Atmosphere at Sunset—New Year Ushered in by Loud Reports of Cannon—The Jour de l'An Fêtes—Observed by all Classes—Visit to the Mosque Djama Abd-er-Rhaman-et Tçalbi—Witnessed the Service—Proposed Destruction of the Mosque—A Fall of Snow—Snow Mistaken for Manna—The Winter Season—Algeria Compared with India—Nice—Madeira—San Remo—Freedom from Fogs in Algiers—For what Patients the Climate is suited.

CHRISTMAS Day in Algiers! How our thoughts revert to the many happy firesides in England, around which our loved ones are grouped! There is little here but the pleasures of memory, to remind one that this is Christmas Day. A mild drizzling rain is all that the weather can get up in honour of the day. Under the Arcade, in the Place du Gouvernement, a woman was shelling young green peas as we returned from Church, and the pretty garden aloe (not the gigantic specimen which throws up a huge stem covered with flowers, ten or fifteen feet high, and then dies, exhausted with the effort, but a small one with a sort of prickly sword leaf) is bursting into long stems of red and yellow blossom; the ice-plant in the open air, is exhibiting the only description of congealed water, we are likely to see this year; the bigonia is hanging out its cluster of scarlet

flowers,—the trees are as bright and green as though it were Midsummer Day, and the air is vocal with the warbling of birds.

Holly and ivy are not always attainable, but thanks to the kind assistance of an English gentleman, we are festooned in green, the large leaves of the sarsaparilla giving a very fair representation of ivy, the berries of the same doing duty for those of the holly; the exquisite creeper, African clematis, with its white flowers, and peculiarly pretty leaves, garlanding the whole.

In the Church not an iota of green was permitted; but with this, which is regarded as a matter of conscience, the English must not of course interfere.

We were somewhat unfortunate in our Christmas Day service. A young German, whose friends were rich Jews, having lately died of fever, his friends had his body embalmed, and gave notice to the president of the Protestant Consistory that they wished his remains to be brought into the Temple, previous to interment. This is a most unusual proceeding; however, it was complied with, and Christmas Eve was appointed for the ceremony. Late that afternoon, the Consul received a note from the President, to say the funeral had been deferred to the following morning, and an hour fixed which would interfere with the English Service! This notice being too brief to allow much notification thereof to the English generally, the congregation—and an unusually large one in honour of the day—assembled only to be dispersed. The service was postponed to half-past 1 P.M., at which hour we made a second attempt; the mild rain meanwhile had settled into a steady downpour, and the attendance was at first composed of two Frenchwomen, one Englishman, and ourselves. Three more gentlemen came in afterwards, but altogether it was a wretched

Christmas Day, in a foreign land. It seems probable that it may lead to an English Church being built here, which is greatly needed, and if so, it will all have been overruled for good.

Dec. 28th.—Encountered more camels coming into the town, weary and heavy-ladened, led by the nose by low-caste Arabs. Such a contrast to the dignified-looking stalwart animals, ridden by stately patriarchs, which I lately saw going out of the same gate. Sad types of humanity, I thought them, for I am sure these poor brutes, like ourselves, know the influence of mind over matter, and are conscious what it is for the *physique* to yield to the *morale*.

We had a charming walk to St. Eugène. A large square piece of masonry, which we pass on our right immediately on quitting the town by the gate Bab-el-oued, had failed to attract us till now, when it was pointed out to us as a mausoleum, erected by the Israelitish community in Algiers, to the memory of one of its great rabbis. Not far from here is the Christian cemetery; Protestants wishing to bury their friends therein, should make sure of their title to the spot of ground which they purchase. We know of instances where an after-attempt has been made to remove the body, and with difficulty prevented.

After passing the French cemetery, we looked at the "Le Fort des Anglais," which overhangs the cliff; and a mile farther on, ascended the steep hill-side covered with the tiny oak, cistus and fan palms, till we gained the road leading to "Le petit Séminaire," parts of which almost deserved the title of a Devonshire lane. Ripe blackberries were hanging from the hedges; and ivy, with larger leaves than its Irish cousin can boast, rewarded our search. The *petit séminaire*, on which we bestowed

a glance, is the residence of the bishop of Algiers; but it is also devoted, as its name imports, to the reception of youth, and 120 boys are now there under priestly training. We were surprised at learning that a large number of "Sisters" lived under the same roof, and looked after the comforts of the inmates. The view from Notre Dame d'Afrique is certainly beautiful, though I give the preference in every respect to the El-Biar side of Algiers. From the ramparts looking across the ravine, on the Vallée des Consuls, we had seen, the other day, apparent hoar-frost lying in large patches. We had no glass, but to the naked eye it appeared unmistakable. However, to-day, a nearer inspection showed our frost, to be patches of the *miel*, or candy-tuft, which is abundant here.

The "Fort des Vingt-Quatre Heures," is gradually disappearing under the pickaxe of the sappers and miners, to enlarge the artillery parade-ground on which it now stands. It is said to derive its name, and to us its chief interest, from the fact of its having been seized by Lord Exmouth, and held till such time as the Dey would accede to his terms. The Serene mind having been somewhat hurried in its decision in consequence, the fort had only to be held for twenty-four hours. It stands at the foot of the Jardin Marengo, below our present abode, so the work of demolition daily meets our gaze.

Dec. 31*st.*—The last day of 1863. We have just received from England the box of books, destined to form the nucleus of a library for the use of the English. The Religious Tract Society have kindly made a grant, in compliance with G's request, and on his departure, it is to be left in the hands of the consul. A good library was sadly wanted here, where the English visitors are

usually reduced to novels. "What else can we get?" is the too frequent reply to any remarks on the unsatisfying, if not poisonous tendency, of such literature.

Visited to-day the Château d'Hydra, formerly a favourite residence of the Dey's. In its days of splendour, it must have been a luxurious summer abode. It is quite necessary to make this last reservation, for an open court is a *sine quâ non* in every Moorish palace, into which every room without exception opens, whether on the ground floor, or on a gallery running round the court supported on arches, where fountains are playing in the centre. This château, as it is now called, from having passed into the hands of a Frenchman, is situated on a high mamelon of the Sahel. It might with equal propriety, be called the Temple of the Winds, and at 4 P.M. we found it bitterly cold. It is, however, well worth a visit, being beautifully inlaid with marble, and porcelain, in mosaics. The distance from the town is about four miles. I managed to take a severe chill on our homeward drive.

From half-past 3 to 5 P.M. the change in the temperature is very sensibly felt in this climate, the dew falling at sunset almost like fine rain. Yesterday an English lady, who also was out driving till 5 o'clock, took so serious a cold that the French doctors resorted to bleeding, and she is now lying at death's door. What untold mercies, and deliverances, have not we experienced during the year now so soon to be numbered with the past!

Jan. 1*st*, 1864.—Hardly had the midnight hour told of our entrance upon a new year, when a crash, as of thunder, burst over the house, followed shortly by several more reports. We thought it strange that there was no lightning, and as the wind rose violently about the same

time and shook the house, it seemed like some strange convulsion of the elements. Then we mentally resolved it into a *feu de joie* of the troops, at the in-coming of their great *jour de l'an*. It gave one, nevertheless, a sort of feeling such as I should imagine the former possessors of the place must have had, when Algiers was bombarded. To-day we are told that the occasion of that hour's disturbance, was an unfriendly encounter between a Confederate and a Federal steamer.

This wonderful *jour de l'an!* We have nothing in England that altogether answers to it. The good old custom of giving Christmas-boxes, bears some affinity to their *étrennes*, which are exchanged on all sides to-day. A little girl I scarcely ever saw, has sent me some bon-bons, and I must, of course, give her a present in return; the postman came to bring us an almanack, and had he not received a douceur, when we should in future get our letters, no mortal man can tell. Our servants must not only have their *étrennes*, but the day to themselves, to go round to every lady who ever employed, or spoke to them, to "*souhaiter la bonne année*," and to receive *cadeaux* in return. They themselves have to lay out, I know not how many sous, to treat their personal friends, who otherwise would cut them for ever.

Every Frenchman, or Frenchwoman, who cannot also personally wipe off every name on their visiting-list, and every English resident also who wishes to be strictly in etiquette, must at least send round their visiting-cards, or they forfeit the friendship of those they have thus neglected. The first two cards arrived as soon as I was up, and I was fortunately just in time to give an *étrenne* to the bearer. Bon-bons, if not presents of larger value, must be exchanged on all these occasions, or the delinquent is never forgiven. Photographs, &c. have reached

me per post, but beyond all in value, two books from home, one headed with a pink threepenny postage stamp, which puzzles us, as something quite new since we left England.

We penetrated to-day into the interior of the Mosque "Djamer Abd-er-Rhaman-et-Tcalbi," which abuts upon the Jardin Marengo, just as full choral service was going on. I call it this out of courtesy, but the strange intoning of passages from the Koran, was very unlike any other description of chanting. Some demur was at first made to our entering without laying aside our shoes; but this obstacle was overcome by providing us with slippers. Our guide then introduced us into the assembly, where sat about forty Mahomedans, each squatted on his mat. The recitation was led in great style by a handsome old mufti, who was supported by elders on each side of him. Facing him was a row of young Mussulmen, with snowy white burnous, and new red turbans, who imitated his every sound and movement, swaying themselves to and fro as the cadences rose and fell.

I felt almost as indignant as the Arabs themselves, on hearing that this mosque, the most ancient in Algiers, barring the Grand Mosque, and boasting, I fancy, the most elegant minaret in the place, is about to be destroyed, because it interferes with the line of a new French road, to be constructed through the heart of the Arab town. It is to commence at the Porte Neuve, and come out at the Jardin Marengo. Why it cannot pass just behind this beautiful little mosque, it is impossible to say.

From thence our guide took us to the adjacent burying-place of pashas, high functionaries, and others, entombed under the low arches of the building, and who had, I conclude, died in the odour of sanctity; but he could

not speak a word of French, nor we of Arabic, so our communications were confined to signs. The court, where the worshippers performed their ablutions at a white marble fountain, was next shown, and then we emerged into the outer air, sorrowing that we were unable to say one word for the Master who has thus been robbed of His honour, and glory, by the arch-impostor Mahomet.

Little half-naked Arab children ran after us, extending their hands, as usual, for alms. I happened to have some raisins, which I dropped into their mouths; but the screams which arose from the mothers, who were lying about on the graves, soon convinced both the little Moslems, and myself, that we had somehow transgressed. Infidel money, however, is never refused, though infidel lollipops would, I gather from this, destroy their faith.

Jan. 2d.—The high winds and stormy weather of the past week have committed great havoc in the gardens. Sere leaves from such trees as are not evergreens, are strewing the ground; and the flowers are beginning to look very autumnal and withered. Even the Pointsetta has cast its coronal of scarlet leaves; but the green of the mimosa is as bright as ever, and its silky yellow tufts are welcome amidst the floral wreck.

Jan. 4th.—Yesterday (Sunday) was very cold, despite the absence of rain; so the dictum of our landlady, "La pluie c'est le froid," was proved to be incorrect. Indeed, the difficulty of ever ascertaining the truth here is very great. A day or two since, the month being ended, and the time arrived at which she had assured me we should have a show of flowers bursting out, I questioned the gardener on the subject, who naturally smiled, and said we should have no fresh flowers for two

months yet to come. To-day we have had a fall of snow, ushered in by a morning of cold as intense as that which would prelude the same in England. An excursion planned to Dely-Ibrahim, to visit the Protestant Orphan Asylum, has been postponed in consequence. A lady told me that her servant, having never seen snow before, ran out to catch it, thinking manna was being rained down from heaven! The idea, to my mind, was as lovely as it was simple.

By the beginning of January, we were always led to expect beautiful weather, to be henceforth undisturbed, save by cold winds in March. Now, a French gentleman resident here, assures us that winter does not begin till the middle of January, and is considered pretty well over by the 15th of March. Amidst all this conflicting evidence, I must keep a still more rigid register of the weather as we find it, for the sake of all inquiring friends. Meanwhile, according to our present ideas, I should be sorry to see any invalids far gone in consumption, out here, and this seems to be the general opinion of all *dis*interested people on the spot, who are qualified to judge. Certainly we have sunshine almost daily, but it is only really warm now from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. and for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, it is often extremely cold. Then, on the other hand, where is it warm, during the early morning hours, about Christmas? Russell, writing from India, as early as December 10th, says, "Very cold and chill ere the sun rises:" and again, under date December 26th, he writes, "At 6.15 the column was on its way northward to seek the enemy. *It was exceedingly raw and cold, a thick fog obscured the face of the country.*"

January 5th.—A bright, cold, and frosty-feeling day. Paid several visits, and compared notes with visitors who

had tried Nice, Madeira, and other places. Mrs. H. had been at San Remo one winter, where she found it impossible to remain. At Nice, the doctor told her friends it was but a question of time, and that she must never again return to England. Since then, she has resided for three winters at Algiers, and is able to return not only to England, but to Scotland, every summer. She speaks in raptures of this place. One unquestionable advantage consists in the freedom from fogs which we enjoy here. Occasionally, though but rarely, they may be seen lowering over the distant plain, but here they have never made their appearance.

After weighing conflicting evidence, the conclusion we have arrived at is this—that, for people in an early and curative state of lung disease, Algiers may be, and often is, most beneficial. That if cure has begun, this climate is most favourable. If, on the contrary, the second or third stage of consumption has set in, disease is ripened here with fearful rapidity. One instance, which a friend mentioned to-day as having happened last year, impresses this fearfully on the mind. A young man came out to Algiers, with pulmonary disease far advanced, and having been introduced to her, she was entreated by his friends to watch over him. She did so, and saw the fatal hectic flush rapidly gaining ground. Ere long, she wrote to his father in England, urging his removal to another climate. His father came, but the bright flush of fever spoke to him only of returning health, and he left again in hopes of a cure. My friend had frequently entreated this gentleman to have a man-servant, which he always assured her was a needless appendage. One day she met him out walking, and again expressing her wish, said she had one in view for him. He consented to see him, and engaged him. This was at 3 P.M. and she

left him in his usual health. Before 3 P.M. on the following day, the grave had actually closed over that young man! He had broken a blood vessel the same evening, and had instantly expired. His new servant only was present.

CHAPTER X.

ENLARGING IDEAS.

January 6—A Lovely Spring Day—Difficulties in arriving at the Truth—A Moorish Funeral—The Arab Game of Yadacé—Story of Hassan losing Two of his Wives by playing at Yadacé with a Third—Purity of the Air on the Hills—Spanish Workpeople—Ignorance of French Soldiers—Tract and Scripture Distribution welcomed—Took a Campagne for Four Months—Its Salubrity—Goats feeding on Aloes—Contrast between a Winter in England and Algeria—Visited the Jardin d'Essai—Splendid View of the City—Description of the Garden—Its Size—Use—Plants.

January 6th.—The loveliest of spring days, with a warm south wind. An early visitor, in the person of a resident, congratulates us on the possible termination of winter! Our servant, who has lived here twenty-five years, assures us that we shall have no winter more severe than that we experienced yesterday, and unless we have an unusual amount of rain, the winter will be over by the end of January. Enough, all this, to show how difficult it is, even on the spot, to glean certain intelligence respecting a place. I except, of course, all such geniuses as the author of "Wanderings in West Africa, from Liverpool to Fernando Po," who after *a single day* at Madeira and Teneriffe, and three days at Freetown, Sierra Leone, considers himself thoroughly fitted and qualified to write full, true, and particular accounts of each place.

A monotonous chant attracted me to the window this morning, when I saw a Moorish funeral procession winding its way, of course on foot, along the hill-side. The mourners took their turns as pall-bearers, or rather,

I fancy, the passers-by were pressed into the service, but the procession never arrested its progress in consequence, nor did the dolorous chanting cease for a single moment.

On ascending the hill this morning, groups of zouaves, the sepoys of the French army, were lying as usual, in circles, engaged in their all-absorbing amusement of gambling. This pursuit, which seems to be a deep-rooted passion, taking possession of idlers in every clime, and of every race, is said to be in-bred in the Arabs. Every Café Maure—and with these the streets abound—is filled with groups of Arabs, or Moors, whose sole amusement, when not sipping their coffee, is in play. The game said to be most in repute amongst them, is a most extraordinary, not to say a most senseless one, called *yadacé*. The following account of it, given by Mr. Blackburn, will, I think, bear me out in both these assertions.

"YADACÉ."

"The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention, which is established between the parties at the commencement of the game, each player takes by the end a piece of straw, a slip of paper, or even, it may be, a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two pieces between them, the sacramental formula, 'Yadacé,' being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force—that is to say, the opposing parties are at full liberty to cheat, swindle, deceive, and take advantage of, each other, at the earliest opportunity. If a European takes part in the game, he is sure to be quickly beaten; but with two Moors, or Jews, or Moorish ladies, a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution, and circum-

spection, begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

"The following story will suffice to initiate any one into the mysteries and peculiarities of the game; and also show the danger to a Moor of playing at 'Yadacé' with his *wife*:—

"Hassan-el-Djeninah was vizier, and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjah of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pashalic; and, more than that, was reckoned the most jealous husband in all Barbary; and it is something to be considered jealous, in a land where all husbands are notoriously so.

"Gay young Mussulmans trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's shops. He walked slowly, for his breath was short; but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Hassan had four wives—a very moderate, and respectable number for a Moor. The name of the youngest was Leila Khanoum. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other; save poor little Leila, who was only sixteen, and not at all of a jealous disposition; but between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with most inconvenient fondness, she led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet, when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours on the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs—rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon a guitar, in the manner of Moorish ladies. He gave her rich suits of brocade and

cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on; he gave her jewels, scented tobacco to smoke, henna for her eyelids and finger-nails—in short, he paid her every little delicate attention that he could think of; and, finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her—at yadacé.

"At the same time, as I said before, he was terribly jealous of her—watched her day and night. He kept spies about her, bribed her attendants, came home at daybreak after a night of watching, silent and unobserved. He studied the language of flowers (which, in the East, is rather more nervous and forcible than with us); finally, he took a lodging on the opposite side of the street, that he might sit and watch who went in or out of his house, when he was supposed to be far away.

"One day, while employed in this dignified pursuit, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, and beckon with her hand. Then from a dark passage, a figure habited as a Frank followed the slave into the house, and shut the door. This was quite enough. Up jumped Hassan, rushed across the street, and into his wife's apartment, where the beautiful Leila was in the act of bending over a large chest that stood upon the ground. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs in an instant. The Giaour must be in the chest! He knocked over the wretched black slave like a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid.

"'The key, woman! the key!' he cried.

"'My lord, I have it not. It is lost; it is gone to be mended.'

"Hassan was not a man to be trifled with; the trembling

A MOORISH LADY IN WALKING COSTUME.

Leila knew it, and soon handed him the key. He rushed to the chest, and tore open the lid. There was certainly some one inside, habited as a Giaour; but beneath the Frank habit were discovered the face and form of Sulee, Leila Khanoum's favourite Georgian slave!

"'What—what means this?' asked Hassan, looking very foolish.

"'*Yadacé!* O my lord; for *you took the key!*'

"'*Yadacé!*' repeated the Georgian slave.

"'*Yadacé!*' screamed the negress, with a horrible grin.

"'Allah akbar!' exclaimed the vanquished Hassan; 'Allah akbar! I've lost my wives!'"

The indoor, and outdoor toilette, of these jewelled beauties, differs considerably, and a photograph of the former would be unattainable, and against all ideas of decorum. I have just obtained one of a Moresque in walking costume, which is true to the life. The material of the snowy white cloak, and the ample trousers, can alone distinguish, in the slightest degree, the rank of the wearer.

Jan. 7th.—Called on Mr. Elmore, and from thence to El-Biar. One must be a pedestrian here, to find out the beauty of the neighbourhood. The ravines and goat-paths lead to peeps of scenery, which the artist may well envy. Altogether, we have to-day determined on taking a campagne, as the country houses are called, at El-Biar, and establishing ourselves there, despite any fears of cold. The air is so much purer for those who are strong enough to stand it, that it is a complete change from Algiers, and its immediate vicinity.

Jan. 8th.—Went to find out some English workpeople

at St. Eugène, and, in so doing, again came across a number of Spaniards, with whom one house we entered, was almost filled. On offering them French tracts, they asked at once for Spanish, of which, unfortunately, I had but one. They preferred French to going without any. One of the most unlikely-looking recipients, waylaid us on going out, to say, "You will come again soon, madame, will you not, and bring us some Spanish tracts?" There is here an open door, would that there were more to enter in! No let or hindrance to the distribution of tracts, and portions of the Scripture exists, save in the ignorance which precludes so many from reading them, and rarely, if ever, are they refused. Sometimes some of the more respectable recipients ask if there is "anything to pay?"

We are often surprised at the number of French soldiers who are unable to read, one and all of whom seem to regret it, but say it is *trop tard*. One soldier told us, in answer to our inquiries, that there was a night school to which he could go, but it was conducted by the *frères*, and he did not like it. I am sure there is a large field for usefulness here, and should much like to have some sort of Sunday School for them, if the way could be made clear.

Sunday, Jan. 10*th.*—This afternoon G. started, accompanied by a friend, to distribute tracts and Scripture portions on a larger scale, and, in many cases, was beset by eager applicants. May God deign to bless this feeble effort, and to own His own Word! I had an hour's earnest Bible searching with a Roman Catholic, who could not believe her Church had ever expunged the Second Commandment, nor that the Holy Virgin could be other than the Mother of God. She said she was "very pious" before she came to Africa, but that "every

one lost their religion as soon as they came here." We finally read John iii., and I trust she understood somewhat of the difference between merely nominal faith, and the converting grace of God. How little will the name of Protestant avail us, unless we become partakers of the latter!

Jan. 11*th.*—Met Monsieur D. by appointment, at his campagne, and concluded an agreement to take it for four months. On every side we ascend to it, and the salubrity of the air (if not too keen) is something which can hardly be surpassed. The view is one of the most extensive, and picturesque, to be found in the vicinity. Those who can stand the climate, may perhaps prefer the town; but we invariably find the atmosphere there, produces a sense of lassitude, and indescribable weariness, while on the hills, strength positively seems to come in walking.

The aloes on every hill-side, numbered as they may be by thousands, and tens of thousands, often cause reflections and speculations as to the use to which they might be applied. The long fibrous texture of which the spiked leaves are composed, might surely be turned to some account, as hemp, for example, in the manufacture of ropes or linen. I pulled off several threads to-day almost as strong as twine, though not thicker than fine horsehair. The plant is usually about four, or five feet high, but we measured some leaves to-day which had attained a height of seven and eight feet. Here and there, around a poor dwelling, some of the sword-like leaves are stuck in the ground, to form a fence, in imitation of paling. Occasionally, the same ingenuity will make use of one of the stiff inner, and half rounded leaves, to direct the course of a mountain rill into a water-cask.

More frequently the goats may be seen browsing amidst these plants. They quickly lay bare the long white threads, which, thanks to their assistance, I gathered. But in these days, when employment is so loudly asked for, it does seem a sin for so much valuable material to run to waste. Were thousands annually to be cut down for any such purposes, tens of thousands would soon replace them. After the aloe has thrown up its stems, covered with flowers some twelve and fifteen feet high, resembling a tall young pine-fir bereft of its branches, it dies, but around its roots dozens of young plants spring up from the phœnix-like parent. Its own peculiar beauty, unlike that of almost any other plant, often recalls the pleasure which the sacred writers evidently took in it. "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." "Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits—myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices." The garden aloe here is, however, a smaller species.

There is also a very flax-like substance to be found in the cactus, but on its leaves (and the whole plant is simply one continuous succession of leaves) the Scotch motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," is unmistakably inscribed. Its long fine prickles teach one not to be too forward in making experiments with the cactus. Whatever manufactures therefore of the kind the Arabs engage in, the material is derived from the aloe or the palm.

I have just heard a pithy Arab proverb, which is said to be wonderfully expressive of their policy: "The dog, when he has money, must be called, My Lord the Dog." Perhaps it is more significant in the original than in the translation, but it strikes me as not altogether different from the ideas which prevail elsewhere.

G. has just brought home the news, which had been

telegraphed to Marseilles, of the unexpected birth of a little Prince, another heir to the throne of England.

Jan. 12*th.*—The papers have just come in, telling us of very severe weather in England, and of indications, leading the Humane Society to prepare for a winter similar to that of 1813–14. Here, at the same date, we were certainly rejoicing in spring weather; and, for a week past, people have been congratulating each other on all sides, on the apparent termination of winter. It is a continuous, and steep ascent of three miles to El-Biar, but we have every reason to believe that, even at that height, we shall have now no cause to face the cold.

Visited Mrs. D., who is very uneasy about her son, and thinks the climate has rather aggravated his symptoms. She does not like the French doctors, and wishes she had never come here. Confirmed in my previous impressions, that this place is only suited to such as are well enough to go about, and enjoy themselves. After several weeks of acclimatisation—in his case a very long process—G. is beginning to feel the real benefit of this complete change.

Jan. 13*th.*—Visited the Jardin d'Essai, usually a place to which visitors at once resort, but which has been, till now, from various causes, a treat in reserve. Up to this day, I thought the glowing language in which some writers describe the town of Algiers, a mere flower of rhetoric, or stretch of the imagination. I had visited all the Moorish parts, and found them dirty and low, with streets usually so narrow as only to deserve the name of alleys. I had looked down on it daily from the side of the casbah, aslant at it from the road leading to Mustapha Supérieur, again and again at it from the over-hanging heights, round the corner from St. Eugène, and straight up at it from the harbour, but always

thought epithets of admiration to be mere poetical licences. But let no one either admire, or depreciate, the appearance of Algiers, till they have seen it from the Jardin d'Essai. The distance—about two miles—across the blue waters, is just enough to cast a veil over every disfigurement, and but for the presence of some very tall white buildings, with unmistakable French windows, one could dream that the conquest of 1830 was a myth, and that the Turks were still in undisturbed possession of that thoroughly Eastern-looking city. From the sea-laved base, up, up, up, her white houses rise step by step, like marble stairs, apparently till they reach the Fort de l'Empereur. Tranquilly "the pearl of the sea," as her enthusiastic admirers call her, reposes on the slopes of the Sahel, glittering in the bright sunbeam, the blue waves sparkling at her feet, and the brilliant green around forming a setting worthy of such a gem.

But the garden itself:—Under a long wide avenue of lofty plane-trees overarching, and terminating in a beautiful vista of the bay, we first entered, and it was at the end of this walk that we first saw Algiers to perfection. Another avenue, parallel to this one, consisted of lofty date palms, alternated with lataniers, or fan palms; all were laden with fruit, clusters of which hung down in heavy bunches. The dates, however, rarely, if ever, ripen in this immediate vicinity. But the avenue which chiefly struck us, probably from its novelty, as well as for its beauty, was one composed of bamboos. This slight-looking, tall, graceful plant, still in leaf, is not indigenous, but thrives well here, as indeed every plant seems to do, the araucarias, and Norfolk-Island pines in particular.

The Jardin d'Essai is considered the great nursery-garden of Algeria, where vegetable productions from all parts are brought, with a view to their acclimati-

sation. No wonder we poor mortals, devoid of this care, pass sometimes uncomfortably enough through this process! The mulberry-tree abounds for the sake of the silkworm, which is cultivated here. A large establishment for rearing silkworms also exists, which we hope to visit on a future occasion. Mr. Hardy, the director of the gardens, is most ready to show every attention to the English, who have only to send in their cards, to receive all information and assistance in his power to afford them.

This *pépinière* of the Government, consists already of about eighty acres, and more land is constantly being taken in as required. Orange, lemon, and citron-trees abound; and exotics, both in frames, and in the open air. Mr. Hardy says there are above 4,000 varieties of plants and trees. Above 200,000 trees are annually given to colonists by the Government, from the Jardin d'Essai. This seems a feature worthy of imitation in our own colonies. Every information, catalogues of plants, &c. are given gratis to any parties desirous of the same.

A distant part of the garden, devoted to every known species of young palms, was that which struck us most, but the whole enclosure is beautifully laid out, and well repays a visit. Fancy the treasures of Kew Gardens hothouses growing in the open air, and one may form some idea of the Jardin d'Essai.

CHAPTER XI.

ARAB QUARTERS.

Arab Quarter of Algiers—Description of an Arab House—Contrast to London Tenements—Advantage of Flat Roofs—The Fragrance of the Fan Palm—Dress of the Jewesses—The English and Church Service—Grateful Reception of Religious Publications among French, Spaniards, &c.—Interesting Case of an Arab and his Sons—Invitation to the Governor-General's—Cost of Housekeeping in Algiers.

January 15th.—We penetrated to-day the mazes of the Arab quarter, in quest of a poor girl, who had met with an accident. The narrow winding streets, often not much more than six feet in width, the low small doorways, each conducting the visitor into the midst of a community, large enough to people many an English hamlet, appear at first sight admirably calculated to screen offenders from the pursuit of justice, but the vigilance of French rule is a match for the inhabitants, and order and security reign at present in Algiers. A description of the house in question will suffice to introduce the stranger into the general run of Moorish houses, once occupied by Algerians of wealth, now become a sort of rabbit warren, on a par with similar localities in St. Giles and Whitechapel. I mean as to the status of the population. I question if either locality could produce such houses as those we visited to-day, one of which I will endeavour to describe.

Stoop to follow me, then, under the said low doorway, surmounted as it is by a crescent painted blue, or some

such symbol of the Moslem faith. We ascend half-a-dozen dark steps, and find ourselves in a large court, open to the sky, with a covered gallery running all round it, and a number of doors opening into the same, as into an ordinary street, each door leading into a room, the abode of one family. Before ascending higher, we will peep over the balcony into a lower strata, where a similar circuit may be performed around a similar gallery, before descending to the lowest depths, where the inhabitants burrow on the ground floor, and each dwelling opens on the court itself. The town of Algiers being built on a declivity of the Sahel, the steep descent favours this apparent undermining, for probably the said court would be almost on a level with a lower street on the opposite side. But oh! how great the contrast with our London dwellings of the poor, and these Moorish abodes. Instead of the cellars, where free air enters never, and where the open door only admits the impurities of the other underground tenements, here each door opens to receive the air of heaven, every window looks into the court, and every room we visit is beautifully whitewashed. Where the Moors reside, there cleanliness will be found, as enjoined by the religion they so scrupulously obey, and once a week—every Friday—their houses are washed, and thoroughly rinsed down with water, from the highest storey to the lowest. A cistern is an indispensable adjunct to every Moorish dwelling.

It was light and airy enough on the *rez-de-chausée*, where we entered, but lighter still on the next floor, or gallery, to which we ascended by a little winding back stair; above that, we had to ascend another flight, where the door and windows opened out on a terrace, before we found the object of our search. I gently opened the door, for I had been there before, but stayed a moment

on hearing her, as I thought, in conversation. It was not, however, to man she was speaking, and it was beautiful to listen to the evident outpouring of her heart in prayer, although in a language I understood not. It must have been an unwonted sound in that place, to which she had only recently removed, inhabited, as it was, by a strange, godless set.

All communication between us had been carried on in French; but it was not her native tongue, and now her earnest pleadings, as she seemed to wrestle with God in prayer, affected me greatly. Affliction and trial had been sanctified to her, for I knew somewhat of her past history, and I could not help regarding her as an oasis in a desert, none of those around her in this strange beehive, knowing or caring for the things of God. They all nevertheless, without exception, gratefully accepted the tracts we gave them, whether Jews, Moors, or French Roman Catholics. Little else can we do for their spiritual welfare, but as far as disseminating these little messengers and of portions of the Scriptures, there is an open door. We must not, however, leave this Moorish dwelling—a type of the greater part of the town—without going a few steps higher still, and walking round on the leads, or *la terrace*, as it is always called.

This is the common property of all the inmates, and here, under a bright blue sky, they possessed a view of sea, mountain, and plain, which I envied for our poor Londoners. On these flat roofs of their houses, their washing and drying is carried on, and probably their own ablutions likewise. While on the roof, we could have shaken hands with some Jews who came to their windows to look at us in the opposite street, so closely do the houses adjoin, the upper part overhanging, and supported by poles fixed transversely in the storey below. In the

palmy days of Algiers, when piracy was the chief trade of these lawless oppressors, Christian slaves used often to attempt to escape by night from the Casbah, situated at the highest point of the town, by jumping over these flat roofs, which descend to the sea like so many steps, at the terrible peril of their necks. Thank God, these days are over now. If the Moors have found a scourge in their conquerors, it was not until they had filled their own cup of iniquity to the brim.

January 16th.—Ascended a high ridge of the Sahel, overtopping *Notre Dame d'Afrique*, and covered near the summits with thousands of the stunted fan palms. The chief use to which this is applied by the Arabs, is in making a sort of cheap brush, formed by simply tying them up tightly together. A whole file of donkeys may be generally seen every day, laden with freshly-cut loads of the fan palm. It offers a most tempting seat to the wanderer, independent of its springy and elastic qualities, as it emits a fragrant odour when thus crushed. How often we require to be submitted to a crushing process, before we yield the fragrance which the Lord has a right to expect from every tree planted in His garden!

Partridges abound on these heights, and in descending we were overtaken by a *chasseur*, who walked with us back to the town, giving us abundant local information. There are as many Spaniards, he told us, as French, and in Oran the former greatly preponderate. He watched, with great apparent interest, the distribution of tracts, and not only took one himself, but asked for some for his children. It was 5 P.M. as we left the mountain-top, and saw the setting sun, yet we now could sit there without experiencing any feeling of cold, and in descending found our light wraps too warm. All the English journals speak of an unusually bitter and intensely cold winter at home.

This is a grand gala-day amongst the Jews, who always observe Saturday scrupulously, as a day of rest from labour, and of exhibiting themselves in their best attire. The Jewesses form a striking contrast to the female part of the community here, where every Moslem woman is veiled. On this account they present quite a relief in the *tableaux vivants* of Algiers. On Saturdays especially, their dresses are often sumptuous as regards material, red satin and brocaded silks being abundantly worn; but as to pattern or fashion, they might have come out of the Ark. Their smart, tight, stiff gowns are fastened round the waist, with an equally showy girdle. Sleeves they have none, but a short loose piece of white lace, or net. Their head-dress is usually of stiff black silk, ornamented with flowers, spangled net, gold lace, or whatever comes to hand. They never wear stockings, and their heel, consequently, as some Frenchman says, is vulnerable, as was Achilles'. Unlike his, unfortunately, there is little sign of theirs having been dipped in the Styx, or in any other river. On the whole, the Jewesses are fine-looking women.

Sunday, Jan. 17*th.*—Every Sabbath brings before one most forcibly the ill effects of a Continental residence. Very few English, comparatively, are here this winter, and fewer still know how to value Sabbath privileges when they have them. The ministry amongst the English is therefore not very encouraging, though, thank God, there are exceptions. One lady, who rejoices in the means of grace now afforded, has resided here for three years. Last winter, the service was undertaken by a clergyman who came for his wife's health, assisted by two other clergymen who were wintering in Algiers. During the previous winter, it was only for six weeks that service was performed by a clergyman, who happened to be here;

and no service whatsoever was held throughout the winter before that. This was at the beginning of her residence here, and she assured us that no words could express what she would have given for a faithful minister. To her own grief, however, that feeling soon wore off; and, much as she struggled against it, it was difficult to regard the Lord's Day as different from any other day. No marvel, then, that with others habituated to carelessness, the fatigue arising from the gaieties of the previous weeks—for this little community seems absorbed in balls and parties—should detain them from the house of God.

But if this often awakens regrets, and makes one mourn over one's own countrymen, the readiness with which the French and Spaniards, Germans and Maltese, receive such tidings of salvation as we can offer, makes one often feel that it was worth coming to Algiers for their sakes, if God gives such an opportunity as this.

At the barracks and guard-room, our little messengers are gratefully accepted, and the soldiers are beginning to know us, and stop to tell us of such a tract having been read in the *caserne*. Nothing is more encouraging than to be asked for such and such a portion of Scripture, which had been given to another.

This afternoon, we took out a well-filled bag, but our supply was exhausted long before our return. A Moorish boy followed us some way, asking for a book, which we thought he could not read in French. However, he managed to spell out a verse, and assured us he was learning; so I gave him a Gospel of St. John, which he received with delight, put it in his bosom, and promised never to part with it. Ten minutes afterwards, as we were resting under a bank, he re-appeared overhead to complain that his brother had taken it from him. He could not well explain himself, and we feared that Moslem

enmity had been aroused; however, we invited the brother's attendance, and put his reading to the test, on finding he wished to be the possessor of it. He made but a poor hand of it, and we tried him with Arabic with little better success. This fellow, a half-starved looking being, was wrapped round in the Bedouin bernouse, and was such a contrast to his bright little brother, who, in virtue of his attendance at the Government School, was dressed in the bright-coloured vest and tunic which the Moors delight in. He then despatched his young brother for their father, and a patriarchal-looking Arab soon made his appearance, bringing with him a book fastened to his girdle, all of which had been written out by himself—I may almost say illuminated; for each word began with a coloured letter. This was written in the common Arabic, and ours, alas! was not. The vernacular of these poor people is much debased, which renders it difficult, even for Arabic scholars to have much conversation with the poor Moors here. Finally we gave the Arabic book to the father and eldest son, and restored the St. John's Gospel to its owner. All seemed pleased, and we parted with signs of good-will, praying that God would be pleased to prosper His own Word, and grant that it might not return to Him void. We have constantly polite inquiries as to what is to be paid. It is a comfort to hope and believe that one's Sunday afternoons are not altogether unprofitable.

January 19th.—This day was fixed for our removal to El-Biar, but last night a sudden hurricane of wind, with torrents of rain, came on, and it has been sufficiently wet all to-day to put a stop to our proceedings.

G. had a gratifying letter this morning from Cambridge, from a warm friend of the Arabs, who had heard somehow of his efforts amongst the Jews, Moors, and

nominal Christians, in this most mixed of all populations, warmly encouraging him to carry on the work, and expressing his belief that Algiers was a most important centre for Missionary operations. It would be a great comfort if one could speak their languages, but it is a greater comfort still to know that God can own and bless the feeblest instrumentality.

Had an invitation for last night to the Governor General's, the Duke and Duchess of Malakoff; but as we rightly divined it to be a ball, we did not pay our respects to them, and, unhappily, Sunday is their only reception day. The Duke's administration is well spoken of, as firm and wise, and the Duchess seems to be amiable and popular.

The English *Commissionaire* has just given us the pleasant information, that furniture is now selling greatly under its price, and that at the end of May, when we shall want to part with ours, it will only go for a song. Owing to the non-arrival of the English, the campagnes, which had been extensively furnished, with the anticipated profits of the coming season, are all being dismantled, to help pay for the speculation, which has turned out such a failure. Not knowing this, it was only yesterday we bought some additional furniture, and certainly in this instance we did not find that "coming events cast their shadows before."

Amongst the many contradictory statements which were made in answer to our inquiries respecting this distant land, before leaving England, were those on the price of provisions. Our cook has just explained matters:—*Fillet de Bœuf* is now twenty-eight sous a pound: when she came here fourteen years ago, the price was six sous. Skinny chickens, which now cost twenty-four sous each, and fine ones, for which we give fifty sous, and that is considered *bon*

marché, varied at that period from five sous, the minimum, to ten sous, the maximum. Everything else was in proportion, so those who only knew Algiers formerly, would of course give it a character for cheapness. All visitors should bring their own tea, which is sixteen francs a pound, and very bad. English groceries are dear; for instance, a shilling bottle of Harvey's sauce, costs two francs and a half; Huntley and Palmer's "pic-nics," four francs a pound; arrowroot is eight francs a pound, and so on. *Veau de lait*, and *agneau de la première qualité*, are the best meat for invalids, or any one who studies digestion, but for both we have to give sixty sous a killo, or fifteen pence a pound.

Sardines, it must be confessed, are cheap, and my attention was drawn to the fact by seeing a dish-full to-day, which our cook had just bought to feed her cat upon. What would an English pussy say to such dainty fare?

This evening is fine, and to-morrow we hope to take possession of our new abode.

CHAPTER XII.

EL-BIAR—OUR NEW HOME.

Removal to El-Biar—Mode of Transit—Our New Campagne—The Climate—Scenery—Its Botany—Visit to a Moorish House—M. Durando, the Botanist—Contrast between Past and Present in Algiers—Children's Desire for Books—Rifle Practice on the Lord's Day—Sabbath Desecration—Good Influence of English Example—An Arab in European Dress—Reception Days—Flowers and Vegetation—Stormy Weather—Señor Rouatt and Matamoros—Our Curé and Monseigneur the Bishop—A Sisterhood sent back to France in Disgrace—A Rebellious Nun—Visit to a Café Maure—An Arab Reader—The Carnival in Algiers—La Fièvre—Saladin—Price of Arab Horses—Ladies' Saddles.

El-Biar, Jan. 21*st.*—Yesterday, our transit was accomplished in true Algerine style. A so-called cart, *i.e.* four wheels, supporting massive planks of wood, which may be indefinitely elongated, and remind one somewhat of a miniature Rhine raft, was brought to the door, drawn by four oxen, and warranted to hold all the furniture which requires transportation. All our movables were forthwith brought down, and placed thereupon by the sturdy Arabs, without whom Algeria could get on no better than could British India without the natives. A large drawing-room chimney-glass, being deemed too valuable for packing, was carried on the shoulder of one of these men the whole way. We brought up the rear in an omnibus filled with glass, china, and other things of a fragile species. The two drivers, four Arabs, and the indefatigable commissionaire, completed our convoy, and gave us such assistance on arriving, that in a short time

our new campagne looked as much furnished as if it had been occupied for a month. I met one Arab coming upstairs with a box of books weighing nearly two hundredweight on his back, and he only required help from a brother Arab to transfer it to the floor.

The change from Algiers to El-Biar is great, and the French bestow upon the latter the highest praise they can, when they tell you it is quite like *le climat de France!* It is fresh to a degree, and too cold for very delicate people in the winter; but as we have now the sun on our house from the moment it rises, behind the beautiful range of snow-clad hills in the distance at 7 A.M., till it sets in the west at 5 P.M., we are not inclined to complain. The heat in the middle of the day is most genial, and only requires a parasol to ward the sun's rays from the head. The rambles too, which the neighbourhood affords, are such as cannot be enjoyed near the city, and exquisite ferns and lycopodiums are now to be found in what we should call "Devonshire lanes," but that the leafy exuberance which festoons the overhanging hedges, is unequalled even in them. The young wheat is now from twelve to twenty inches high, and is being ruthlessly cut down with clumsy reaping-hooks, to serve as fodder for cattle, in patches just as it is wanted. A second crop, destined for man's staff of life, will soon spring up again.

To-day, I had quite a botanical lesson. The large glossy and dentated leaves of the acanthus are everywhere to be found, and as a wild flower this is unknown in Great Britain, save in the Scilly Isles. The leaves of the little stone wort are here sometimes eight inches in diameter, and those of the cyclamen are immense. Wild asparagus, and wild mignionette grow side by side, and the fan palm everywhere sets off itself and its neigh-

bours to advantage. I was greatly surprised to learn that neither the aloe nor the cactus were indigenous, the former having been planted by the Spaniards all along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the latter introduced here from South America. I questioned how it could be so, on seeing the abundant growth of both which overspreads the soil, and was asked in return how the Anglo-Saxon race could have taken such complete possession of America, where they were not natives? The only solution of this problem I could frame, was that the latter were bipeds, whereas the cactus and aloe had not even a leg to stand on.

The lentisk, or terebinth of the Scripture, grows in profusion. On reaching an opening in the hedge we came upon what appeared a recently ploughed field of some acres, planted in the usual way with winter greens. On a closer examination, each plant proved to be a young geranium, of which there must have been thousands. We learnt that geraniums are so largely employed by the French in perfumes and essences, that it led to their extensive cultivation, and that it is the staple produce of a neighbouring village. Monsieur Simonnet, the chief physician to the Civil Hospital, has invented some process by which the floral essences can be solidified, and he enjoys a great reputation by reason of this discovery.

Called on Madame Bodichon, and saw her beautiful sketches of the neighbourhood. Algeria is truly a place for artists.

Jan. 23*d.*—Called at a French house, or rather on a French family in a Moorish house. The exterior seldom gives a correct idea of the comfort to be found in these dwellings, when the marble paved quadrangle universally to be found in the centre, has been enclosed by a glass dome, as was the case in this instance. The size, too,

would equally mislead the casual observer, situated, as they usually are, in a dell, or if near the high road, presenting nothing to the eye but a low black wall, which conveys no conception of the spacious mansions to be found within. From thence to Madame B. whose reception-day collects many of the visitors and residents. This fashion of having a special day for seeing one's friends and acquaintances has its advantages, and is one of the established usages of the place.

I made many additions to my small store of botanic lore. A regular visitor here at these Saturday *réunions*, is a M. Durando, who collects the seeds of all the known plants of Algeria, and who therefore ranks as a great authority in such matters. He has kindly marked for me, on a list, the names of such species as are peculiar to Algeria; also of such as are not to be found in either England or France, but which are indigenous in Spain, Sicily, and other parts bordering on the Mediterranean.*

Monsieur B. told us he had resided here for twenty-eight years, and that during the earlier part of that period, life and property were alike insecure here. It was nothing uncommon for the Bedouin Arabs to come by night, put a gun to the door, and burst it open, and then proceed to massacre and plunder. On one occasion a family of seven persons were thus murdered. Now, thanks to the stringent measures adopted by the French, the security in the neighbourhood of Algiers, is greater than in the vicinity of London, or Paris.

On our way back through our little village, first one small claimant, then another, came timidly whispering their requests for a *petit livre*, till their seniors took courage likewise, and we soon had a crowd around us. God grant this seed cast on the waters may be found

* See Appendix.

after many days. At their breakfast hour, we passed four stonecutters on the road; not one of whom had ever possessed a New Testament. We gave one of them this treasure, when he promised to read it to his companions; and on repassing them a quarter of an hour after, he was diligently reading aloud, while they were all pressing around to hear. This may be but broadcast sowing, but it is the true seed. We hope to do something more by means of colportage.

Monday, Jan. 25th.—Yesterday, on our road down to church, we saw the riflemen at their regular target practice, as though it had been an ordinary day. After service, we remained to breakfast in Algiers with a friend, from whose windows we looked down on the soldiers drawn up for a review in the Place du Gouvernement. We were assured that this takes place every other Sunday. I could not help feeling the almost impossibility of attempting, in such a spot, to bring up a child to fear the Lord, and to reverence His Sabbaths. Nothing surprises the poor people here so much as our refusal to allow of any work being done, or anything bought for us, on the Lord's Day. Many who never before saw a Bible, are now reading it diligently, to see if these things are so.

We heard a pleasing fact from the superintendent of the works going on here under Peto and Co.; work on the Sabbath has never been allowed, to the amazement of the French builders and contractors, who frequently remonstrated at first on the folly of such a proceeding. When some Government works were recently commenced, all hands were, as usual, engaged on the Sunday, and the contractor tried to convince Sir M. Peto's superintendent of the great economy of time, and consequently of money, which would accrue to them.

"I doubt it," replied Mr. H., and proceeded to assure

his friendly adviser that, independently of the religious command, men must have one day's rest in seven. He pointed out to him that whereas Peto's men always came back fresh to their work every Monday, his workmen usually took Monday as a holiday, having worked on the day of rest; and that from those who did continue at their posts, only an average of six days' work would be the result of their seven days' labour. His friend listened incredulously, shrugged his shoulders, and promised to think it over. The result of his observations so verified Mr. H.'s remarks, that in a short time a marked difference took place in Sunday labour, not only on this particular building, but on other Government and public works.

Tuesday, Jan. 26th.—Met a most enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of this neighbourhood to-day, in an old resident, who considers the Bay of Naples far inferior to that of Algiers. On remarking the handsome appearance of some of the Arabs we passed, Capt. de G. said it was almost incredible how much was owing to their costume. He told me that when he was quartered in Paris, a Chief of the Kabyles arrived there, who was, he thought, without exception, the finest and most dignified man he had ever seen. A few weeks later he again met this chief, no longer arrayed in flowing Moorish robes, but in a French surtout. He could not in the least recognise the personality of the individual, who now appeared positively plain. It is quite the fashion here, both amongst French and English, to sit for their photographs in Arab costumes, which are hired out for the occasion, and which certainly does occasionally set off even ugly men to great advantage.

Thursday, Jan. 28th.—A custom prevails here which has its decided advantages, that of fixing on one day in the week for receiving one's acquaintances. This has

been our first reception day, and the result makes us converts to the expediency of the plan. At a distance from the town, one could not expect one's friends to call, on the chance of finding one from home.

G. has now arranged, with other friends, to employ a Colporteur in the Market-places to sell Bibles and Testaments. The desire evinced to obtain the Scriptures, in whole or in part, is very great, and I trust the demand will be increased when they are found to be for sale. Our great need now is to find the right man.

The sea to-day, and indeed for many days past, has been placid as a lake, mirroring every sail, and mast, and cordage, which reposes on its surface. The full blossom of the hawthorn, and almond, on the hilly side of a ravine, intermingled with the darker evergreens, often bring to mind the beautiful apple blossoms of a Devonshire valley in the month of June. The white spiky flowers of the asphodel, and the red ones of the gladiolus, or "lys nignon," as it is commonly called, are now everywhere to be seen; but luxuriant as are the productions of the vegetable world, wherever they are to be found, yet the full wealth of tropical vegetation must not be expected in the neighbourhood of Algiers, which boasts only a dry, rocky, and comparatively barren soil. Nothing approaching a wood is anywhere visible. The place would be too perfect, so a French gentleman told me the other day, could this desideratum be attained.

Wednesday, Feb. 3d.—For several days we have had stormy weather, and to-day thunder and lightning, and a downright pelting of hail; nevertheless we accomplished a walk to the Bouzaréah, and the clouds and mists only added to the stern beauty of the scenery.

El-Biar being situated on the promontory at the end of which Algiers is built, we could see from the high land

Sidi Ferruch, the spot on which the French effected their successful landing in 1830; to the west before us lay the dark frowning Alps of the Atlas, and turning to the east the beautiful Bay of Algiers was rolling in, land-locked by the ground over which the defeated army of Charles V. had marched to re-embark at Cape Matifou. Altogether, this is a wonderful place for historical reminiscences, ancient and modern. I much prefer the downright wild aspect presented by the walk we took to-day, to the half-cultivated wilderness-like view we so often get from other parts.

Thursday, February 4th.—Several visitors. Tidings or rumours of war in Europe having actually broken out. May it yet be averted! Made acquaintance to-day with one of the noble army of martyrs, Señor Rouatt, who has thrice been imprisoned in Spain for preaching the Gospel, the first time for twenty-four hours, the second time for seven days; and as the love of Christ still constrained him to tell perishing sinners of a Saviour's grace, the third time his bonds lasted for seven months, at the end of which time he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. We felt it an honour to have one of these confessors under our roof, but our interest was increased on hearing, in reply to a question about Matamoros, that Señor Rouatt had been the honoured instrument of his conversion. Even the world must feel there is reality about the religion of those who have faced imprisonment, and death if need be, and found the Lord Jesus an all-sufficient staff, and His consolations abundant at such seasons.

The right man for our colporteur has not yet been found. Religious liberty is unusually great in Algiers. About a week since the curé here, and the bishop, complained to the authorities of our proceedings in giving

away tracts and testaments, but the latter have ruled it to be a matter which does not concern them, and in which they do not wish to interfere. This is ground for thankfulness and encouragement.

A small sisterhood of five nuns, and their superior, who have somehow offended the bishop, passed our house this morning, on their road to the packet by which they are to embark for France. One sister has refused to obey the stern mandate, and having arranged herself "*en dame*," as the people call it here, has decided to remain, and open a school in Algiers. I had often wished to offer them some little book, but could never summon up courage, and now it is too late. How soon may not "too late" be inscribed on every path of usefulness, towards which there is now an open door. A lady residing here, some time since, gave a bible to a nursing sister who had attended her in illness, with the full assent and sanction of the superior, who said she would gladly read it herself. Some months later the sisterhood were hastily sent back to France in disgrace, the reason assigned being, that the priest had found a prohibited book in the convent. It may be that God's Word had spoken to some hearts amidst that nursing band, and they whose special mission it was to minister to others, had themselves found Jesus as their Healer, and all-sufficient Saviour.

Monday, February 8th.—A tremendous storm all last night and to-day, accompanied with hail and hurricanes of wind. Trying weather for invalids, but bracing and invigorating for those who can stand it, and wrap themselves up to meet it, as they would an English winter. This has lasted for more than a week already, but with sunny intervals brightening up our mountain views, with hues of glorious beauty.

Yesterday G. entered a Café Maure, full as usual of inmates; for the shop of the *quhouadji*, or coffee-house keeper, is one of the favourite resorts of the Arabs. They will sit there for hours, cross-legged, or leaning half-recumbent against one another, talking, listening, or gambling. He asked if any of them could read; not one present had attained this accomplishment, but they sent forthwith for one who could do so, and who proceeded at once to read aloud an Arabic book which G. gave him. We sadly want the medium of language, but we are to take them an Arabic Testament, which, with God's blessing, will speak for itself.

Ash-Wednesday, February 18th.—To-day in Algiers we came in for a very small specimen of the winding-up of the Carnival. *Mercredi des Cendres*, to use the French form of expression, "*on brule, ou on enterre, ou on noye Carnaval.*" It is, of course, a man of straw (not figuratively but literally), like our Guy Fawkes, who is thus burnt, drowned, or buried, and the one we saw was carried along like a sick man with very poor surroundings. A French gentleman told us this was so by reason of the prevailing poverty and distress, and that last year's Carnival was much of the same character, but that in former years they had always had the *promenade du bœuf gras*, when the animal was followed by a cavalcade of all the butchers in the place, and the day was terminated by a grand ball.

The Carnival of 1862 seems to have been something extraordinary. The Duke of Malakoff gave 10,000 francs, and a further sum of 10,000 francs was collected in the place to defray the expenses. A tournament was held, in which all the gentlemen of Algiers were actors, and in which they represented, in suitable costumes, all the most striking events in the history of France, from

the period of the Druids, down to the time of Louis XIV. And, afterwards, a passage of arms was executed by the cavaliers of Charlemagne, encased in complete suits of armour, all of which took place on the artillery ground in front of the Fort des Vingt-Quatre Heures, now being so rapidly destroyed. It transports one back to the mummeries of the days of Henry VIII. or of the Stuarts, to hear of such fooleries in the vaunted nineteenth century.

Thursday, February 11th.—A continuation of storms and hurricanes, which seemed, at times, almost to threaten the downfall of the house. Yesterday, for upwards of twelve hours, the rain fell in ceaseless torrents, and during the night it was much the same; yet so high was the wind, that the roads were hard, and dry this morning. The Vice-Consul, whose long acquaintance with Algeria makes him a competent judge, says he should greatly hesitate to recommend this climate for consumptive invalids.

In speaking to French servants, I find they have a great dread of the fever, induced by the climate, and those who enjoyed perfect health in their own country, are obliged here to avoid everything which would tend to a return of "*la fiévre.*" The River Harratch has greatly overflown its banks, and looks quite like a sea in the distance. The mail steamer of the Messagéries Impériales, which left on Tuesday, only got as far as Point Pescade, when it was compelled to return by stress of weather, and has not again quitted the port.

Every other day, for the last fortnight, an Arab horse-dealer has been up here with different steeds, on approbation, and to-day a beautiful bay Arab horse has made its appearance, perfect in all its paces, and approved by the veterinary surgeon, for which the sum of 600 francs was

demanded. The Arabs make a practice of asking twice as much as they are prepared to take, and the more modest sum of 400 francs was finally agreed on, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. It remains to be seen whether "Saladin" will be considered worth the same amount when his new master wants to part with him. Arab riding-horses may occasionally be got at 150 and 200 francs; and 1,000 francs is spoken of as something exorbitant. Saladin is a beautiful creature, and full of life, yet very gentle.

G. has now had ample opportunity of ascertaining the cost of these barbs. Four hundred francs is considered a very good price; 600 francs a high one; but 700 francs, or £28, will command the pick of the market for all ordinary purposes. After all the stories we have heard of the vices of the Arab horses, it seems wiser for any one, about to visit the interior, to buy in preference to hiring. Ladies should, at all events, take their own saddles on such excursions. A lady who neglected this precaution, has just given me an account of the misery she endured, perched up on a sack, having to choose between sitting in tailor-fashion, as the Arab women usually do, or letting her feet hang down, without any description of support in either case. She tried both, but made a firm resolve that she would never again travel in the interior, without providing herself with a saddle, even if she hired her steed.

CHAPTER XIII.

EFFORTS FOR GOOD.

Views en route to the Bouzaréah—R. A.'s Wanted—Regimental Quarters in the Interior—Spahis—A Concert for the Protestant Orphelinat—The French Press in Algiers—Book-burning by the Curé—Visit to a Colonist—Formation of the English Library—Rules and Regulations—MM. Alary and Geisers's *Atelier*—A Frenchman's Reminiscences of England in 1814.

Saturday, Feb. 13*th.*—After storms come a calm, and we are now experiencing this. A warm genial Spring seems really to have set in. To-day we discovered one of the most romantic walks we have yet found in our rovings, in a short or rather direct cut to the Bouzaréah; through gorges and glens, ascents and descents equally steep, and with views of exquisite beauty. A gurgling stream, descending from its mountain source, flowing over a grey rocky bed, amidst rich foliage of over-hanging boughs, transported us in fancy, as we stood on the narrow bridge by which it was spanned, to some of the lovely dales of Derbyshire, till some dark, glossy, richly-laden orange-tree dispelled the illusion. And then a sudden opening outspread before us, as with enchanter's wand, one of the beautiful bays around Torquay, till the cactus and the aloe, and the mosque-like building surmounting the grey stone slope, recalled us to Africa. Cork-trees were in the hollow; and ascending the old Roman road—if such the narrow and over-grown path ever really were—we noticed on the opposite side of the ravine, the picturesque effect of an orchard of fig-trees.

Denuded of leaves, and with multitudinous stems and twigs, so white as to appear frosted against the bright green background, they looked like huge branches of white coral.

The fields are now covered with the sweet jonquil, and the purple iris; but, hitherto, I have searched the hedges in vain for the snowdrop, or the primrose. The wild mignonette is finer by far than ours, but lacks fragrance until it is cut, and kept in water. The "wee, modest, crimson-tipped daisy" is here; not so wee however as its English sister, nor so crimson-tipped. It is usually a large white flower, but sometimes of a lilac hue, and sometimes pink. The hawthorn has long whitened the hedges, and scented the air; and already strange flowers are peeping up, making us anticipate the floral glories which May is to bring forth. Each day we feel more rejoiced at having fixed our residence up here, especially when we get on the adjacent heights, and breathe the mountain air.

But to revert to the Bouzaréah; the Arab village so called, is situated on this side of an elevated part of the mountain, and high above the level of the sea. The view therefrom is grand, and is consequently one of the most attractive drives in the environs of Algiers. The escarpments and the counterforts, as the French call them, branching out on all sides from this centre, form the principal nucleus of the rocky ridges of the Sahel, to the west of Algiers; to all of which, the name Bouzaréah is usually given. Steep hills, deep ravines, and here and there sheltered patches of cultivated land, with numerous springs flowing down its sides, spreading freshness around them, are the chief features of this range.

In returning by the high road, a high road in a two-fold sense—oh, the exquisite views which burst on us!

I might almost say, "views to right of us, views to left of us, views in front of us;" but I must not parody, though the dark frowning chains of the Atlas before us, seemed ready to volley and thunder. To our right, the picture stretched away towards Gibraltar, which of course was far beyond our ken; but we saw Sidi Ferruch, the landing place of the Gallic conquerors, part of the western plain of the Metidja, and all those promontories, and inlets, and bays, so dear to a painter's eye, especially when bathed in the lustre of the setting sun as we saw them now. Turning to the left, we again caught the blue sea calmly rippling on in front of Hussein Dey, and the Hammah, encircled in the embrace of Cape Matifou (which one could hardly believe to be about fifteen miles distant from Algiers), the snow-tinged hills keeping stately guard around. On every side opened out a series of pictures.

Why do not more of our R.A. artists come out here? Do they really know it is but four days from London, and above all how richly their trouble would be repaid? Poor Mr. Egg, *R.A.* indeed came here, but in an advanced stage of consumption, and only to find a grave. His widow is here at the present time, having undertaken the long journey all alone, for the purpose of erecting a tomb to his memory.

Monday, Feb. 15th.—Captain de G. having been ordered off into the interior with his regiment, I paid a visit of condolence to his sister, but was surprised to find that he was delighted at the order, and that the stations in the interior are highly popular. The pay is double, and she assured me that quarters in any part of Algeria, were preferred to those in the finest village of France.

The sirocco has begun to blow occasionally, although at this season of the year it is a very mild affair. Still

in the town it has been felt trying by some; up here we only know of it by reports. Met to-day two of the mounted spahis, arrayed in their scarlet burnouses,—they have always a striking effect on horseback.

As soon as possible, after the French conquest, Arab soldiers were gradually incorporated into the French ranks. At first, the plan did not seem to succeed, but, on separating the spahis from the French chasseurs, it answered better, and several squadrons have now been formed under French officers. These spahis are the volunteers of Africa; almost every one is of "good family," and not unfrequently the oldest son of a chief. The pay is extremely small, but the honour of the thing attracts. Each volunteer must bring two horses, find his own accoutrements, and bind himself to remain in the service a certain number of years, at the termination of which period he is free; but usually the spahi continues to serve from choice. The "posts" which are established every few kilometres on the different roads leading into the interior, are confided entirely to them, and their fidelity is beyond suspicion. If we visit places in the interior, unvisited by the diligences, we must apply to General Yusouf, who will forthwith furnish us with an order for an escort of these scarlet cloaked spahis.

Wednesday, Feb. 17*th.*—For some time past most strenuous efforts have been made to get up a concert of amateur performers, chiefly English, for the benefit of a Protestant Orphan Asylum at Dely-Ibrahim, which was greatly in debt. This was a spontaneous act on the part of the English here, and thanks to the unremitting zeal of one gentleman, who laboured assiduously throughout the whole affair, it proved most successful. From every one present, we hear that such an attendance was scarcely ever known as that which was seen on Monday evening

last. The object considered, one would have thought that local vanity, and jealousies, would for once have yielded to gratitude for the very graceful act of kindness performed by the English. But, alas! the gentleman who mainly achieved this success, has just brought up the *Courier*, giving a long account of the concert, which was graced by the presence of the duke, six generals, and other notabilities, but not one single word of acknowledgment to the poor English. The paper states, on the contrary, that it was got up by the French *pasteurs*, and thus briefly dismisses the obligations conferred. The more one sees of the *esprit* of our French friends, the less one marvels at their occasionally claiming the victory at Waterloo! It would seem, at least, a lesson that in seeking to do good, one should do it by more decided efforts to glorify God, and then look simply for His approval as our reward.

Christians in England have little idea how completely the French *pasteurs* are fettered, by being in the pay of the Government, which can at any moment withdraw their allowance. Missionary efforts, amongst those at their very doors, are unattempted, because discouraged, if not proscribed, by Government. A missionary spirit is consequently quenched, and the boldness which prompted holy men of old, in like circumstances, to exclaim, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye," is unknown.

I cannot make out that this said *Orphelinat* is exactly in a flourishing condition, either as regards finances, or the way in which it is conducted. With respect to some who are connected with its official management, grave suspicions are afloat as to their orthodoxy. The institution itself we hope shortly to visit.

Friday, Feb. 19th.—We learn, on authority which seems likely to be correct, that the poor *curé* here, failing in his crusade against our Tract and Testament distribution, lately commanded all such pernicious books to be delivered up to him, and had on Sunday last a grand burning of the same, and a procession in honour thereof. Some, however, I know have retained their books, and priestly influence has but a comparatively slight hold here. One poor woman told an acquaintance of ours, that she had read and could discover no positive harm in the tracts, except that they did not speak of the Virgin Mary!

In our rambles to-day we entered, by invitation, the house of a French Lieutenant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Desirous of being a colonist, and hoping to establish himself permanently in this country, he has just bought a little property, which he manages to cultivate in the intervals of repose from military duties, with the very energetic assistance of his wife, and a soldier by way of a servant. The house, originally the small dwelling of some Moor, was such as no English gentleman would venture to assign for his gardener's habitation. It consisted of four bare walls, with the staircase outside, and the usual balcony; a kind of stable on the ground-floor, and the invariable flat roof overhead, on which clothes were drying. Inside it was divided into three rooms; the centre one, which alone was entered from outside, being the sitting-room, where fowls and pigeons, requiring special care and nursing, disputed with the family, possession of the apartment. The flat roof was pervious to rain by reason of age, and constant droppings made us choose our seats with care. A small sleeping room on the one side, and a lumber room, which did duty as cellar, granary, &c. &c. on the other, com-

pleted the *ménage*; but it was all "their own," and every one knows how youth and health can rough it, with these cabalistic words attached.

We had passed that way once before, when the sun was too low to admit of our halting *en route*, and they had kindly sent their servant to show us the nearest homeward path. On parting in the dell, we had given him some French tracts, to his great delight, and as we ascended the opposite hill-side, we could hear him reading aloud to some cottagers, who came out of their doors for the purpose. In consequence, we were now received as old friends, alike by mistress and servant. *Eau sucrée*, and their best wine, were forced upon us; and when we gave her a French Testament—a treasure she had never possessed before—her joy was a pleasure to see. Pointing to her baby boy, she said, as she pressed it to her bosom, "It shall be his when he is grown up;" and when I marked some special passages, she said there was no need of that, for she should read through every word again and again! Is it wondrous that these incidents, of frequent occurrence, should encourage us to hope that God's truth may be thus disseminated, in spite of papal opposition?

The Jews, too, very readily receive, and assure us they read, the Hebrew tracts we give them. Some are on the look-out for one of these little messengers every Sunday.

Monday, February 22d.—Yesterday, it was announced to the English congregation that a library had been formed for their especial benefit, which would be opened on Friday next. The Tract Society has generously sent us some valuable books, beautifully bound, and several friends in England have kindly responded to our requests, by sending us other books, so that we start with seventy

volumes. This, it is to be hoped, will form the nucleus of a standing English library, and be a great advantage to the residents and visitors here. A subscription library does already exist, but it consists almost entirely of novels, the terms being a monthly payment of 3 francs; I think some of the visitors deem it a duty to themselves to read as much of this trash as possible to get their money's worth. The payment in the "English Church Library." will be per volume from 2*d.* to 3*d.*, the proceeds to be applied to the augmentation of the library. It is to be made the property of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and to be managed by a committee, consisting of the Consul, Vice-Consul, Chaplain *pro tem.*, and a select number of communicants. Perhaps the insertion of the rules may be a matter of interest to intending visitors to Algiers, and may even induce some of my readers to send suitable books to be added to the library. Here, therefore, they are:—

"ENGLISH CHURCH LIBRARY, ALGIERS,
Established, February 26, 1864.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, PAID IN ADVANCE—

For 3 months	3 francs.
For 6 months	5 „
For one year	8 „

Or by the volume from 4 to 6 sous per week.
Time allowed for reading, 1 week.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. That this Library be called, 'The English Church Library,' and be the property of the 'Colonial and Continental Church Society' of London, of which Her Majesty the Queen is patroness.
2. That this Library be for the use of British residents in Algiers, and other subscribers.
3. That the care of this Library be entrusted to the British Chaplain for the time being, and during his absence to H. B. M.'s Consul General.
4. That no books be admitted into this Library of a religious character containing doctrines contrary to the doctrinal principles of the Church of England; and that all books be subject to the approval of the British Chaplain for the time being.

5. That residents, visitors, and others be invited to contribute suitable books to this Library.
6. That all subscriptions to the Library be prepaid, and that the funds be appropriated to the purchase of new books, the repair of old ones, and to general expenses.
7. That the accounts of this Library be balanced at Christmas in each year, and that the same be submitted for the approval and signature of H. B. M.'s Consul General, and that a copy of the same, together with a list of New Books added to the Library, be transmitted to the Secretary of the 'Colonial and Continental Church Society.'
8. That persons damaging or losing any Book, shall pay for the same, or replace it.
9. That a small Committee be appointed from time to time to assist in carrying out these Rules and Regulations.

NOTE.—1. To prevent disappointment, persons wishing to avail themselves of the Library are requested to send a list of several books. 2. Subscribers returning books by servants, are requested to send them *under cover*. 3. Books exchanged at the Temple every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Two o'clock."

Wednesday, Feb. 24th.—The long predicted summer is most coquettish in her advances. On Saturday, and again on Monday, pitiless rains, and howling winds, almost forced one into the belief that winter had again set in for good; but on Monday, and also yesterday, all nature looked as serene as if tempests were unknown. The heat in the town of Algiers yesterday was very oppressive, and for some hours the sirocco was blowing.

Visited the *atelier* of MM. Alary and Geiser, whose photographs of Algeria are well worth inspection. M. de G., who called to-day, told us he had not visited England since the peace in 1814, but his impressions appeared most vivid of all the then living and remarkable men, most of whom are now in their graves. He described Lord Palmerston as an exceedingly handsome young man.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE.

Croaking of Frogs—Summer Lightning—Opening of the Library—The Duchess of Malakoff—Marshal Pelissier's Exploits in 1844—Visit to the Orphan Institution at Dely Ibrahim—Examination of the Boys and Girls—How the Institution is supported—The Farm—The Objects of the Institution—The Village of Dely Ibrahim—A Thick Fog veiling the Metidja—Moslem Fast—The Ramadan—Its strict Observance by the Arabs—Landscape Panorama from our House.

Thursday, Feb. 25th.—Wherever "Oft in the stilly night" was composed, it certainly was not in this part of the world, in the month of February, 1864. The dissonant noise arising from the croaking of frogs, has, within the last few days, become a perfect nuisance. By day it is bad enough, but in the "stilly night" it is no exaggeration to say, that it is difficult on the terrace to hear one's own voice. Even indoors, with the house shut up, it is like a multiplication of watchmen's rattles being perpetually sprung under one's window. A week ago, when our attention was first called to these creatures, by oral demonstration of their existence, we discovered two ponds literally teeming with them, and their coats of brilliant green, so different from the ugly things robed in tawny brown, which we are accustomed to see in England, gave one an agreeable surprise. I hardly think, however, I shall ever knowingly partake of a *fricassée des grenouilles*, which, we are assured, is so great a delicacy, and on account of which many of these

ponds are purposely stocked with them. To-night summer lightning is playing, and its flickering—beautiful always—here seems to sparkle with unwonted brilliancy.

Friday, Feb. 26th.—The library was opened to-day, and proved "a decided success." The covering, and labelling of the books, having only been completed last night, it was no easy matter to get them down at the Temple by the appointed time. However, an empty bullock-cart was fortunately passing, in which the box was deposited, while G. rode alongside, keeping guard over the treasure. I walked on as an *avant-courier*, and had thereby an opportunity of seeing how wonderfully slow is the bullock's pace,—the four animals, going downhill did not exceed the rate of two miles an hour. At last their destination was reached, and the books unpacked. Several visitors entered their names as subscribers. Thirty-eight francs were taken on this, the opening day, which greatly encouraged the ladies who had kindly undertaken the office of librarians.

An unexpected little ceremony occurred towards the close. Some gentlemen resolved the visitors present into a meeting, and, placing Mr. V. in the chair, passed a vote of thanks to G. for the trouble and expense he had taken in originating this library, and procuring the books from England. It was most gratifying. It is to be hoped that the new library may at least supersede some of the pernicious literature now in wide circulation here.

In the afternoon met the Duchess of Malakoff at a friend's house. We have been honoured with repeated invitations to the Governor-General's balls, but with every disposition to be sociable, and to see everything worth seeing in Algiers, we felt it to be out of the question to

join in amusements in a foreign land, which we should avoid in England. This has been often commented on in the English community here, as somewhat singular. We have been told that clergymen visiting Algeria, have accepted similar invitations, so why should not we? The argument did not, however, prevail. We would willingly have done ourselves the honour of calling, but learnt from the British Minister, that Marshal Pelissier only receives on Sundays; so we could do no more than leave our cards in return. I was therefore glad to-day to meet Madame la Maréchale, of whom every one speaks as pleasing. She seemed, I thought, to regard Algeria as banishment, and has no liking for the intervening sea. She is young compared to the Duke, and the marriage was a *nolens volens* affair, made up by the Empress, after the fair Spaniard had twice refused him her hand.

As General Pelissier, the Governor was so identified with Algeria, that he deserved to be banished hither. It was in 1844 that he suffocated 800 men, women, and children in a cave in the Darrha, which chivalrous affair, breaking down as it did *pro tem.* the spirit of the Arabs, naturally exalted his fame, and contributed not a few of the steps which eventually led to his present dignities.

Saturday, Feb. 27th.—Visited Dely Ibrahim, in company with friends, who were, like ourselves, interested in the Protestant Orphan Establishment. We first went over the house appropriated to the boys, who number at present forty-four, and are instructed not only in the usual branches of a national-school education, but are taught somewhat of agriculture, a large farm being attached to the institution. The long dormitory into which we were taken by Pasteur Mouline, who has only recently assumed the office of President, was clean and

well ventilated. Their poverty is such, arising from the burden of a heavy debt, that the poor children have been very insufficiently clothed. Until the other day they had but forty pairs of sheets, and those old and small. The blanket, or coverlet on each bed, was an old military horse-rug. The height at which the establishment stands, healthy as it is, must have rendered them very sensitive to the late severe weather. We heard them examined on Scriptural subjects, but their answers were not quite as ready as could have been desired. Their copy-books did more credit to the master, and the general aspect of the boys was cheerful, and healthy. The cotton plant is cultivated by them, and they find a ready sale for the raw cotton at 55 sous the kilogramme, or 1*s.* 1½*d.* per lb.*

Resident at the boys' house is a *directeur,* besides the schoolmaster, and other officials.

From thence we went to the girls' house, which is in every respect the larger and better of the two. Here all the cooking and baking is done for the entire establishment, and the girls are trained in all domestic duties to qualify them for service. We visited the infant school, in which there were not, however, many occupants; and then proceeded to the general schoolroom, where many busy fingers were plying their needles. It was strange to see them assembled under Moorish arches, and domes. The bright young faces were, however, very like those we were used to see in England, and they were quite as

* The harvest of 1864 has brought them great loss. The cotton has been a total failure, and the vines, destroyed by flies, and the scorching sirocco, have only produced nine *bordelaises* of wine, which is, nevertheless, found to be of such excellent quality as to encourage the growers. A debt of 8,000 francs is the sad result of this, and other causes, and an urgent appeal for temporary aid to the Protestant Orphan Asylum at Dely Ibrahim, is now being made in consequence.

ready to do justice to a supply of *bon-bons*, with which one of our party had provided himself for the occasion. We were anxious to hear them examined; and their answers, as far as they went, were more satisfactory than those of the boys. A committee of ladies is about to be formed to superintend the girls' department, and to watch over them on quitting the asylum; and, doubtless, in time, under M. Mouline's active presidency, a general improvement will take place in their affairs.

The two houses, and the grant of land adjoining, have been all made over to the Dely Ibrahim Orphanage by Government, which also makes an allowance for each child. This source of income is supplemented by a small sum from the *Mairie*. The report which they placed in our hands, gives a list of subscriptions and donations collected during the past year in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Algeria, amounting to upwards of 1,000*l*. The farm, which they have had in hand twenty years, does not appear to have been well managed. Ninety-six acres are, however, spoken of as being now under cultivation, and, perhaps, under an improved direction, their funds will in time meet their expenditure. At present the cost per head exceeds that of similar establishments which we have known in England.

The objects of the orphan asylum, as stated in the report, are thus expressed: "L'Orphelinat a pour but de recueillir les enfants Protestants orphelins, ou abandonnés, *de les élever dans les principes de la foi évangélique*, de leur inspirer l'amour du travail, et de leur donner une profession, en dirigeant principalement leurs goûts vers les travaux d'agriculture."

It is all important that those who have the direction of such an institution, should see that its fundamental principles are maintained, and that its evangelical standard

should not be a mere name. There should be no room for suspicion respecting the soundness of the teaching within its walls, and its evangelical professions should ever be an exclusion of latitudinarianism on the one hand, and of Popery and Unitarianism on the other.

The village of Dely Ibrahim was originally built, or, as the French say, "created," in 1832, when some Alsacian colonists came over here, and were located by the Duke of Rovigo in two settlements; this being one, the other close around the Kouba. As in the early history of all colonists, they seem to have had great difficulties to contend with; but now they have provided themselves with the means of abundant irrigation, and cultivate grain, tobacco, and the vine, on an extensive scale. The *plateau* on which the village stands, must be very bleak in the winter, being 812 feet above the level of the sea. It takes in a wide sweep of the Mediterranean, which to-day looked most lovely. The children at the *Orphelinat* presented us on parting with bouquets of wild flowers, which even in this bleak spot grow in rich profusion, and they make up their posies very tastefully. I must not omit to add that the papers have tried to make the *amende honorable* for the ungracious notice respecting the concert. The consul, the French pastors, and several others, wrote to complain, and the public prints express their regret at the mistake.

Monday, Feb. 29th.—Yesterday, as we returned from church, a thick fog veiled the Metidja, and mists were rapidly flying across from the mountain summits, which soon reached, and enveloped us, in a mantle more suitable to Capel Curig, than to El-Biar. All night we had continuous torrents of rain, and this morning we see the rivers in the plain beneath, have overflowed their banks; so, as yet, the long-talked-of visit to the interior must

be postponed. A friend who came up this morning to breakfast, is ready to go with us, and so also are one or two more. We hope, therefore, to form a pleasant party when the weather will permit. Meanwhile, how delicious it is to feast one's waking eyes every morning, on the sight of mountains about 7,000 feet high, and on the intervening campagne as it gradually lights up under an African sun! The rains here, especially those by night, do not offer the slightest impediment to pedestrianizing to one's heart's content.

To-day the Arab keeper of the coffee-house which G. invaded one Sunday, came to say another Arab who had seen his Scripture portion in Arabic, wished much to possess one himself. So here is more bread cast on the waters, and, if it please God, He *can* bless the effort. If compulsory fasting can, as our modern Pharisees say, ever bring the mind into a right frame for thinking of holy things, the Arabs ought to be at present peculiarly open to the reception of the truth; for we are just now in the midst of their Ramadan, or Ramazan, the great Mahomedan Lent. Indeed, I have sometimes heard them call it *Carême*, not out of compliment to Roman Catholic Christians, whom they greatly dislike, but probably out of regard to my presumed ignorance.

Ramadan lasts twenty-nine and a half days, and each year commences ten days earlier than the preceding season; so that in thirty-six Ramadans, one year is, as it were, gained. This time it began on the 9th of February, and will terminate on the 10th of March. From earliest childhood this fast is rigidly kept from sunrise to sunset, during which time no food is touched, water being equally prohibited, even during the hottest weather. Neither are they allowed to smoke, which seems here like touching the very life of an Arab; and

harder still, they are not permitted even to swallow their saliva.

The implicit obedience which they yield to these hard precepts, shows at least the sincerity of these poor, blind dévotees; but, alas! sincerity is no Saviour. St. Paul verily thought within himself, in his unconverted days, "that he *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth;" but when his eyes were opened to see his real state by nature, he based no plea for pardon on his conscientious sincerity.

A handsome young Arab, who came to-day to ask for a book, avowed that he felt very weak from his fasting. I said God did not care whether he eat or not: all He cared for was the state of the heart. He smiled, but promised to pray for a new heart.

Tuesday, March 1st.—Having nothing worthy of record to-day, I must make a pen-and-ink sketch of the beautiful landscape panorama to be seen from our house, especially from its terraced roof.

From the windows the view is lovely in the extreme, the surrounding chains of the Lesser Atlas being so semi-circular in their approach, that from three sides of the house we look out upon them. From the bedroom window we see the sun rise each morning behind them, lighting up the now usually snow-clad peaks of the Djordjora, then the nearer range, and lastly the plain—veiled till now in a mantle of grey—with a flood of glory which makes one's whole soul thrill with ecstacy. The heavens are generally at that early hour a mass of orange, purple, crimson, and gold; while each peak, and crest, and summit of the long chain stand out against the eastern sky with a vividness of outline, and a depth of colouring so intense, that in pictures one is apt to discredit its truthfulness.

Sometimes the sun has risen behind a thick bank of cloud, and the first token of his having gone forth in his strength, will be the sight of his beams, as of a hand slanting downwards, seemingly transfixed for the moment between two chains of hills, while the mists are slowly, sullenly passing off, making one feel as though the mountains were being balanced under an Almighty grasp. And soon its rays assert the power of—

> "Yon bright orb, which flings
> O'er cliff and vale its wealth of rosy smiles.
> Each sunbeam seems the very soul of joy;
> No sadness soils it; scattering gladsomeness,
> Like a bright angel, onward still it moves."

From the drawing-room we have a calm sea view, with Capé Matifou stretching away to the right, and a spur of the receding hills visible in the background. From the dining-room we have an inland prospect, but the Atlas again to the left, and here apparently in closer proximity than from either of the other windows; and when the snow has wreathed the summits, and sprinkled the slopes of the purple hills, the picture is beautiful in the extreme.

But it is upon our upper terrace that I should like—oh! how much—to take some friends from whom seas part us. In fancy I must lead them up through that narrow staircase, half concealed as all Moorish staircases are, from sight. And here is not the panorama grand and varied? We must choose the time when the sun casts aslant its broadest beams, revealing nooks, and crags, and precipices in those distant hills, which else we had not seen, but which add immeasurably to the tone, and depth, and beauty, of the painting. It is from here that Mr. Churchill, whose pencil does justice to Algerian beauties, has most kindly promised to take a picture for

us *in memoriam*. Mr. Churchill has quite a large collection of water-coloured drawings, from sketches he has taken, not only in Algeria, but in Asia Minor, and other parts of the world. The Tomb of Ezekiel, the Tower of Babel, and Daniel's Tomb are amongst the less well-known spots of interest; and I hope he may be induced some day to allow chromo-lithography to give them to the world. He particularly excels in grouping his camels, and his figures are life-like.

To the north-east we will first cast a glance. Over a sloping foreground of the *terrain* immediately attached to the house, we look down upon the outspread bay, fringed ever with its edge of white, which comes nestling in under the land, as though rejoicing in the protection of its wide-encircling arm. Cape Matifou, with its fort underneath, terminates this guardianship, by throwing out a long, narrow strip of land; so narrow that, from where we stand, it looks as though we could easily span it, and then bathe in a second bay, which is distinctly seen behind the promontory, or peninsular, and which, although too small to figure in a denominational aspect on the map, has nevertheless features of beauty all its own. How gloriously it shone this morning, like a mirror, reflecting the bright sunbeams as they scattered their gold! Behind it again rise, or rather extend, the everlasting hills, till they fade away in the distance, and are lost in the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

And then look down on the Kouba, for here it seems far below us, though in reality seated on an elevation equal to our own. Mustapha Supérieur lends the charm of its scattered villas, and Moorish houses, and orange-trees, and dark, rich green cypresses. Mustapha Inférieur and the Agha, lie half-concealed in the vale beneath; and far behind, stretching away to the south, are the

mountains, of which we never tire, and the snow-white Djordjora soaring above them. And nearer is the village of El-Biar, to the south-west, with its picturesque country houses, and their gardens.

One more peep. Turning our backs on the Kouba, we face the Boujaréah, and look down on the little bay rippling in under St. Eugène; and by this time we are compelled to think of the sun overhead, which is irradiating all this enchanting scene, and colouring the sky with a tint of blue, compared to which our own skies are leaden; and we find it necessary to beat a hasty retreat down that narrow staircase, and rejoice in the cool shelter afforded by the marble-paved halls within. I must not again transgress with such long descriptions, but this scenery beguiles one into painting it, whether with pencil or pen.

CHAPTER XV.

KABYLE DOGS.

Kabyle Dogs—Annoyances from them—Attack on Riders—Bags of Blight—Flowers—Want of English Books—Scene at Sunset during the Ramadan—Ceremonial Observances—Domestic Troubles—A Hurricane—Arabs a Lazy Race—Their Redeeming Qualities—Our Arab Groom—Comfort of Moorish Houses—A Whale Ashore—Excursion in the Bay—View of the City—Close of the Ramadan—Effect upon the Arabs—Our Zouave Groom.

Wednesday, March 2*d.*—The pleasure of walking about in this country, is in no slight degree marred, by the number of savage dogs with which every one thinks it necessary to guard their premises. When tied up they are bad enough, as one is kept in perpetual alarm regarding the degree of tenacity which the string may possess; but when loose they are a perfect nuisance to the wayfarer, who really should almost go armed to ensure his safety. One can scarcely take blame to oneself, even when trespassing, for the approaches to these houses (formerly Moorish habitations, and purposely built in most out-of-the-way places) are usually so unlike the trim carriage roads, or footpaths, by which we are wont to recognise private houses in England, that one may well mistake them for public cart roads, or by-lanes. Up one of these I rambled to-day alone, and had just congratulated myself on having passed a house unnoticed, and unmolested, when a broad-chested bull-dog came rushing out upon me, followed by a *confrère*, whose pugnacity looked equally indubitable, and backed up by

a wretched cur, who yelped as loudly as either of his bigger brothers. I had but a parasol to keep my three assailants at bay; and how it would have fared with me I know not, if a servant girl had not come to the rescue, and beat them off by pelting them with stones.

The strength of these Kabyle dogs is said to lie in their jaws, and fore feet; and I am in constant terror lest I should be able to speak experimentally on the point. The training and education of these dogs must be as defective as that of most of the population, for they have neither discrimination, nor discretion. They never distinguish between friend and foe, and even after a visitor's knock has been answered by the servants, the furious barking continues ceaselessly, imperilling one's peace, if not one's safety, while in any degree of proximity. Riders, too, are pursued by the smaller fry of these pests, and often the long tails which here are allowed to adorn the horses, have a small dog pendant, actually borne along with the tail between its teeth.

After my escape from being worried by these canine foes, I pursued my way through a wood, as by courtesy it must here be called, and had an opportunity of observing on a tree uprooted by the wind, the bags of blight which had before so often passed for birds' nests. Frequently from a clump of trees fifteen or twenty of these elegant-looking nests may be seen suspended, each by a gossamer net, from the high branches, swaying to and fro in the wind; and often had I longed to obtain one which might be forsaken by the unknown birds. And now on a fallen tree I lighted upon one which I could have carried off in triumph, when I found to my dismay the "nest" one mass of grubs, and worms, and caterpillars, which latter were eating their way out of their gossamer cage. "All is not gold which glitters."

I find on inquiry that the gardeners greatly dread them, and as far as possible destroy them in an earlier stage of their existence.

The red vetch, of a deep maroon tint, and the orange-coloured orchises, spotted with a dark velvety-brown, are now daily added to my bouquets of *fleurs sauvages*, which term, by the way, always sounds so unpoetic to our Anglicized ears. The white bells of the clematis have been exchanged for long, silky, and exquisitely beautiful feathering tassels, which sway with every breeze. Large bunches of the maidenhair fern, I can always gather from a well in our own garden; so my fond love for flowers is easily gratified at El-Biar.

Thursday, March 3*d.*—The Consul kindly added "My Diary, North and South" to our new English library to-day; and we have reason to hope that many, on leaving, will further enlarge it, knowing how much the want of books is felt when at a distance from England. Several visitors to-day, all of whom pronounced this to be the first day of summer—*vedremo.*

How the poor Arabs must long for this weary month of Ramadan to be over! This evening we watched an Arab in a coat of many colours, which might have done duty for Joseph's, standing beside a fountain at which he dared not drink, with his pipe in his hand, which he dared not light, face to face with a Frenchman, who seemed standing beside him with purposeless aim. At that moment the sunset shot was fired:—

> "Hark! pealed the thunder of the evening gun;
> It told 'twas sunset, and *he blessed* that sun."
>
> CORSAIR.

Instantly the pipe of the Mahomedan was lit from that of his companion, who forthwith went on his way, while the Arab, turning next to the flowing stream, put his

head underneath, and quaffed, and quaffed, as though he never could be satisfied. Benighted ones, yet how faithful to their creed! Is there no one to go to the nominal Christians around, and, pointing to these obedient disciples of Islamism, read them the lesson which Jeremiah was commanded to teach the men of Judah from the conduct of the Rechabites? Not that Satan in any age, or any clime, would ever interfere with any mere ceremonial observances, be they Christian, or pagan, Jewish, or Mahomedan. Side by side with this, it is almost painful to listen to the sanctimonious tone in which wishes are expressed, for "daily morning prayers during Lent," &c., by those very English who, three times out of four, absent themselves from Church on the Lord's Day, and who show no manner of interest in the proffered means of grace.

Friday, March 4th.—A hot wind last evening, and again to-day, which they say is sirocco, but, as we stand some distance from the high road, we have never yet been annoyed by sand, or dust.

We were warned on arriving here, that the domestic servants were a sad class, and that we must be prepared for endless trouble with them. On the whole, we have not had reason to rank this among our grievances. To-day, however, we have had a strange scene. A month ago I engaged a servant to replace one who was taken ill. She was well recommended, and 35 francs per month with *et ceteras* were her wages. Yesterday, on proceeding to pay her, she said she would tell me "*franchement*" that she considered she was worth 40, and that she would accept no less. Although contrary to one's own views of right and wrong, I said I would speak to *Monsieur* on the subject, and see her again. We agreed, that to save trouble, we would consent to her demand; but when she

found what she had thus gained, she rated herself higher still, and informed me she would take no less than 50 francs. On being told that sum was out of the question, she flew into such a passion that I let her sleep over it, and to-day again offered her the 40 francs. Her ire then knew no bounds; she not only refused to take the money, but declared she would leave the house instantly, unless her demands were complied with, and began to pack up her effects. In vain I reminded her, that she could not leave under a week's notice. Reasoning was not her *forte*, and a gendarme had eventually to be sent for, whom she at first set equally at defiance; but being lectured by him, and repeatedly warned that she must take the 35 francs, "*ni plus ni moins*," and that if she left so precipitately, she would forfeit one week's wages, she cooled down in the most edifying manner, and said if I would keep her, she should be happy to stay with me six years!

Our cook cannot read a line. She says there was no school in her native village in France, and the *curé* told her parents it was far better for her not to learn. When we question the mothers here as to their children's absence from school, the same response is always given. "They learn nothing except bad manners. We never send them but when we want to get them out of the way." If true Protestant schools, such as that at Fontainebleau, established, and superintended by M. Racine Brand,* were more frequently to be found in France, they would counteract the pernicious effects of the present semi-popish, semi-infidel teaching.

Saturday, March 5th.—Last night we were visited

* "Reports" and "anecdotes" of this most useful and interesting institution can always be obtained, on application to Monsieur A. Racine Brand, Fontainebleau, Seine-et-Marne.

with such a hurricane, that the hall door upstairs was repeatedly burst open, and one could fancy it the great wind from the wilderness, which, as in Job's day, smote the four corners of the house. But for some such occasional purifying element, the streets, and more particularly the arcades in Algiers, would probably be unbearable. The last few days of warm weather have made me dread meeting the bernouse-veiled Arabs in the lanes, where the air, half-confined by overhanging foliage, becomes at once more odorous, than agreeable. What must it be under the aforesaid colonades, where they are constantly passing, and the arcades (despite M. Lamping's statement) are both low and narrow? He assures us that "the streets of Bab-Azzoun, and the Marine, are as handsome and elegant as the Boulevards of Paris!"

All day long Arabs may be seen, on mules and donkeys, wending their way past El-Biar, to sell their wares—consisting of charbon and firewood, or more commonly fan palms and brushwood—in Algiers. To-day we deemed ourselves most fortunate in capturing two mules'-load of charbon, *en route*—an article which it is very difficult to get at anything of a reasonable rate—without going down to the Arab's market, which is held every Thursday at an early hour. Charbon, or charcoal, is the only substance consumed in the kitchen fire; and is one which burns most rapidly.

A French gentleman who called to-day, proved himself to be a most sensible man, by telling me, with all apparent sincerity, that every one acknowledged England to be the first country in the world, and even that all the leading French journals confessed it. I thought it best to swallow the latter, for the sake of the former statement. He told us that the Arabs were a most idle, lazy race; and that they had tried again and again to employ them

on the public works in vain. They work admirably for a day or two; then go off, and never again turn up till money and food become absolute necessities. We had ourselves engaged an Arab as groom. He did very well the first day; but the next morning our friend never made his appearance; and, as far as he was concerned, the horse might have starved. In the afternoon we met the gentleman taking a country walk with another Arab, habited in a spotless white burnouse, brilliant scarlet fez, and some flowers—in which all Moors take such passionate delight—jauntily stuck in it; looking altogether, it must be confessed, rather unfit for stable work. He quietly wished us "*Bon jour*," and proceeded to explain that he had not felt very well that morning; so G. requested him at once to discontinue an employment, which was evidently so prejudicial to his health. Our great hope is to get a soldier. General Yussuf has given the requisite permission; but so many are being sent off to Mexico, that soldiers are just now at a premium.

One ought to paint the bright, as well as the shady side of the Arab character; and it has often surprised me to hear testimonies to their remarkable fidelity, and trustworthiness in money-matters. A lady who was here all last winter, told me—and hers was no solitary case—that she used every night to entrust her Arab with money, to make purchases in the town, before coming up the following morning. That he always remembered, and executed her unwritten orders, for he could not read, and accounted for every sou. That if by any accident he was deficient in two or three sous, he would be miserable all day, till he had set it to rights; and if ever he borrowed a sou for his own most necessary tobacco out of her money, he would not rest till his week's wages were due,

and he had repaid it; so virtues and vices are strangely intermingled in this strange soil.

The little Arab porters, too, in the town, who dodge one's step in hopes of having some purchases to carry home, are honestly earning their own livelihood; and so are the young members of the Shoe-black Brigade, who lie in wait for you at every corner. The characteristic portrait of one of them is here given.

Monday, March 7th.—Another hurricane last night, which shook the house. From our elevated position we feel every gust; and this might be considered the Temple of Eolus, were it not that one misses the lullaby which the sighing, moaning, wailing wind, gives one from behind Grecian pillars, and porticoes. I am, nevertheless, a convert to the comfort to be found in Moorish houses, when the too frequently open central court is glazed over. The flat terraces are my delight. One can well fancy St. Peter going up on his house-top to pray. Of an evening, to go out on one of these terraces, without the usual preparation for a walk, to *feel* the bright star-bespangled heavens above one, and all nature below so still, is a luxury which we never cease to prize. The starlight nights we have here, are certainly unknown in England.

To-day the blue bay is rolling in, crested with sea-horses, or *moutons*, as our French friends with equal reason call them, and the steamer, which should have arrived this morning, has not yet come in, a sign of a storm out at sea. A whale, too—an unusual visitant—has just been captured, and all Algiers is running down for a peep at the monster, as he lies extended lifeless on the beach below. Whether he was driven in by stress of weather, or from illness, as the sailors imagine, seems uncertain, but no time was lost in getting him medical advice, for he was at once bought up by the medical

A YOUNG ARAB SHOE-BLACK.

school, and assigned a place in their museum. General Yussuf has granted 200 soldiers to assist in cutting him up, and his captors are well satisfied with his yield of oil.

Wednesday, March 9th.—A sail on the water to-day for three hours; but our little cockle-shell of a boat was too small for enjoyment. One of our party wanted to go to St. Eugène, and the wind being dead against us, it was a series of short tacks, shipping water at every turn. A gentleman who amused himself in dredging, and brought up some beautiful specimens of marine life, told us that this pursuit was accomplished easier here than in Madeira, the rocks at the latter place rendering it far more difficult.

I tried to picture the Pirate-City as it must have looked from the sea, before the French invasion, but the immense increase of modern buildings, especially in the lower part of the town, involved, the necessity of a wide stretch of imagination. Each year it will be more and more so; those, therefore, who wish to have any idea of its past, should not delay their visit, till the Moorish dwellings have all passed into the hands of Gallic owners. All the Moors whitewash their habitations, alike internally and externally, at least once a year; some even three or four times; and this, under a bright sun and blue skies, produces a dazzling effect, especially with a city set on a hill, and which rises out of the bosom of the sea.

Half-way up the town I could trace a sort of curved line, something like two wings outspread, of houses which French windows and blinds had not invaded. This was the Arab quarter. The seemingly roofless habitations, for the flat terraces cannot be seen from beneath, the pigeon-holes, or port-holes—for they cannot be called windows—in the walls, and the marble-like whiteness of

the whole, combined to give one an idea of what Algiers must have been, when the residence of its proud Deys, and when modern fortifications, boulevards, hotels, and other Gallic innovations were unknown. I observed three or four seeming fractures in the massive masonry at the end of the jetty, where some dozen guns were planted, and on pointing them out, was told that the discharge of the said guns, on the occasion of Prince Napoleon's visit, had occasioned the rent. This does not speak highly of its strength. The huge blocks of stone, placed alongside, look from a distance as if thrown down in strange confusion, yet in edgeway regularity. On a closer inspection we found them to be of artificial stone, formed of a conglomerate of sand and gravel. Each block weighs several tons. This mass is needed for the protection of the Harbour. A pier is to be built as soon as a sufficient foundation has been obtained.

As we neared the harbour in returning, the report of a gun was heard, to the immense satisfaction of our Arab boatman, who exclaimed that Ramadan was now over! On inquiry we found this was the commencement of Bairam, the grand festival which closes the Ramazan, and in honour of which, all the mosques are open to-night for strangers, who go chiefly for the sake of seeing the effect of the numerous coloured lamps which are lit up for the occasion,

> "To-night set Ramazani's sun,
> To-night the Bairam's feast's begun."
>
> GIAOUR.

March 10th.—Visitors to-day who had just come from the Jardin d'Essai, reported the gardens to be alive with Moors, all in their gayest costumes, in honour of this great three days' fête, following on their compulsory fast. A dangerous time this is said to be amongst the Arabs.

They have laid in so large a stock of merit by observing Ramazan, that they are now ready and ripe for any mischief.

We have been fortunate enough, thanks to the kind offices of a friend with General Yussuf, to obtain the services of a Zouave as groom. All the officers in Algiers are allowed the privilege of having one or more soldiers, according to their rank, to assist in the cultivation of their land, or for whatever employment they may require them. This, however, is a favour rarely extended now to colonists being civilians; in our case, therefore, it was a very special grace, and one for which, considering the difficulty of getting a man living near, to come and attend to the horse, we are duly grateful. The scarcity of day labourers is a want greatly complained of in the colony, and accounts for the number of red trousers (here we do not talk of "red jackets") everywhere to be seen engaged in tillage, and which at first greatly puzzled us.

Our Zouave, observing the bridle—a hired one—to be defective, sat down unbidden, within half an hour of his arrival, to mend it, and did the job as handily as any saddler could have done it. We knew him well by sight, from having before offered him books, which, alas! he was unable to read. I wonder if he will let me teach him. The work one hears of as progressing amongst the French army, is a great cause for thankfulness; but I am afraid, when in Algeria, the opportunities of the soldiers are but few.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNRISE.

An African Sunrise—Effects seen from our Windows—The Plain of the Metidja—Visit to a Moorish Cemetery—Arab Mode of Interment—Arab Dogs—Story of Omar and his Sister—Bronze Baby—Change of Weather—Fall from a Horse—The Colporteur—A Scorpion—Insect Life.

Friday, March 11th.—It is somewhat trite to attempt to describe the glories of daybreak, for sunrise is everywhere beautiful, and poets have sung, and artists immortalized its splendour, for now some thousand years; yet an African sunrise such as we see, or might see, every morning, certainly boasts unwonted beauties. To-day I was shown a picture, taken from near this spot, representing that fleeting hour: the whole sky one deep roseate hue, and the sun just bursting up, as we see it daily, behind the Djordjora, irradiating the bay, the mountains, the plain, and finally the garden beneath our windows,—its walks sheltered by orange-trees. It brings so often to mind Bonar's lines,

"See daylight far above us,
Tinging each cloudy wreath,
Ere it shower itself in splendour
Upon the plain beneath.
'Tis sparkling on the mountain-peak,
'Tis hurrying down the vale,
'Tis bursting thro' the *orange*-boughs,
'Tis freshening in the gale.
'Tis mingling with the river's smile,
'Tis glistening in the dew,
'Tis flinging far its silver net,
O'er ocean's braided blue.
* * * * *

Oh! the gay burst of beauty
That is flushing over earth,
And calling forth its millions
To holy morning mirth!"

The plain of the Metidja, upon a part of which we looked down, is as level as a cricket-field, on a somewhat large scale. It is enclosed between the north slope of the Lesser Atlas, and the Sahel, upon which latter the metropolis is built, and which extends for miles around Algiers, in a series of ridges, and rocky elevations, broken here and there by ravines, where Nature delights to show her wild and exuberant vegetation. The arms of the Lesser Atlas enclose the valley of the Metidja, as in a semicircular embrace, and the Metidja in its turn embraces the Massif, or chain of Algiers, as the Sahel is sometimes called. Its protecting hills on each side, rise abruptly from its bosom, with scarcely an intervening slope. This plain touches the sea on either side of the metropolis; to the east near the fort of Maison Carée, and to the west near Cherchel, which was formerly in the province of Oran.

The valley, or plain, is 45 miles long, and 14 or 15 wide, well watered by the rivers Harrach and Massafran. The former is a noble river, and falls into the Mediterranean, by an estuary from 150 to 180 feet broad. The course of the Massafran is about 108 miles long. The Metidja might, therefore, be expected under this genial sun, to be a perfect paradise. Previous to the French conquest in 1830, it appears to have been something of the kind, since upwards of twenty thousand Moorish villas, and farms, are said to have adorned its verdant surface. Now, alas! it is usually barren; and though well cultivated in parts near the mountains, is stated by those who knew it before the overthrow of the proud Moslem power, to be as a desert in comparison. Where Arab

hamlets exist, they are surrounded by the impenetrable cactus, or Barbary figs, and guarded by savage Arab dogs. We are told that the original purport of these hedges of cactus, and aloe, was to ward off the approaches of wild beasts, which devastated the then flourishing agricultural establishments. Now, the goats, with their tinkling bells, may be seen browsing on the spikey aloe, as though it were planted solely to provide them with fodder.

Still the Metidja is beautiful to look down on from a distance, where barren sands and unhealthy marshes, if they still exist, cannot be detected. The houses which dot its plain, are everywhere white, and glistening in the sunbeams; and hemmed in as it is by the encircling hills, it presents a contrast upon which the eye loves to look down, though it is more pleasant to live above it. The snow, now lying in wreaths, or rising in mists from amidst the Atlas range, and capping the summit of the Djordjora, adds considerably to the charm of the scene.

Saturday, March 12th.—A rainy afternoon. N.E. wind. Thunder and lightning to-night; recorded lest our friends at home should think this too perfect a paradise. Saw a Spanish boy to-day, on whose head not a single hair has ever appeared since his birth.

Visited the Moorish cemetery, one of our favourite haunts. It must formerly have been of immense extent, but its limits are now circumscribed enough, and without the city walls. It looks down about a part of the Al-Jezira of yore, now so rapidly becoming only the Algiers of the present. There is something touching in everything which speaks of departed grandeur. I cannot say greatness, for real greatness refuses to associate in my mind, with any historical reminiscences of the former masters of Algiers. Still, here they ruled and reigned; and here they sadly laid their dead, for hearts will beat

and bleed, even under that philosophic shroud-like Arab mantle. And then to find it down-trodden, and the few graves which are allowed to remain, shoved into an out-of-the-way corner behind the prison, tinges one's own feelings with sympathetic sadness, as one sees the veiled mourners softly, timidly bending over the narrow homes of their departed. I say narrow, I might add short; for when first we came upon this hill-side cemetery, planted as it is with roses, geraniums, and other flowers, I thought it a garden consecrated as a burying-place for little Moslems. I should say, without measuring, that no grave exceeds four feet in length. The Moorish women usually are diminutive, but how do they manage with their tall lords?

In the preparation of the corpse for interment, some of their superstitions are displayed, by their care in closing up every aperture by which an evil spirit could enter. Eyes, nose, ears, and mouth are securely fastened with cotton-wool. Thyme, mint, wormwood, leaves of the indigenous bay-tree, and the many sweet-scented herbs with which the neighbourhood abounds, are profusely scattered in sprigs upon, and around the deceased. Incense is an indispensable adjunct to these ceremonies. All being duly performed, the body is wrapped in a white muslin winding-sheet, and somewhat resembling a mummy, is placed on a sort of litter, or large open chest.

Till the French occupation, coffins were unknown; even yet they are not in general use. Earth and stones are thrown over the corpse, the *oule-mah*, or Mahomedan priest, reads some prayers, and it is then left to its fate.

The extent of the display used on the occasion of these obsequies, varies, of course, according to the rank of the deceased. If poor, the white muslin only is seen on the

rude bier. If rich, golden girdles, embroidered robes, even carpets, curtains, or silken fabrics, are thrown over the corpse. Only as a loan, however, for the relatives carefully remove all these needless appendages on reaching the cemetery. The monotonous chanting which we used so frequently to hear when residing on the hill-side, leading to the Moorish place of interment, is an accompaniment never omitted, save amongst the very poorest. At the head and foot of the grave, two stones mark its length, and over the mound, at each end, two narrow ledges of stone are laid, with round holes cut out, apparently for flower-pots. These are for vessels to hold water, and they are left duly filled, when the funeral rites are over. Some bread is also left, and the following night, the spirit, if satisfied and happy, will, they believe, come and partake of the prison-fare they have left for him. If he does not, it must still remain, until the dogs, the elements, or some passers-by, have made away with it for him. This achieved, the relatives find consolation in his supposed happiness.

Some of the tombs are of brick, plastered over and whitewashed. Some are ornamented with little domes, or cupolas, but all laid the same way. To insure future bliss, the face must always be turned towards Mecca. Again, I can only say, O! that the Truth might shine on these benighted ones!

Monday, March 14th.—Our promised "summer" has been very brief so far. "Cold and rainy," must needs be my entry. Nevertheless, with a friend, I explored the Ravin de la Femme Sauvage, usually a sultry hollow. To-day we could make no complaints on this score. The wild-thyme here is abundant, and much larger than what we see in England. Heather, too, we found on the common, near the Château d'Hydra. But all beauty was

veiled to-day by the absence of the sun. How similar the results, alike in the moral, physical, and spiritual world, when sunshine is wanting!

We had another encounter with those savage dogs; why will people keep them? Fortunately this discovery of the stone remedy, stood us now, as always, in good stead. I do regard it as a special mercy that dogs have the organ of voice, and always announce their intended onsets, though I cannot so contentedly endorse Dr. Watts's sentiments as to their biting. My friend had lately a very narrow escape from this their "delight," and was only saved by her *crinoline*, till assistance was procured. I think it just to mention this slight testimony, to the value of these much-calumniated articles of dress.

She also told me of a case which had occurred a previous winter, of one of these Kabyle dogs setting upon a poor lady, who died in consequence. That is to say, the fright induced an illness from which she never recovered.

It is wonderful to see the effect of the termination of Ramadan upon the spirits of the Arabs. We had an Arab just in advance of us for some distance, escorting his white-veiled wife on her donkey. From time to time he fell in with groups of other Arabs coming towards us, and the joyous salutations on each occasion, plainly told of some occasion of rejoicing. They literally "fell on each other's necks, and kissed." Not as we perform the ceremony, however, for while the arms most affectionately encircled the person embraced, the kiss was invariably given on the shoulder. His wife's side could only momentarily be quitted, so there was no time for the loud, harsh, guttural greetings, which would else have been heard, but the smiles which wreathed all those swarthy features, were most remarkable.

Now that Ramadan is over, I have been promised by a friend the sight of some Moorish weddings. To-day I saw the *trousseau* for one pass, being borne in richly-gilded, and ornamented chests, slung across horses and mules. The customs of these Mahomedans are very curious. A lady, who had an Arab in her employ, told me that he one day brought her up his little sister, a pretty child of ten years old, to show her charms. He permitted her to unveil in the house, although not only the lady, but her husband, was present. She danced when alone with the former, but on her being asked to perform again before the gentleman, the brother would not permit it at any price, though he allowed the child to kiss him. Later in the day the lady let her maid take the little girl for a walk, and the veil was not thought of. But when this piece of unheard-of impropriety reached her brother's ear, his grief, anger, and indignation knew no bounds. Alternately he scolded the child, who wept bitterly, and pathetically appealed to his mistress to know how she could have permitted so gross a violation of all rules of decorum. When asked wherein was the great harm, "Oh! madame," he replied, "we shall never marry her now!"

His conduct, on another occasion, showed the difficulty of preaching the Gospel amongst this benighted people. Engaged as indoor servant—where his probity was fully tested, by being often left alone in the room with valuables, when nothing was ever touched—it had been arranged that he was to have his meals in the house, but no persuasion could induce him to touch meat. As he was very weak, and lazy, our friend thought it might be the consequence of his abstinence, and so frequently urged him to take meat, by showing the folly of his scruples, that Omar reluctantly yielded. After a time he asked leave to go

and visit his Marabout, or priest, for a purpose somewhat akin to confession. Upon his return, he avoided the presence of his lady as much as possible, and this continued day after day, till she taxed him with it, and demanded the reason. With much hesitation, Omar at length informed her, that his Marabout had severely reprimanded him for eating her meat, and had desired him to kill her, for having tempted him to evil! To re-assure her, however, he added, "but don't be afraid, madame, Omar will *not* kill you," which comforting assurance he reiterated every time he saw her, for several days after. Not much fear had she, or any other resident in French Algeria on this score, but it gives an idea of the bigotry which encrusts Mahomedanism.

I saw to-day the very loveliest specimen of a dark, bronze-coloured baby which could be imagined. A sculptor might have envied the model. Alliances frequently take place between the negresses and the Turks, and their offspring are usually of a dark copper-colour. In infancy the hue is that of the most beautiful bronze.

Tuesday, March 15th.—The beginning of last week "*tout le monde et sa femme*," which means the greater part of the English, having counted upon the setting in of summer, started for Blidah and the interior, leaving the Hotel d'Europe desolate. For the last four or five days, however, we have had cold March north-easterly winds, accompanied by constant rains, and sometimes storms of thunder, and lightning, so an African winter knows no exemption from the vicissitudes everywhere in fashion. Still, we cannot complain, with letters from Egypt telling of ice at Suez, and the thermometer below freezing point in the middle of January. The former is said to be a phenomenon, never before experienced on the borders of the Red Sea. Then, too, details of the skating on the

Arno at Florence, of the falls of snow at Naples, of the intense severity felt at Nice, and I must not exempt Spain, from whence similar news has arrived, warrant the hope which I hear confidently expressed by the residents, that the superiority of this climate having been thus clearly established, by comparisons of the winter 1863-4 here, and elsewhere, visitors may next year be expected to resort to Algiers in search of health. This winter, there has certainly been a great falling off on the influx of the two previous seasons. Yet here ice has been unheard of, and a real fall of snow unseen. One morning in January a slight sprinkling made an unsuccessful effort to descend. *Mais voilà tout.*

Wednesday, March 16th.—Saladin having established his character as a trustworthy animal, it was settled that I was to ride him to-day, G. accompanying me, on a hired barb. This latter proved to be a less manageable steed, and, in riding fast downhill, the stirrup gave way, and G. was thrown. Providentially no serious injury has been sustained, but the left arm and side are much bruised. This is an unfortunate beginning to the equestrian exercise, to which I had so long been looking forward. The Zouave is so attentive and orderly. I hope we may be allowed to keep him as long as we remain here.

Saturday, March 19th.—G. is beginning to be able to move about, after having been a prisoner for the last three days. The effects of the fall have been felt more severely, than we at first apprehended; but we must be thankful it was no worse. Had he fallen a couple of feet further on, his head would have come in contact with a rock.

We are now making arrangements for employing a colporteur, hoping for aid from friends in England. To-day cold water was thrown on the project, by one who I

am sure would rejoice in the wide circulation of the Scriptures, but who to our amazement, quietly said he thought all who wished to have Bibles, probably had them already. G. reminded him that although it may be a safe maxim in political economy, that the demand creates the supply, yet that the converse held true in religious economy, *viz.* that the supply is needed, to create a demand; and that men have first to be *led* to the fountain of life, and *induced* to hold the cup to their lips, before they will ever come, and ask for a draught of the life-giving stream. A prolonged residence in a place like this, except vigorous aggressive efforts for the Master's sake are engaged in, appears to lead, if not to an apathetic frame of mind, yet to one easily discouraged. The Rev. W. Ginsbury, missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, called to-day, on his way back to Constantine, where he has been labouring for nearly seven years. We were truly glad to find that Algiers is to be for the future, his sphere of work.

That this place presents a central point, of increasing importance for missionary operations, is a thought which impresses itself much upon the mind. There is here in many respects a most important opening for the spread of the Gospel.

One of the drawbacks to a hot climate, is the prolific extent of insect and reptile life. Ants have been always our foes. In Algiers we had the tiniest specimens of the red ants, which could well be imagined. Here we have the common ants infesting the kitchen, and even making occasional raids into the bedrooms, where other assailants are more assiduous than welcome, in their visits. But the climax was reached this evening, by finding a scorpion, whose dreaded sting is in its tail, in the dining-room;

and this on the first floor. The servant, who took the incident very coolly, and seemed to think it nothing at all out of the way, deliberately lifted it up with the tongs, and terminated its existence, by shaking it off into the fire.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOUBLE RAINBOW.

Polish Princess—Double Rainbow—Value of the Wild Geranium—Zouave and the Hamiltonian System—Mr. Ginsburg and a Learned Moor—Authorization of Colporteur—Fête—Storm—French Government Vessels—Arab Laziness—Orange Blossoms—The Astronomer Imperial.

Monday, March 21*st.*—Amongst the departures this last week, has been that of a poor Polish princess, who has been travelling for her health. The doctors in Paris had considered amputation of the leg necessary, but, fortunately for her, were afraid to perform the operation in her enfeebled state. Algiers was recommended for its climate; hither accordingly she came, and found a French surgeon under whose skilful treatment, not only has her health been greatly restored, but the limb so far saved. She was beginning to move about, and had even walked up two flights of stairs at a time, when her furlough—for poor Poland is under a universal military rule—expired.

She had written to the Emperor of Russia, stating her case, and earnestly imploring permission to absent herself a little longer till her convalescence was complete. The Governor-General, the Duke of Malakoff, had likewise petitioned the Czar in her behalf; and even the ex-King of Bavaria, now on a visit to this place, had written to his Imperial brother to ask for some extension of her leave of absence. But the said Imperial brother,

the tender-hearted father of his beloved subjects, turned a deaf ear to each appeal, and *nolens volens* the poor Princess had to leave.

The most glorious double rainbow I ever saw, we witnessed last evening; not an evanescent glory, as such sights usually are, but continuing for upwards of twenty minutes, previous to the setting of the sun, and not only perfect the whole time, but increasing in intense and indescribable splendour. One could not but feel awe-struck. The left foot of the arc rested on a high mamelon of the Sahel, covered with rich verdure of emerald green, that seemed almost on fire from the reflection of its lustre which streamed down the field. Underneath we had a peep of the blue sea; overhead the second arc, which faithfully, but inversely mirrored the colours of the first. The whole sky overhanging the Bay seemed set in a dazzling frame, so defined were the tints of the bow, which planted its right foot on the Great Kabyle Mountains; its attendant counterpart keeping silent guard around. But light is ever silent—

> "Most silent of all heavenly silences;
> Not even the darkness stiller, nor so still;
> Too swift for sound or speech, it rushes on
> Right thro' the yielding skies a massive flood
> Of multitudinous beams; an endless sea,
> That flows but ebbs not, breaking on the shore
> Of this dark earth, with never-ceasing wave,
> Yet in its swiftest flow, or fullest spring tide,
> Giving less sound than does one falling blossom,
> Which the May-breeze lays lightly on the sward."

Our gardener told us that in Italy, his own sunny land, he had sometimes seen even a triple rainbow, but none brighter than this one. I could almost fancy it "the rainbow round about the Throne, in sight like unto an emerald." A friend, whose life has been spent in hot countries, remarked to-day that it had given him

quite a feeling of awe; so the brilliancy must have been something peculiar.

G.'s cure is rapidly progressing, thanks to his scientific applications. As is invariably the case whenever an accident occurs, all the visitors who have kindly called to inquire, have, each one, met with, or known of, similar disasters. Few things give one a more realizing idea of the electro-sympathetic chord which certainly pervades the universe, making "the whole world kin." The most recent case of fellow-suffering is that of a French cavalry officer, who about the very same time, met with a similar accident, in a precisely similar manner; viz. from his stirrup giving way. Curious to say, G. has undertaken to expedite this officer's cure, being something of an amateur practitioner; and had he only been as persevering in the use of the right means, as G. was in prescribing them, he might perhaps have been well by this time: as it is, I fear his case will be the worst of the two.

At the foot of the Alps, where sprains and bruises so frequently occur, the peasants know full well the healing virtue of their mountain *arnica*. It is strange how few in England know the equally efficacious properties of the *herb Robert*, or *crane's bill*, or *wild geranium*, as it is severally denominated. "English arnica" it is often called by those who know its value, and well does it merit its name.

On our last visit to North Wales, one of our party in botanizing having accidentally squirted the white juice of the golden saxifrage into his eye, inflammation immediately ensued, and became so violent that a return home was proposed, and seemed inevitable, although a pic-nic was awaiting us on the top of one of the hills. The *herb Robert* was fortunately thought of, and found. A

cottage was at hand, whence boiling water was obtained, and a decoction made. Fomentation cloths were extemporized by means of a pocket-handkerchief, and in less than a quarter of an hour the inflammation was subdued, and we started for the hill-top.

A more striking example, however, occurred in the case of a lady who fell and struck her knee, which soon became so painful that the family medical attendant was summoned. All his skill was exerted, but day by day her sufferings increased. He wished to call in further advice, and sent first for one, then a second to aid his counsels. Still the poor sufferer grew worse, until one day after consultation had, the three medicos sought her husband, to inform him of a painful fact which they could no longer withold,—that amputation alone could save her life, so violent was the inflammation, and to such a height had it attained. Poor Major C. was forced to acquiesce, and early the following morning was fixed for the operation. The mournful secret was entrusted to the nurse, but no sooner had the medicos departed, than her previous experience in simples, decided her on taking the case in her own hands, and throwing all their nostrums to the winds. She accordingly sent out and had gathered, a quantity of this said herb, and applied fomentations, and poultices of the same, alternately the live-long night. At 8 o'clock the following morning the doctors arrived; the limb was inspected, and, to the amazement of the intending operators, the inflammation was subdued to an extent, which they considered little short of miraculous. *Herb Robert* saved the patient.

Only yesterday, I induced our Zouave to take his first lesson in reading, in spite of his protestations that it was "trop tard," and a hopeless affair at the advanced age of thirty-four. Before half-an-hour's instruction on the

Hamiltonian system was over, he had not only picked out most of his letters with singular aptitude, but a perception had dawned upon his mind that the attainment of reading was really within his reach; and he listened with evident interest to the whole chapter of John i. of which he had made out a few verses. He promised before next Sunday to collect some of his *camarades*, who would, he said, be glad to learn to read. I feel now so thankful that we broke ground even to this small extent; for this morning brought an order summoning him in to his Commandant, and on his return he told us the *tristes nouvelles* that his regiment was ordered to prepare for foreign service (he concludes Mexico) at an hour's notice. Orders had come from head-quarters, that all soldiers who were detached, were at once to return to their regiment. He came to bid us good-bye this evening with evident regret, bringing one of his comrades to introduce to us.

When I offered him a New Testament, on condition that he would try and learn to read it, he said it was just what he had been longing to ask for; and that he was sure now, he could easily get some one to teach him. Only yesterday, he was sure it was impossible to learn. I felt at the time, when he showed such quickness in distinguishing the letters, that it was in answer to prayer; but I little thought I should never have another opportunity of reading with and talking to him. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is surely a lesson which each day's experience engraves upon the heart.

Tuesday, March 22*d.*—The vineyards just now are carpeted with the most glorious mosaic, although as unlike what their owners eventually desire to see them, as a flower-garden to a potato-field. Mignionette, scarlet poppies, and flowers of every shade, in blue, and gold, and

lilac, and white, contend for the mastery in point of height, while the modest little crimson vetch, and blue convolvulus, creep along the ground. New orchises are now repaying one's search, and, in addition to the bee, and beetle, and fly orchis, I found to-day one quite unknown to me. The back of the mock insect was a bright blue, its sides of a brownish gold, and the most elegant wings of brown velvet sprang from the same; its antlers and head, even to its eyes, were equally deceptive, and I have placed it in the midst of a bouquet, where it rests, and appears to feed on a mass of geraniums.

Yesterday, M. Ginsberg breakfasted with us, and gave us a most interesting account of his late visit to Morocco. He is an elegant Arabic scholar, and thoroughly conversant with the ways of Arabs, Moors, and Mahomedans generally. He had much intercourse while there, with one of the most cultivated and intelligent Moslems whom, he says, he ever met, who had been resident in England, where he had refused the post of Ambassador at St. James's, which the Emperor of Morocco had wished to confer upon him. Bou-hallah asked him one day, which religion he thought would ultimately prevail, and cover the whole earth?

"Which do you think?" returned M. Ginsberg.

"Oh, certainly that of Mahomet."

"Well, that is the very last I should have named."

"Why so?" asked Bou-hallah.

"I will give you my reasons. Eleven hundred years ago a great man appeared on the earth. He married many wives, all of them of noble families, which greatly extended, and strengthened his own powerful connexions. He was very rich, had many horses, and lived in great state. This man proclaimed that he was commissioned by God to establish a new religion. He did so by force,

by the influence of his name, and by that of his adherents. After his death, his followers went far beyond him in propagating his tenets with the edge of the sword, overrunning whole countries, and compelling submission to the Prophet, or instant death.

Seven hundred years before the birth of Mahomet, another man had appeared on earth, likewise saying that he was sent from God with a message to sinners. This man had no family connexions, no wives, no horses, no riches. Often he had not where to lay his head. He gathered disciples around him, but they were but poor fishermen. He never made a convert by force, and expressly forbad his followers to do so, saying, "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Finally, this man was put to a cruel and ignominious death, being crucified by the Jews as a common malefactor. Eighteen hundred years have since rolled away. What has become of the religion he came to proclaim?

"England, which you confess to be greatest among the nations, opens her Parliament with prayer offered in the name, and for the sake of this man. France, which claims to be the most civilized country in Europe, has always prided herself on the title "Most Christian." Spain, however little she may have of the spirit of Christ, boasts in a profession of His Name. Russia, whose territory covers nearly half the continent of Europe, will scarcely permit a dissentient voice in the matter; all her subjects glory in the name of Christ. All Germany, and Italy, and many other countries, claim to follow the Crucified One.

Now look at Spain, and other countries in Europe, once overrun with fire, and sword, by the followers of the Prophet. How many of the adherents of Mahomet are to be found, since the pressure of force has been removed?

And even here, and in Asia, where the Arabs are still devoted to your Prophet, can you point out any feature in Mahomedanism, which is likely to recommend it to other nations, or any elements in itself likely to make it ultimately prevail? Did you ever know two Arabs who really loved one another? Is it not so, that if you are known to take an Arab into your confidence, and friendship, at once some other Arab will warn you to beware of trusting him? 'He is a liar—he will deceive you—he will rob you,' and so on. Now, in the religion of Jesus Christ, He taught, 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' And it is this love which exists between the Lord Jesus and His people, and which His people have towards each other, which helps to spread the true knowledge of His name."

"Well," returned Bou-hallah, "this is the first time in my life any one ever talked to me in this way. And yet is it not strange that I should have lived five years in Christian England, and that no one ever once spoke to me on the subject of religion?"

Strange, indeed! Yet not strange, if he never made the acquaintance of any who were Christians in more than name; if he only mingled with the world, and met those only who had no tale to tell of love which had bought them, and love which now kept them, and which warmed their hearts in responsive love to Him, and nerved them to speak for His Name. But it *is* a reproach; and, conscious as we all must be how many opportunities we let escape us, it is well to ponder Bou-hallah's inquiry, "Is it not strange that I should have lived five years in Christian England, and that no one ever once spoke to me on the subject of religion?"

Thursday, March 24th.—The prefet, M. Mercier la Combe, has promised no obstacle in the way of

our employing a colporteur here. The authorization is to be made out at once, and a suitable man will commence his work on Monday next.

An incidental appreciation of the tracts distributed, is now frequently shown by the exclamation, "Oh, you have given me this one already. Can you change it for another?" Sometimes, too, the people mention passages which have struck them.

M. Mercier is a most liberally-minded man, although a Roman Catholic. The only restriction on the sale, or distribution of the Bible here, is that which regards the Arabic version, which at present is strictly prohibited; the authorities being fearful of the Arabs making it a pretext for revolt; but in time I hope this remaining difficulty may be removed. As late as last year, the Hebrew and other versions were forbidden, but M. Ginsberg's persevering efforts, seconded by those of Mr. Bell, the late British Consul here, were successful in getting them removed. He gave us an amusing account of some of his interviews with the powers that be at Constantine. One of these gentlemen, taking up M. Ginsberg's Hebrew Bible, said, "But are you quite sure that this is an exact *translation?*"

My cook has just informed me that this being "*fête*," she can do no manner of work to-day, beyond what is absolutely needful; and that as to going into Algiers to buy anything, it is out of the question. I thought at first she had mistaken this for Good Friday; but the sanctity of the day was simply owing to its being declared *fête* by the Church. The command to keep holy the Sabbath, being only to be found in God's Word, and not so appointed by the Church, may be broken without the smallest scruples. Full well may it be said to these poor people, who are as sheep going astray without a shepherd,

"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." The priest here is still sadly annoyed by the distribution of the Testament and tracts, and tries now to induce nominal Protestants to represent it to us as a breach of courtesy.

Monday, March 28th.—Yesterday was the first Sunday this winter that I have been detained at home by stress of weather. M. Desmarquoy told us on Saturday that rain was greatly needed; and certainly there has been no lack of it for the last forty-eight hours. The thunder and lightning last night were fearfully grand, and reverberations, prolonged amidst the surrounding hills, such as we had not heard before. The jugs and basins actually jingled under each crash, as if a railway train were passing over the house. With it all, however, the cold is neither intense nor bitter, though it was very difficult to-day to maintain one's footing, so violent was the hurricane, which seems likely to continue for some days.

I called to-day on a brave English family, who had resolved to go into Italy *viâ* Phillipsville and Bona, and who have actually taken their berths for to-morrow, nothing daunted by the storm. It would be pleasant enough in fine weather to coast it thus, were the accommodation such as would be obtained in even a Bristol Channel steamer. Whether, however, the French wish to deter passengers from taking this route or not, one thing is certain, that in the present state of affairs, it is one which stern necessity alone should dictate. All the packets on the line are Government boats, and the first-class is reserved for the superior officers—the military always ranking before every one else in French arrangements. The second-class accommodation is for the subalterns, and the third in order is appointed for any passenger who may be disposed to submit to these arrangements, and will pay handsomely for it.

No passenger is permitted to place foot on the staircase appropriated to the exclusive use of the officers; and as to food, the cravings of nature may only be satisfied after all the officers have been attended to *seriatim*, when their leavings are dished up for the gentlemen and ladies who are below the salt, *pro tem.*

I must say the French, not being military, are quite as much alive to these *désagrémens* as any one else, and speak of voyagers being treated like cattle, any accommodation, however bad, being considered quite a privilege. Perhaps, in time, the *Messageries Impériales* will extend their line of operation. A gentleman told us lately that he had ventured on one of these voyages, and although he was fortunately *en garçon*, the rudenesses and insults to which he and others were exposed, were such as to make his blood boil. Nevertheless, he spoke French like a native, and the officers were more obliging than usual.

G. has been amusing himself to-day with drawing up a scheme for making the Arabs work, a plan which, if it could be carried out, would entitle him to the gratitude of the French residents. We have had another taste of their laziness, having been again induced to employ an Arab as groom. It was on the recommendation of a lady with whom he had formerly lived, and who found he was now almost starving. He commenced work on Saturday, and whether he found the work too light for his active turn of mind, or from what cause deponent sayeth not, he never made his appearance on Sunday, and has not turned up since. His hands were as white and delicate as any lady's, and if ever he has made any serious efforts to support his family, *they* certainly do not show it. The French have now been masters here for thirty-four years, and some stringent measures, one would think (in a colony

where labour is so urgently needed as it is here), might have been enforced ere this, for teaching them the value of systematic work.

Thursday, March 31*st.*—To-day I picked orange-blossoms in our garden. It is only just now sufficiently open, and abundant, to find its way into one's bouquets. Monsieur D., the owner of this property, told me that the *mistrale* had frightened him away from Nice, whither he was ordered for his health; and this it was which first brought him to Algeria, and induced him to take up his residence here. He is himself obliged to winter in the city of Algiers, but for those whose health can stand bracing, El-Biar is strongly to be recommended in preference.

Madame B. says that, after experience of both, she gives the palm to this, over an Italian climate; and that there are far more "Italian days" in Algeria than in Italy.

We met the Astronomer Imperial to-day, and had a pressing invitation to his observatory. He has passed some years in England, and thoroughly appreciates the superiority of English, over Continental attainments, in this branch of science.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

Breakfast in Algiers—Sight-seeing—Bishop's Palace—Governor's Palace—Madame Luce's Moorish School for Girls—Arab Embroidery—Sketch of Madame Luce's Life—Difficulties encountered and surmounted in establishing her School—The Kabyle Mountains and Fort Napoleon.

April 1st.—A glorious day. The views never looked more lovely than this morning. I saw trees thickly covered with green figs, already an inch and a half in diameter, though not within two months probably of being ripe.

We went in early to breakfast with a friend, and to devote the day to sight-seeing in Algiers. We have now finally arranged to start early Monday morning next, for Blidah; there to take a carriage, and penetrate a little into the interior. Medeah and Millianah are first to be visited, and if by possibility we can push on to Teniet and the Forêt des Cèdres, I shall be satisfied, though Laghouat is the object of my ambition, which is nearer the borders of the Desert. There are just now flying rumours of some sort of *émeute* or insurrection; of which some think seriously, and others pooh-pooh it. It is very difficult here ever to arrive at the truth, but if any rising has really taken place, it would of course render proximity to the Desert unsafe.

Our first two visits to-day, were to the two Moorish houses most worth seeing: that appropriated to the

Governor's palace, and that assigned to the Bishop of Algiers. *Monseigneur* was in France, but we had an introduction to, and received every attention from, his secretary. Description of these residences is needless. To see one good Moorish house, is to see all of the same class. The art, *par excellence*, in which the Moors excelled, was that of architecture; nevertheless, their architects are said not to have enjoyed the same professional *status* as their European brethren, but only to have ranked as mere artizans. The builders of most of these larger dwellings were Christian slaves. So at least we are told, perhaps to reconcile one to the new dynasty. *Savans* say that no pure specimen of Arab architecture is to be found in Algiers, excepting, I believe, the Grand Mosque, and even this has undergone much deterioration.

One external model serves for all Moorish houses, alike for the wealthy and the poor. Their dimensions will differ, but this is about the only distinctive outward sign. Unlike our houses, where the elevation is a primary object, the aspect of the Moorish dwellings cannot be too plain, too poor; I had almost said, too ugly. Those country houses which, like the one we have taken, are become French property, have, of course, French windows; but in the hands of their former masters, they presented a blank surface, only occasionally relieved by one balcony, and one window jealously guarded by venetians. A whitewashed quadrilateral, with flat roofs, offers no beauty without, but within they cannot be too lavishly ornamented, or too deliciously furnished. A symbol this of Moslem life, with its impenetrable mysteries!

The quadrangular gallery supported on pillars, protecting the ground floor from the powerful rays of the sun, and surmounting an open court, is a feature common to

all. The size and flooring of these courts, the workmanship of the pillars, quickly discover the rank of the owner. Marble paving, flowing fountains, central floral adornments, and galleries carved and gilded, in the abodes of the wealthy, mark the cloistered court, which corresponds to the *impluvium* or the *cava ædium* of the ancient Romans. Both admitted light to the dwelling, and in both, audiences were given, business transacted, and company received on state occasions. *El-oust,* or the centre, was the Moorish name employed to designate it. Outer porticoes, handsome arched doorways, and massive wooden doors covered with emblems, mark the entrance to grand abodes such as that now appropriated to the bishopric. The secretary was very obliging, and showed us all over the palace, not excepting the Bishop's bedroom, and library..

We saw a picture representing the Bishop on his arrival in Algiers, young and handsome. Another of later date, with his beard of patriarchal growth, sets an example to his clergy, which they have not been slow to imitate.

The principal entrance to the Governor's palace, is from the Place du Gouvernement, and the whole *façade* is the work of the imperial engineers. The walls are richly ornamented with sculpture, and wood carvings, painted and gilded fish, and other adornments.

From thence to the bibliothèque, and the museum, to which has been assigned another large Moorish house in the Rue Lotophages; but for some unknown reason it was shut, and we had to postpone our visit. We were not much more fortunate in our next attempt to see the Moorish girls' school, in the Rue de Toulon; for, although Madame Luce was at home, and most kindly showed us everything, we had unthinkingly selected a Friday, the

day when the larger part of her pupils absent themselves. My great object was to inspect her celebrated *ouvroir*, where, of course, the gentlemen of our party could not hope for admittance, but as they were permitted to rest in a room opening on the court, and filled with specimens of the ingenuity and industry of her school, they had no ground of complaint.

Madame Luce took me up to "the workroom," which is held in the square gallery, and in some of the narrow rooms on the floor, wherever the black-eyed workers thought fit to deposit themselves. These were few in number, but in every imaginable attitude—sitting up, leaning against the walls, and balustrades, or stooping over their beautiful embroidery. It seems that the revival of this branch of Arab art, is partly due to the taste and patronage of English visitors. These wondrous *broderies* were being buried in oblivion, and the stitches almost forgotten, until lately. I learnt a new and very pretty stitch from a beautiful little Moorish child, who was edging a handkerchief in silk. Three or four girls were occupied on the same piece of embroidery—some large curtain, or hanging—the design outlined in black floss, the pattern filled up with silks of brilliant hues. It is curious to see the necessity which seems involved in these Arabesque patterns, of never making two sides of the same article to match. If the outlines are similar, the colours must differ. Their white work was what I most admired, whether the exquisite cashmere burnouses, and mantles for ladies, worked in white floss silk, or the beautiful muslin curtains embroidered in white and gold, specimens of which were shown us in the exhibition room.

The price of her costliest things would require a well-stocked purse: 150*l.* the pair for Arab thread gold-

embroidered curtains, sounds alarming. The beautiful Zouave jackets are cheaper, about 6*l.* each. There are, however, specimens shown to meet every pocket and every requirement, whether of ornament or dress.

All these things were exhibited in the Great Exhibition at Kensington, in 1862, and will doubtless be remembered by some of my readers. The history of this energetic woman is so remarkable, and, to those anxious for the welfare of the now degraded Moorish women, so interesting, that I think I shall be excused if I give an outline of her proceedings. A sketch of them appeared in the *Englishwoman's Journal* sometime since, from which I abridge the following particulars. The article to which I refer, is from the pen of Madame Bodichon.

Mademoiselle Eugénie Berlau was born at Montréchat, in Touraine, in the Hotel de Ville, her father being at the time Secrétaire de la Mairie. This little girl was the twelfth child of her parents, in a country where the salaries of officials will scarcely admit of their bringing up a much smaller family with any degree of comfort. When she was four years old, they removed to an old chateau, where little Eugénie spent many happy days in a dreamy seclusion, roaming over the fields, and making intimate acquaintance with every tree and leaf, of the surrounding woods.

Her education was irregular enough. She was allowed free access to her father's library, and read and studied at will. Her chief studies of life appear to have been derived from freely mixing with the country people around, whom she vainly endeavoured to innoculate with her own love of the beauties of nature.

Notwithstanding her wild life, the little girl grew up very *sage*. She made her *première communion* at eleven

years of age, and the *curé* was so struck by her attainments, that he promoted her to the office of *moniteur* to the other children.

"The Berlau family were strong Royalists, and Eugénie's childhood was passed just at the most stormy time, when the Bonapartists and the Legitimists were openly or secretly struggling for the supreme power. One day, during the *Cent Jours*, she was visiting a married sister, who resided some miles from Montréchat. In company with several other children, she went to see an old tower, situated in the midst of a garden. In this garden was an outhouse, the door of which was fastened. The children, bent on discovering what was inside, poked and peeped till they managed to see that it was full of arms, piled up; Eugénie, with characteristic daring, made her way in, and there found, not only the weapons, but an immense black flag, on which glared in great white letters, this sinister motto, *La Nation Outragée.* It was a Bonapartist banner, and the little royalist, much offended, seized it with both hands, and tore it right in two! Napoleon was in temporary authority during the famous Hundred Days, and the family were in a deadly fright lest the Bonapartists of the neighbourhood should know what had occurred. They were obliged to buy the silence of the servant who was with the children, and Eugénie went back to her parents with a reputation for patriotism somewhat dearly purchased."

When Eugénie was thirteen years old, her parents suffered deep affliction by the death of the brother nearest to her in age. To rouse them from their grief, she "persuaded her father to quit his country life, and remove once more into Montréchat. As a further means of creating a little more movement in the house, she opened a small school, of which the pupils were as old as

she herself; but at thirteen she was so tall and womanly, that no one would have guessed her age. Three years after, when one of the inspectors came to Montréchat, he told her to make haste and grow older, in order that he might give her a regular certificate as schoolmistress.

"But other plans were entertained for Eugénie by her family; her parents wished to see her, and her younger sister married before they died, and proposed to her a M. Allix as a husband. She overheard them talking one night about their extreme anxiety to see her settled, and thus it was that, at the age of twenty-one, in January of the year 1826, she became Madame Allix. Little is known, and nothing need be said, about this marriage, but that it was a very unhappy and unsuitable tie. M. Allix had been brought up for the priesthood, which idea he had renounced as the time approached for taking holy orders. Why he married, and why once married he did not make his young wife happy, is one of those sad mysteries which are best left in the shadowed privacy of domestic life. That Madame Allix three times returned to her father's house, and at last, with her father's consent, fled to Algiers, then recently acquired by the French, is enough to say; and so great was her distress, and so moving her representations, that on M. Allix sending to inquire for the fugitive, the Algerine authorities actually sent back word *that no such woman had been heard of in the colony!*

"Madame Allix had left her only child, her daughter, in her mother's care, and now commenced a severe struggle for her own maintenance. In those early days of the colony, there was little for an educated lady to do, and Madame Allix courageously accepted any and every employment she could find. She gave lessons occasionally, but she also took in sewing, and even *washing*, for the

military hospital; owing no man anything, and earning honourable bread. In this way passed many years, obscure years of industry, and unmarked, so far as the purposes of this biography are concerned, except by the death of her father in 1837; but during which Madame Allix was slowly maturing a plan, destined later to produce much fruit,—a plan for the education of Moorish women; a school in which girls of Mahomedan family should be taught the language and somewhat of the civilization of the conquering race.

"The Government had already established schools for instructing native boys in French, &c., but these institutions were not flourishing; the Mahomedans dreaded entrusting their children to Christians, more particularly if the Catholic priests had any share in the work; and one Mufti, a Mahomedan ecclesiastic, was actually deported to the Ile St. Marguérite for contumacy upon this subject. As to the girls, nobody ever thought of them; and, indeed, any European who came to know the ways and customs of the Moresques, the religious and social tyranny under which they suffer, and their own utter debased ignorance, might well despair of effecting any sort of good among them. The lower ranks walk about the streets closely veiled, excepting a narrow slit for the eyes; but the upper class of Moorish women rarely stir out except to the bath, or the cemetery, or to visit their friends. Three or four times a year to the mosque, completes their part of the religious ceremonies enjoined by the Koran. They can neither read nor write, and they are not taught any manual art by which women deprived of other means of subsistence might gain their daily bread." They seldom know their own ages; but the crowning degradation in the life of Moslem women is, that while yet only eleven or twelve years old,

they are liable to be sold in marriage to a husband they have never seen.

Such were the unpromising materials, out of which Madame Luce ventured to hope she might yet elevate Moorish womanhood, to a condition approaching that of her European sisters. She set to work, firmly persuaded that, until some change had penetrated to the interiors of Moorish dwellings, no true amalgamation with the conquering race could ever take place.

"While forming her plans, and collecting her funds, she perfected herself in a knowledge of the native language. In 1845, just fifteen years after the conquest, she commenced a campaign among the Moorish families of her personal acquaintance, endeavouring to persuade the fathers, and mothers, to entrust their little girls to her care for a few hours every day, that they might be taught to read and write French, and also to sew neatly,—an accomplishment in which the Moresques are as deficient as they are in Latin, and mathematics. By dint of coaxing, presents, entreaties, and the most solemn assurances that she would not interfere with the religion of the children—by using, in short, her personal influence with all the energy of a philanthropist, and the tact of a Frenchwoman, she contrived to get together four little girls, whom she installed in a house she hired for the purpose, and she began to teach them without an hour's delay. By degrees, as the rumour of her plan spread among the Mussulmen, one child after another dropped in upon her, till the numbers ran up to thirty and to forty. Finding it answer beyond her hopes, she then began to demand support from the local government—the same support which they gave to the education of boys; telling the officials that it was in vain to hope to rear a better, a more rational and civilized race of Mussul-

men, so long as their wives and the mothers of the next generation were left in worse than the ignorance of the brutes, to whom God has given sufficient intelligence for the performance of the simple duties, and the enjoyment of the simple pleasures, of their state. But the Algerine officials saw no manner of good in educating Moorish women; they did not believe that 'as the wife is so the husband is,' reversing Tennyson's stanza in 'Locksley Hall;' and though they complimented Madame Allix upon her energy, they declined allowing her pecuniary assistance. She, who had counted on demonstrating to them the value and the success of the experiment, was almost in despair. The expenses were heavy, and altogether defrayed by her; the children had to be bribed to come, and to be helped, such as were of poor families, by food, clothing, lodging, and school-books. It all fell on her small means, and though the school was answering in its moral and intellectual ends, there seemed nothing for it but to close it, and lament over the failure of so noble an experiment, and the waste of so much time and money."

This was in 1845. Ever since, struggling against discouragements and difficulties, sometimes pawning her plate and trinkets, once even her gold thimble, Madame Allix—now Madame Luce—has managed in some form or other to keep open her school. One administration objected to the work, and would only aid if she confined her efforts to intellectual training. Another government would make a grant for an industrial school, but the "three R's" were to be banished.

Her own desire from the first was to combine the two, and to raise the moral and intellectual standard. She has had, however, again and again to bow to stern necessity, and at the present time books are prohibited. One cannot feel quite the same interest in this work as in that

carried on in Cairo by Miss Whately: the training in the one case being for time, the other for eternity. Still, Madame Luce's indomitable energy commands our esteem and admiration. It is a step, and a very important one, in the right direction; and to any intending visitors to Algiers I would say, by no means omit a visit of inspection and encouragement to Madame Luce's school.

We had wished to inspect also the Government school for Arab boys; but on learning that these young Moslems were still more devout than their sisters, as far as playing truant on the Friday proves them so, we postponed our intended visit to another day,

Saturday, April 2d.—Busy trying to gain useful hints for next week. As yet, all may be comprised in these two: take some tea and plenty of wraps. It will of course be cold on the mountain-tops, though here it is now extremely warm.

Heard from the Misses T. a full account of their visit to the Kabyle district, from whence they have just returned. Fort Napoleon is as it were the entrance-gate to Kabylia. In hopes of making an excursion thither, I have noted every particular.

Our friends took a carriage from here, and made a three days' journey of it. The last part of the way has to be performed on mules. Tizzi-Ouzou, the halting-place for carriages, is 100 kilo., or 60 miles, from Algiers, and boasts a good hotel. Four hours' riding the following day, brings the traveller to Fort Napoleon, where the Hotel de la Régence again offers a resting-place. Few more congenial spots, it would seem, could be selected by artists who desire to bring back characteristic mementos of Algeria. They say the deep blue hue of the mountains, cannot possibly be pictured by those who have not been there.

Before reaching Tizzi-Ouzon, they passed a fort called Bordj Sebaôu, to which the Kabyles point with pride, as the scene of a successful resistance made by them against the Turks in 1830. In proof thereof, they show some skulls of Turkish soldiers whitening in a neighbouring pit.

Fort Napoleon is, however, as its name imports, a French fortress, and the key to the now conquered Kabyle territory. Marshal Randon laid the first stone of this stronghold in 1857, and five months after, it was completed, defying all attacks. All this we hope, ere long, to see for ourselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT TO THE INTERIOR.

Train to Blidah—Beni-Mered—The celebrated Orangeries of Blidah—Its History—Want of Trees in Algeria—Arab Chanting—Gorge de la Chiffa—Ruisseau des Singes—Stalactite Cavern—Crossing the River—Oleanders—Col de Mouzaia—Arrival at Medéah—Negro Dance—Animal Magnetism—Kinēsapathy—Description of Medéah—Its past History.

On the 4th of April we started on our long-deferred excursion to Blidah, and from thence to some of the chief beauties of that part of Algeria. At 12.30 the train bore us from Algiers—a small but pleasant party of four, prepared to enjoy alike our company and our tour, to sleep at road-side inns, and to rough it if needs be; but, at all events, to keep together, for better for worse, for the space of one week; to glean all the information in our power, and to treasure it up for the benefit of those who should follow in our steps.

The difficulty of ever obtaining accurate information, by the way, was exemplified ere we reached Blidah, for at Beni-Mered we were struck by an elegant little column, evidently erected *in memoriam;* and on inquiring its history from our fellow-travellers, we were told it was erected in commemoration of an attack made by 3,000 Arabs on nine French soldiers, who, with two guns, kept their assailants at bay until assistance arrived from Boufarik, by which time one Frenchman alone remained to tell the tale. These facts we duly noted in our memories, and on arriving at Blidah, two residents,

who most kindly escorted us about, asked if we had seen the column, the story of which was that a sergeant and 23 men had kept 4,000 Arabs at bay, three only surviving. Consulting our guide-book, on returning to the hotel, we found the assailants to have been 300 in number, the defenders 22, and the survivors 5 !

The railway journey was soon performed, the distance being only thirty miles. They talk of extending the line to Oran on the west, and Constantine on the east, but at present it terminates at Blidah. On first quitting Algiers the route it takes is alongside the sea, as far as Hassein Dey, then at a little distance from the strand until the Maison Carrée is passed, after which it enters upon the plain of the Metidja, and describing a wide curve, the line pursues a direction from north-east to south-west, and finally dashes in amid the orangeries of Blidah.

These orangeries are found all over Algeria, and one of the first questions exchanged between visitors usually is, "Have you seen the orangeries of Blidah ?" Of course, therefore, our steps on arriving were turned at once towards the gardens of the Hesperides. Perhaps, to have seen them in full fruition, we should have gone in the month of February—but when are orange-trees otherwise than delicious? By the latest statistics we learnt that 280 acres are covered with these trees ; that there are 10,781 orange-trees of full growth bearing fruit, and 12,436 recently planted. There are also 4,119 lemon-trees, 2,026 citrons, 2,148 Chinese orange-trees, and 265 cédras. This latter is a fruit much valued for preserving It looks like a huge lemon, about as big as a baby's head, but is more like an apple internally. In addition to the above, they have now upwards of 35,000 young trees ready to be transplanted, and placed in the orangeries. From the above figures it will readily be inferred that

Blidah carries on a thriving trade with this fruit, supplying even the markets of Marseilles and Paris. In the vicinity of Algiers it rarely ripens, some say owing to the proximity to the sea; others, because the trees are not watered as at Blidah. We can form but an imperfect idea of what the approach to this town must formerly have been, the greater part of these orange and lemon forests having been cut down to clear the different entrances to the place. Even as they now exist, they are said to be greatly superior to those of the Governor of Malta, which are so celebrated.

Blidah (the "Bida Colonia" of Ptolemy, as Shaw calls it, though other authorities deny it) is situated at the foot of the Lesser Atlas, in a sort of gorge or deep valley, which adds considerably to the beauty of its appearance. The town is well built, the streets being regular, and as wide as those of Algiers. In 1825 it was visited by an earthquake, which threw down its walls, and destroyed the greater part of the place, and 7,000 of its inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins. Since then, however, it has been rebuilt, and is sometimes known by the name of New Blidah. The Arabs delight to call it by the name bestowed on the place by Mohamed-Ben-Yousef,—"A Little Rose," and which it justly merits, from the sweet perfume which is borne on the breeze, and greets the traveller on his entrance. The population, which formerly amounted to 14,000 or 15,000, is now reduced to about 3,500 Europeans and 4,500 natives, making a total of 8,000.

This much we gleaned, partly from our very intelligent guides, and partly from works already published. One of the best of English authorities, though not the most recent, is Mr. Morrell.

We were told here that the last accounts received from

Nice, spoke of a severe thinning among the orange-trees, the cold this last winter having killed them in great numbers. Neither at Algiers, nor at Blidah, has there been cold enough to destroy a single tree—a proof, as they triumphantly asserted, of the great superiority of the climate, for invalids requiring warmth. The verdure of the slopes of the mountains, as we approached Blidah, specially struck us. Seen in the distance from Algiers, we had thought the hills, dark, frowning, rugged, and barren; but on nearing them, they were found clothed with trees, and patches of vegetation.

This applies, at all events, to the last ridge of hills under which Blidah is ensconced. It is covered with trees, and even cultivated to its very summit, hence they obtain here the abundant supply of water which fertilizes the orangeries, but which is denied to Algiers. Those who felled the date-palms, and other trees, were either ignorant, or heedless, of the effects which must follow. With the loss of so much leaf, and vegetable mould, to retain the moisture in the rainy season, the torrents, when they fall, rush over the ground with the impetuosity of rivers, and are no longer imbibed, and kept in storehouses to feed the much-needed springs.

Having completed our survey of the orange-gardens, and *pépinières*, where the golden fruit still peeped out from its encircling white blossoms, and shining leaves, we returned to our hotel, to prepare for a long day on the morrow.

On the way back we had an opportunity of noting the characteristic gravity of the Arab character. Strange chanting attracted us to a circle in one of the squares, where a man was making a most monotonous sound, and this only at intervals, yet a ring of at least eighty or a hundred Arabs, seated on the ground, or standing

around, demonstrated how greatly the entertainment was enjoyed.

April 5th.—We were up early this morning, and prepared to start, after swallowing a cup of coffee. We had engaged a carriage, which was to take us about in our wanderings for the sum of 25 francs *per diem;* we having nothing to do with the food of either man or beast—beasts I should rather say, for our steeds numbered three. "Will you be sure to send us a driver who does not drink?" we had said over-night; but received only the encouraging reply, that they all did so, with the exception of the Arabs, and the master had not one handy just then, with whom to entrust his horses. He was himself a Spaniard, and did not speak altogether respectfully of the French.

But now we were off, quaffing in the delicious morning air, and unheeding any danger from that quarter, which might possibly be looming in the future. It did not seem long that we had to travel the dusty road between Blidah, and Marengo, before we turned off to the left, to follow the windings of the river, through the far-famed, and magnificent gorge of the Chiffa. The road here is considered a perfect triumph of engineering skill, so great were the difficulties to be met, and overcome, before it could be achieved. It is the work of the army, as all such works are in Algiers; and considering the obstacles which we are told had to be encountered, it certainly does the soldiers credit. We could well believe that during the rainy season it was previously impassable, that mountains on each side hemmed in, and obstructed the pathway, and that the rocks sometimes approached so near, that a man could not always stand erect. All this was more or less self-evident; but Count St. Marie, as quoted by Morrell, states the astounding

fact, that the road which passes through this said glen crosses, and recrosses the river Chiffa, no fewer than *sixty-two* times. I counted, both in going to, and returning from, Medéah, and could only make out *six* times; and am perfectly positive that this feat was not achieved more than eight times at the outside.

About half-way through the gorge, we stopped to *déjeûner* at the Café des Singes, or, as the occupants wrote it up, the "Grand *Hautel du* Ruisseau des Singes;" a most charming little retreat, as far as natural beauties were concerned, but offering the traveller no opportunity for repose, if inclined to pass the night there, and only very meagre fare.

A letter ordering breakfast to be ready, had not been received, so we had an hour to look about us, while the trout were being taken out of a sort of tank, in which they were kept for any such emergencies, the fowl was having its neck wrung, and its eggs were being manufactured into omelettes. Up the ravine we toiled, following the course of a mountain stream, which in its rapid descent leapt over, or made its way under, huge boulders, watering pinnated ferns, and verdant lycopodiums, and rolling its sparkling waters from time to time, into glorious cascades; sometimes pouring in one grand volume from under an overhanging rock, and sometimes parted into three currents by intervening crags. The late rains greatly favoured us in this respect, for the mountain streams subside as rapidly as they rise.

But this was the "Ruisseau des Singes," and "Where are the monkeys? Can we see any apes?" was our first inquiry. The Consul was there about a month since, and he saw between thirty and forty, at 9 A.M. We arrived at 9.40, and although the answer to our queries encouraged us to hope, I only saw one of the

tribe; and that one, I am forced to confess, chained to a tree. One of our party, who scaled rocks, and penetrated thickets which daunted the others, was fortunate enough to see a second; but altogether we sat down to breakfast somewhat disappointed, and fain to console ourselves with hearing their screeching, which was loud enough, overhead.

I must not omit to record here that for our very humble repast, we paid the exorbitant sum of 14 francs, or 3½ francs each; 8 francs would have been ample remuneration; and we found afterwards that the place was usually avoided by more experienced travellers, on account of the notorious impositions. We seriously contemplated writing to the *Times*.

Once more we wended our way through the lovely gorge, along a road which rests the whole way on a strong embankment, and requires at times skilful coachmanship, not to go too near the overhanging cliff on the one side, or the precipitous descent on the other.

The monkeys gave unmistakable evidence of their presence, and of their resentment at such unheard-of intrusion, when the army were engaged in cutting this road. Unexpected stones would come rolling down on the workmen, hurled by these monkeys, who formed themselves into volunteer corps to resist the French invasion. The soldiers were often seriously injured in these encounters, and some were even killed, without any compensating glory.

Not far from the Ruisseau des Singes, and the hotel bearing its name, is an enormous stalactite cave, similar to those in Derbyshire, or at Cheddar Cliffs, only on a scale of greater magnitude. Strange and fantastic forms are to be seen, the result of the everlasting drip, drip, drip, which is the only music to be heard, as the daring

explorer ventures onward to penetrate the heart of the mountain. Our enterprising countryman, Col. Walmsley, describes the sights which met his wondering gaze, and which seem worthy a place in the "Arabian Nights," specially a cold, white, dripping figure of a woman holding a child in her arms, as if both had stood shivering there till they turned to the icy, cold, uncouth statuary before him. He made closer acquaintance with the gaunt figure than he desired, for a bend in the slippery rock sent him headlong into a pool beneath, where his light was extinguished, and his lucifers hopelessly wetted. For two long hours he groped in the fearful darkness in which he was plunged—ever and anon, as he reached out his hands to guide himself, finding by the touch that he had again encountered the slimy, dripping figure of the woman and her child. He ends by telling us that these huge caverns are as yet unexplored, and that a rugged defile, and steep descent, will lead any venturesome spirit to the dark, winding passage, where this figure still stands as guardian of the place.

Soon we reached "*la Cascade*," as the spot is improperly called, for it should certainly be "*les Cascades*." Down the opposite mountains, from which we are separated by the river Chiffa, fall several streams or torrents, like silver threads in the distance, divided in one instance into three lace-like falls, in others descending with a single plunge. This we thought the loveliest part of the glen, until we reached a point beyond the Pont du Lode Merga. Here the road, before, and behind, is completely hid, and one seems entirely hemmed in by mountains near, and distant. I counted twelve of these peaks, and the strange, grand effect can scarcely be described.

Then our road lay alongside the stream, and we passed through groves of oleanders. The flowers, the shrubs, the

tints, the colourings, with a cloudless azure sky overhead, gave us endless sources of enjoyment, till we at length emerged from the Gorge, and commenced the long ascent of the hill, on the summit of which Medéah is situated. Here the magnificent views called glasses, and telescopes into requisition, and Coléah, like a city set on a hill, appeared in the distance, with Cherchel, and the blue sea beyond.

The Col-de-Mouzaïa recalled the memory of some of the many fierce, and bloody struggles, through which the French had to pass, to possess the country. Marshal Clauzel, ignorant or heedless of the danger to which he exposed his troops, ventured across the Pass of Mouzaïa, while the heights above the narrow defile were crowded with armed Kabyles. With undaunted bravery, the French soldiers scaled the rocks in face of their foes, hoping to dispossess them. But no sooner did they reach the top, than the Arabs ceasing to fire, seized them by their leathern girdles, and precipitated them into the abyss beneath.

As we wound our way upward, the mountains on either side assumed an aspect we had never noticed before. It was not so much their own blue tint, as the evident blueness of the atmosphere, between us and them, and which we could only compare to a thin veil of deep blue gauze being stretched between. It had a most peculiar effect. Could it have arisen from the rarified state of the atmosphere?

We reached Medéah about half-past five, and giving ourselves an hour before dinner, chartered an intelligent young Kabyle to conduct us about the town.

He informed us that a negro dance was going on, and led us to the spot where the performance was taking place, in a small and dilapidated court-yard of a Moorish house. The ceremony was something so

peculiarly African, as to merit description. A large ring was formed of intending performers, who were all squatted on the ground. In the centre were two old Africans, with huge drums, on which they played a rat-ta-ta-tat with ever increasing vigour. Facing them were some younger negroes, with brass instruments of a nondescript kind, which they clashed together, in time, if not in tune, responsive; adding considerably to the din. Behind them sat two, or three rows of impotent folks—maim, halt, and suffering in various ways,—who had come to be touched on this auspicious occasion. In the outer circle, which included lookers-on of every description, we found ourselves, watching the strange proceedings with painful interest, mingled, perhaps, with scientific curiosity. A small balcony looked into this court, which was crowded with Moorish women, who, I suppose, had received special permission to witness this grand affair.

As soon as the music began, first one then another negress, began swaying and rocking herself about, each as if winding herself up to the right pitch of excitement. At length one after another arose, and began making a few solemn and uncouth steps in time to the jingling instruments, and then usually sank down exhausted into the arms of her sympathizing sisterhood, who rubbed and chafed her till she was able to resume the exercise. Strengthened by their kind offices, she would soon begin again with greater vigour, and, becoming more and more excited, would take off first one, and then another of her many scarfs and coverings, till she got into a kind of frenzy.

We noticed one in particular,—most of the performers were old women, with hands and feet as like the web foot of an ostrich, or an old turkey cock, as anything to which I can compare them,—but this was a brawny

NEGRO MUSICIANS.

specimen of a strong, healthy young Africaness, with arms muscular enough to serve as a model for a Hercules. As soon as she had sufficiently disrobed, and her discarded wardrobe been carefully received by other negresses, she made her way to the infirm patients opposite, and began seizing on their limbs, and pulling them about most unmercifully; finishing off in each case with the head, which I expected occasionally to see dislocated from the neck. However, the sufferers looked not only resigned, but most grateful for the attentions bestowed. The whole affair was clearer to us, than I suspect it was to themselves, for the beneficial results, if any such ensued, were evidently, though perhaps unknown to the actors, obtained by animal magnetism.

I remember a mesmerist in London telling us, that on one occasion, after he had been delivering a lecture on animal magnetism, an African came up to him, and said,—

"Well, I dare say this may be new to you, but in my country we have always known all about it."

"Where did you learn it?" asked the lecturer.

"Oh, we never learnt it. We always had it in our tribes. Whenever any one is ill amongst us, we send for a man who has this power, and he comes and makes what you call 'passes,' and then he gets well again. We never take any other medicine."

In Sweden, so highly is kinēsipathy estimated, that a Professorial Chair at Gottenburg rewards the attainment of this art; and certainly if ever at a loss for a practical kinēsipathist, some powerful ones might be secured from amongst the negro dancers of Medéah. The worst is, that amongst the ignorant and uninformed, it is always mixed up with so much of superstition, that the power which might be so beneficially exercised becomes sinful.

We asked our Kabyle whether they said anything while performing these manipulations.

"Oh yes," he said; "they invoke *le bon Dieu.*"

But, inasmuch as they are heathen, I strongly suspect it is the aid of the Evil One which is invoked. I have formerly known a good deal of witchcraft in England, when I regarded it as unmitigated nonsense, blasphemy, and sin. Since then I have learnt enough to regret the ignorance which occasions the sin, and to regard the possession of magnetic power, when rightly employed, as one of unspeakable importance.

It is surely a mistake to pooh-pooh well-authenticated facts, and scientific deductions, as some do. The learned and cautious Baron Reichenbach conducted his profound investigations on magnetism for thirty years, ere he would publish the valuable results obtained. And Arago, the greatest *savan*, perhaps, of Europe, addressed to l'Académie Royal of Paris a paper, containing the opinions at which he had arrived, on no light grounds, telling them that a power evidently resided in the human body, which it were worse than useless to ignore; that if the subject were not taken up by learned men, and handled aright, it would necessarily fall into the hands of charletans, and knaves, and might be turned to the worst of uses.

We should have been glad, indeed, could we have told these poor blacks, how wisely, and rightly, to employ the magnetic force which was apparently possessed by the pseudo-dancers; and far more so, could we have spoken to them of the one thing needful; but language, and opportunity, were alike wanting. After seeing first one, then another, go off the stage in a prostrate state, we left, to complete our survey of the town.

Medéah stands 2,990 feet above the level of the sea, and the views on all sides, well reward the toilsomeness of

the ascent thereto, but the small town itself, contains little of interest. The invariable marks of the conquest—strong surrounding fortifications—on one side crowned the crest of the hills; and thither we bent our steps to see the glorious sunset, but hunger soon compelled us to make our way back to the Hôtel de la Régence, where we found the accommodation, and the fare, both such as to be called good, especially with a contented frame of mind. G. and Mr. H. have made a later reconnaissance of the place, but only to report that the views from the ramparts by moonlight were beautiful, and that we had better be up betimes, to climb some of the neighbouring heights.

To make our explorations more interesting, I must jot down in brief what we have already made out as to the history of this place.

Medéah, sometimes spelt Medeyah, the El Mediä of the Arabs, contains a population of between 6,000 and 7,000 souls, its numbers having been greatly thinned by the wars which have desolated it. The mountains around, have frequently sheltered hosts of armed Kabyles, and even the Bey of Titteri, who was placed at Medéah by the French, could not resist throwing himself into their arms, instead of remaining faithful to his new masters. This defalcation was severely chastised by Marshal Clauzel in 1836, and a new Bey appointed in his place. They gave him arms, ammunition, and money, wherewith to defend his position. However, Abd-el-Kader's lieutenant came in from the hills one fine morning, and demanded all the guns, small arms, cartouches, and gold, which were ceded, and sent off to the Emir. Thereupon the French army returned, and, after another battle, re-occupied the place, in 1840. Again it was taken, and retaken; but since May, 1841, it has been definitely

occupied by the French; and since then peace—the peace of the conquered—has reigned at Medéah.

The vine is largely cultivated here, and the wine is said to be very good. If this be so, I cannot say we tasted it at dinner. However, 700 or 800 acres are, we were told, under cultivation as vineyards in the neighbourhood. The features of the country differ from those around Algiers. The cactus, the palm, and the orange-tree seem not to be indigenous, and are only to be seen in gardens. The cherry, and even the apple-tree, are found here.

Their cereal harvests are very abundant. The Arabs used to have a saying, that "If poverty entered Medéah at dawn, it always left again before sunset." How charming a figure of speech! Who would not wish to have lived at Medéah?

CHAPTER XX.

THE INTERIOR.

Ramparts of Medéah—Aqueduct—Storks building their Nests in Chimneys—Country around Medéah—Vineyards—An English Colonist—Arab Tribal Tenures of Land—Glen in Returning—Cantonniers—A Miracle—Origin of the River Chiffa—Camels Browsing—French Encampment—Danger from Fever — Bourkika Road-side Inn — Drive to Millianah — French Prisoners—Iron Springs—Arab Version of their Origin—Bathing Establishments for the Military—Village Inn—Plains of Algeria—Arab Huts —Vesoul-Benyan—Millianah.

Wednesday, April 6th.—Up at early morn, and off to the ramparts, through which we could find no exit to the country beyond, except by making a circuit of half the town. We emerged through one of the fortified gates—for Medéah has no less than five—into a capital road, which led us under a fine old aqueduct, one of the many triumphant remains of the ancient Romans, exemplifying *their* idea of benefiting their colonies. The structure consisted of a massive wall, with a continuation of arched perforations, large enough for door-ways, in two tiers, one above the other, and conveys water from springs in the neighbouring hills to the town. The Sultan Youssef-ben-Tachefin repaired it in 1156. It still feeds all the fountains of the place, the prettiest of which is a bronze one which we saw in the *Place d'Armes.*

The military hospital and barracks which we had just quitted, have replaced the Casbah, which here, as everywhere, crowned the highest point of the town. Medéah was the capital of the province of Titteri, but by the progress of events, too common in every country where

a conquering army once sets its foot, it finally became wholly under French dominion.

In mountainous districts, the houses, instead of the flat terraces, have usually tiled roofs; and from the tall chimneys issuing from one of these, we saw a pair of storks building their nest. Continuing our walk, the views through these apertures in the aqueduct, of the distant hills and villages scattered here and there, looked like a picture set in a frame. We were bound for a rock which crested a neighbouring hill, and which we gained, despite being warned off by fierce Kabyle dogs, which guarded their masters' property on each side. These dogs rarely, if ever, leave the boundaries of the premises they undertake to guard; still they are formidable foes, and fear naught but the stones with which we had to be well armed.

Looking to the southward, we saw the sandy plateau which is called by the Arabs *Msalla;* and far off, embosomed in the mountains, we saw one of the small lakes with which the interior abounds, lying glittering in the morning sun. Glancing back at Medéah, we could see nothing but the tall, military, French buildings, which are intended to remind the Arabs of the hopelessness of ever reconquering their own.

From our point of view, we could also plainly see distant Millianah; and most tantalizing it was to know that, unless on horseback, we could not go direct there from Medéah, but must retrace our steps almost as far as Blidah, to get into the high road. Our only consolation was that our road lay for hours through that magnificent Gorge, which would well repay another visit.

The carriage was ordered at a quarter to eleven, but our Jehu was not forthcoming; and when he did appear, at half-past eleven, it was quite evident, in spite of his

asseverations to the contrary, that he was not quite steady in the upper story. Meanwhile, however, we had made the acquaintance of a gentleman, the only English resident in the place, which compensated for the delay. Mr. F. had come out here, two years ago, to try the experiment of farming, and is perfectly satisfied with the result. For a farm of ninety acres, including a house, and the usual buildings attached, he gave 15,000 francs. The "leading article" of cultivation on these said farms is the vine, alike at Medéah and Algiers.

Mr. F. told us that he found the Arabs to work well, and he employs one Frenchman to every ten Arabs. Query, did he mean Arabs, or Kabyles, who are always industrious, and great agriculturists?

In two or three years, according to Mr. F. a return of £300 or £400 a year, might be expected on an outlay of £2,000.

It is but recently that a sufficient security for their purchase-money, could be guaranteed by Government to intending cultivators, and even now it is not satisfactorily settled in all parts of Algeria. In 1862, a Captain Lyons came over here, intending to buy land, and establish himself as a colonist; but such was the difficulty, and impossibility of securing a title, that he was forced to abandon the idea.

The way the land was formerly owned, and appropriated by the Arabs, was as follows:—A tribe came and settled on an unclaimed tract of land, and cultivated it until the soil was considered exhausted. They then took up their tents, and wandered about till they found some other spot suitable for their purpose. No one dared disturb a tribe in possession, and the French—not wishing to provoke disturbances—were at first content to claim merely such portions as had been unclaimed by others. But the

position of affairs could not always remain thus, and the demands of Captain Lyons, and others, to be allowed to purchase, resulted in a decision of the Governor-General to allot to each tribe a sufficient tract of land, to which they must henceforth confine themselves. This being viewed by the Arabs as an infringement of their rights, occasioned an *émeute*, and a loud clamour for the Governor's recall. Since then a deputation of Arab chiefs has visited Paris, to lay their grievances before the Emperor in person. Happily his firmness proved a match for Arab expostulations; the law as laid down by the Duke of Malakoff, became henceforth the rule in Algeria, and the complex tribal tenures previously existing, are now abolished.

If we go back to the eventful year 1830, and the wording of the treaty, by virtue of which the French became possessed of the city of Algiers, and the forts and harbours depending on it, we shall find no mention made of the provinces, or of the native tribes. Over the latter, the authority of the Dey, indeed, was little more than nominal. Hence the loss of so much blood and treasure, when the French sought to establish their supposed rights;—*cela va sans dire*, doubtless thought the conquerors. Not so the Arabs, and Kabyles. It is only quite recently that the latter have submitted.

At length our carriage was ready, and Mr. H. took his seat on the box, prepared to seize the reins, should our coachman be inclined to capsize us in our formidable descent. However, we made our first halt, soon after entering the Gorge, in safety, and our Jehu came to invite our descent with an air of injured innocence. "Was madame afraid? Did the other lady think he had been drinking? Now, was she not convinced how unjust she had been? He drink, indeed! why, he scarcely

ever touched anything stronger than water!" And so reassured, we again committed ourselves to the guidance of our teetotaler, and pursued our way to the Pont de Lode Merga.

Just before reaching this mine, or the bridge which takes its name, I would counsel every one to halt, as here begins the most beautiful part of the glen. From thence, onwards for hours, not a point or turning which does not reveal some new features of beauty. Well-wooded slopes,—in which the pale drapery of the olive, intermingling with the cork-tree, the Palma Christi, the Carob, and the fig-tree, looks exactly like grey lichen, from the contrast to the verdant green foliage,—alternate with steep precipitous heights, through which the road has been blasted, or a quarry is still being worked for stone wherewith to repair it.

It was a comfort when we came upon any dangerous part, to see *cantonniers* employed on the causeway, for any interruption on their part, of ceaseless vigilance might be fraught with terrible consequences. Mrs. E. and myself often found our nerves somewhat tested. The sharp turnings, and the tendency of our coachman to go close to the edge, where a start on the part of the horses, might have submerged us in the bed of the Chiffa far beneath, were anything but pleasant; for, however hurtful it may be to one's *morale* to "go to the wall," it is equally injurious to one's *physique nerveuse* to go very far from it, when the unparapetted road happens to overhang a precipice.

We made our chief halt for the day at the Cascades, where I wandered about in search of a sketch, but it was all too beautiful, and I gave it up in despair. We passed a white kouba embowered on the heights, but houses as a rule were unseen; it was all Nature—wild, beautiful

Nature—through which man had made a pathway, and there left it.

I do not know how far the lovers of antiquarian lore may value local legends. One, at least, must here be given. It relates to the origin of this River Chiffa, and being a full, true, and faithful account, only needs an Arabic Homer to sing its story.

In bygone days, hereditary and exterminating feuds subsisted between the tribes located on, and around the Col, and Plain of Mouzaïa. The inhabitants of the higher part, had possessed themselves of territory which was not theirs by right, and had to maintain their invasion by force of arms. To such extent was this petty warfare carried, that the oldest warriors amongst the new comers, who called themselves Mouzaïans, were but beardless youths.

One glorious morn had scarcely dawned, when, lifting up their eyes towards the east, they saw a venerable man, with snow-white beard descending below his girdle, approaching their tents. Hatchet in hand, he trod the roughest mountain paths, and stepped across the intervening valleys. Si Mohamed-Bou-Chakour, for such was the name of this sainted man, was of a pacific turn of mind, and his power was equal to his will. Summoning before him, by some divine and invisible agency, all the enemies of the Mouzaïans, he conducted the latter into their presence, and commanded a mutual cessation of hostilities. As he spoke, all wrath and bitterness disappeared from every bosom, and was replaced by a sentiment of fraternal affection.

To recompense the enemies of the Mouzaïans for their submission, Si Mohamed promised to fertilize their country. Thus saying, he lifted his hatchet, and clave the mountain. Instantly a river rushed down the new-

made defile, and an impetuous torrent inundated the Metidja. This stream, the Sidi named the Chiffa, or river of healing, because its waters were to cure all wounds which had been received on either side, during the recent bloody conflicts.

Returning to the mountain tops, accompanied by his now devoted Mouzaïans, they implored him to perform some special miracle on their behalf. The saint consented, and ordered his disciples to bring him up every morning, to the highest peak of the Mouzaïa, a pitcher of water. This he poured down, each day, the sides of the mountain, and fertility and abundance followed. His kouba now ornaments this height; some 500 pitchers surround it, and to the present day it is the great emulation of the faithful, to keep them replenished with water.

Our adieux to the Gorge were made with regret, though the sun was getting low when we turned again into the high road. Miles of common land, as they probably were, we passed, covered with the low stunted fan palm, and saw camels browsing thereon. Then a low, damp mist hung over the plain, and we were surprised to see an encampment of French soldiery, laying itself open to attacks of rheumatism, and fever, and no one knows what other ills. The men's tents too, were not well suited to guard them from these dangers, and were such as English gipsies would have looked down on. Those appropriated to the officers, were on a par with the small ones used by our English soldiers; and as we passed, their occupants were cosily dining at little camp tables outside their tents. The only food formerly provided by the commissariat, for the soldiers on these expeditions, was ill-made biscuit. The great mortality in the army, has since led to more nutritious food being supplied; but even now, both quantity, and quality are called in question.

As a proof that *la fièvre* is not to be trifled with, Mrs. E. told us that when she was at Hyères, two or three years ago, she felt one day a chilly sensation on going down to the *table d'hôte* dinner. She mentioned it to another lady, who said she also felt rather cold, and both stood in front of the fire, warming themselves, and chatting. As the dinner proceeded, Mrs. E. felt so unwell that she left the party, and went upstairs, summoning the chambermaid to light the fire. As soon as the servant saw her shivering, and her teeth chattering, she exclaimed, "Oh, Madame, c'est la fièvre!" and at once warmed the blankets and sheets, put her in bed, gave her hot tea, and sent for the doctor. The other lady felt equally unwell, but wishing to brave it out, did not leave the table. Mrs. E. made repeated inquiries after her fellow-sufferer, as soon as she heard that this lady too was laid up. During the night her questions were as much as possible evaded, but towards morning the chambermaid replied, that she was better—that she was out of all pain, &c. Poor thing! she had died in the night, and was buried the next afternoon. On coming to Algiers, Mrs. E. was again attacked with *la fièvre*, but a prompt recourse to the prescribed remedies, mercifully checked it at once.

It was dark when we reached Bourkika, our first taste of a road-side inn. Variety is charming, and I can only say I for one, enjoyed it extremely, and would specially recommend our hotel, and our hostess, who gave up her own room, awoke the goats out of their first sleep to supply us with milk, and in fact did *tout son possible* to make us comfortable.

One great comfort on the Continent is that one need never order one's own dinner. Tell them to give you their best, and you may rest assured they will do so.

At a road-side inn in England, such a demand on the hostess, as a seven o'clock dinner at a moment's notice, and three bedrooms, would prove overpowering; but here, in Africa, it was all managed without any confusion, and the courses, which were preceded by something like soup, and terminated with a very fair dessert, were all *selon la règle* as nearly as could be.

Thursday, April 7th, found us up early, and ready to start, after partaking of bowls—not cups—of delicious coffee, and warm new goat's milk. Butter they had none, but plenty of excellent bread; and our bill on leaving amounted for the four, to 19 francs .35 cents, including *service*, so we rather wished to come across some more road-side inns. The only drawback to our enjoyment was, that Mr. H. who was liable to bronchitis, was suffering, either from sleeping in the plain, or from having been out too late, thanks to our morning's delay.

Leaving Marengo gleaming in the sunshine, to our right, we again turned off to the left, but not this time through a gorge. It was an ascent nearly the whole way through healthy, richly, if not thickly-wooded hills, and passes covered with lentisks, live oaks, and cypresses. Four military prisoners were marched before us, escorted by two mounted police. They walked in no kind of order, and often two would be far ahead of their conductors, and as they always took short cuts, and were constantly hid by the brushwood, we asked our driver if escapes were not frequent? "Oh," he said, "it would be no use if they did escape. They cannot disguise themselves, and the Arabs always catch and bring them back, receiving 25 francs a head for each prisoner so recovered."

On the summit of a wild-looking hill, we saw some buildings, and were told that hot spring iron baths were

to be had there, and that they were always opened on the 5th of May. A delicious place of resort I fancied it; and only wished it had been nearer our halt for *déjeûner*, that a dip might have been obtained while breakfast was preparing, but this, alas! was out of the question.

The Arabs, who have a very ingenious, and Arabian Night method of explaining most phenomena, give a solution of the primeval cause of these thermal springs, which is certainly original, if not conclusive. Solomon the Wise, so runs their version, erected bathing establishments the wide world over, to be heated by some subterranean devices, the secrets of which were known only to himself, and certain Genii whom he placed in charge. That these faithful guardians might neither see, hear, nor repeat, the mysteries of the place, he caused them to become deaf, dumb, and blind. Despite these slight impediments, all went smooth, till in process of time, King Solomon died, like other mortals. In vain did his ministers try to communicate this important intelligence to the Genii. In vain did they try to reduce the Civil List by striking off this expensive item. Deaf, dumb, and blind, the Genii were unable to comprehend the calamity which had taken place, and to the present day they have continued their arduous, and incessant labours, firmly believing themselves to be acting under the orders of Solomon the Great.

Meanwhile the French, under military orders, have not been slow to avail themselves of the error of the genii. It was naturally advisable, in a climate somewhat trying to European constitutions, to discover restorative springs on the spot, instead of having to transport their sick soldiers to France to cure. In the statistics published by the Minister of War, no fewer than forty sources of

mineral, and thermal waters are mentioned, as having been already discovered in Algeria.

The hot springs of Hammam-Rir'a, rise in a mountain nearly 2,000 feet high, and escape on its south-east side, where stands the bathing establishment we saw. Who knows if Hammam-Rir'a (the *Aquæ Calidæ* of the Romans) may not be destined some day to vie with the most celebrated of the German spas? Being situated only five days' journey from Paris, and six from London, it is already as attainable as they were some fifty years back. If antiquity be any recommendation, it can certainly boast of it, the foundation of the town which once surrounded the mineral springs bearing date A.D. 32. The virtues of the waters are different in the various springs.* The air here is very pure and bracing. Judging by what we felt at Millianah, it must be charming in this respect.

The little village inn where we put up, was crowded with soldiers, and other passers-by, who were enjoying their *répas du midi*. Mrs. E. and I, therefore, contented ourselves with the landlady's bed-room, while the gentlemen explored the tiny village of Lou-ad-ajah. Fish, cutlets, chicken, and omelettes, with cheese and dessert, were soon brought in, and this time a charge of only twelve francs was made, coupled with apologies, on account of the distance from any town.

Off again, and up a steep hill, broiling in the sun. In the summer, our driver told us, no carriages ever ascend it between 12 and 3 P.M. I confess they are wise. Soon the views gained were magnificent, and ere long the plain of the Cheliff, larger than that of the Metidja, opened out before us.† Snipes, and quails, are said to abound

* For the analysis of some of these springs, see Appendix.

† Some of these Algerian plains are very extensive, and might be rendered

here. The aspect of its boundary hills was very peculiar, and looked as if waves of the sea had passed over them, the impress of which they had retained.

The drive became now more and more diversified. When we walked, to save our poor quadrupeds, who had to wend their way round and round the hill sides, we made our way through bushes of arbutus, oleander, tamarisks, olive, jujube, and juniper; while the blue veil of yesterday was again seen on the mountains, which rose high in the distance. The air was bracing, and exciting, and we almost envied the habitats of some Arabs, which we found scattered here and there. I sketched an Arab village of ten houses, and will endeavour to describe the general aspect of these dwellings. In all Moorish country houses, great or small, it is usually a marked feature that no good road runs near them. In the case of those near Algiers, to which this description does not apply, the French roads have come to them, they never came to the road. A steep, rugged donkey-path was the only approach desired; for greater security, probably, against any predatory foes, or hereditary enemies.

The poorer Arabs imitated their betters. Hence these queer-looking villages, or isolated huts, are always found in glens, or ravines, or far up the mountain-side, where they may easily see any intending visitor from a safe

very productive. Commandant Payen speaks of above 100,000 hectares (200,000 acres) of land naturally fertile in the Plain of the Hodna. He says the immense hydraulic constructions erected by the Romans in this, and other large plains, have all been suffered to go to ruin from the ignorance or carelessness of the natives. He adds in his report to the Archæological Society of Constantine, "After having discovered the existence of so many important constructions, executed for the double purpose of supplying the wants of centres of population, and obtaining means of abundant irrigation, are we not justified in believing in the flourishing state of the Hodna in the days of antiquity, and that labour and capital could *now* produce cotton?" Commandant Payen goes on to express his belief that the "long staple" could be easily raised, and that it would be "largely remunerative."

distance. Picture, then, the sort of out-house which may be seen attached to most English farms, consisting of little more than a low, long, thatched roof, just caught when almost in the act of touching the ground, and made to rest on a sort of thicket some two or three feet high. Leave a space wide enough to crawl in, and out; compose your thicket of reeds, which here grow ten, and even reach twenty feet high; lace them with the same, or with branches of palm trees, or more probably the dwarf fan palm; hang a curtain, or matting, of aloe fibre at the aperture, and you have the hut of the poorer Arabs.

At length we saw on a height, a French village called Vesoul-benyan, which we were told was only one hour distant from Millianah, but as the heat was getting very great, that hour certainly seemed the longest of the day. We were now nearing the neighbourhood of wild beasts; panthers, and even lions, being occasionally found in this vicinity. It was, therefore, with a sort of anticipation of such sights that we hailed the appearance of a wild boar, though I am obliged to add that it was a tame one! A chained monkey, and a tame wild boar! Rather letting us down; but we were not a sporting party, and so we submitted with as good grace as needs be. The lion in the neighbourhood of Millianah is said to possess great strength, and boldness, and to keep up the character of its Numidian predecessor. The Arabs tell marvellous tales of its generosity, and forbearance; and I confess to feeling shockingly romantic, and somewhat anxious to prove their truth. Tigers are happily never found in these fastnesses.

At length Millianah lay before us, with a wide, beautiful, and peculiarly French-like approach thereto. A long, good road, sweeping round the hill, and entering the town through a long avenue of poplars, the tall, red-tiled, white-washed military buildings, of course, predominating

in the picture, made a *tout ensemble* as like the French toys representing a town, with trees for the approach, as one could possibly see.

It was half-past 5 o'clock when we drove through the strong-looking, fortified gates, and alighted at the Hotel D'Isly. Here we were in clover. The rooms were all we could desire, and the *table d'hôte*, so called, the best we have seen in Algeria. I say "so called," for at every hotel the dining-room is filled with little tables, and large tables, where parties of any dimensions can be accommodated; but in no case have they one table, and one hour. *Déjeûners* are usually going on from 10 to 12, and dinners from 5 to 7.

But we earned our repast by first visiting the ramparts, and determining whither to bend our steps next morning. We had also to telegraph for a relay of horses to meet us at Bour-kika, as we wished to be at Blidah Friday evening. There is some encouragement to use the electric wires in this land, where a message of twenty words only costs tenpence. Why cannot our telegraphic companies make themselves equally available to the world at large? The history of the penny postage might teach them that they would be the gainers in the end. But to return to the ramparts; neither inside the walls, nor outside, was there much to remind us that we were in a Moorish town. Everything African, saving a large moiety of the inhabitants, was merged in the garb of the French conquest. Millianah is, however, in virtue of its situation, decidedly the most picturesque-looking town we have yet seen. So abrupt is the edge of the cliff on which it is situated, that we could conjure up in imagination many a Tarpeian rock, whence, in the lawless days of Moorish rule, probably many a sufferer had been hurled. On all sides mountains arose; yet at such height

is the town itself, Millianah being 2,925 feet above the level of the sea, that those immediately behind it—such as Zakkar-R'arbi, 4,602 feet high, at whose base the town is situated—did not look more difficult of ascent than the Malvern hills.

But Mr. H. was still suffering from our passage through the plain; and dinner, nursing, and bed, were at this moment the first things to be thought of; so the sun set, and the moon rose, on hopeful anticipations for the morrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

STILL AMIDST THE ATLAS.

Mohammed-ma-el-hadj—Laghouat—Ancient Millianah—Distance from the Desert—Account of Millianah—History of Abd-el-Kader—Ruse of the Moor—Failure of French Colonization in Algeria—Cost of this Colony to France—Profusion of Flowers—Spanish Horsekeeper's Trick—Return to Blidah.

ANOTHER glorious daybreak, beckoning us upwards to the heights behind the town. But, alas! I could prevail on no one to accompany me, and had to be contented with a walk to the higher ramparts, which are far more extensive than those at Medéah.

Just as we reached them, a good-looking Moor came up, and introduced himself as a sergeant in the 1ère Turco regiment, by name Mohammed-ma-el-hadj, who had fought at Sebastopol, wore the Crimean medal, and professed a profound regard for the English. This he evidenced by volunteering his services as our cicerone, and proposing to show us whatever was to be seen in that vicinity. We saw Medéah in the distance, like a thin white line on the edge of a hill, through the cuttings in the mountains. The name of each Alp seemed familiar to our guide, but I only jotted down two of them—that of Sacchar, overhanging Millianah, and of Wincheris, the peculiar sugar-loaf summit of which had attracted our attention both here and at Medéah.

We were now only one day's journey from Teniet, where we might have spent the night at the Hotel des

Cédres, and next morning proceeded to the forest but two hours beyond Teniet, and there have spent the day under the grateful shelter of the cedars. Rumour, however, still speaks of an *émeute* at Teniet amongst the Arabs; and in going in any direction beyond either Medéah, or Millianah, one requires to be furnished with letters of introduction to the commanding officers of the Spahis.

As to my hope of visiting Laghouat, two of our small party so definitely pronounced against it, that it has long since been abandoned. The heat there is said to be terrific, and to tax even Arab endurance. The Irishman says—

> "The dearest delight that is under the sun
> Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done."

But the Arab's view of the highest bliss to be enjoyed under heaven, is (according to a French translation)—

> "Dormir la tête à l'ombre, les pieds au soleil."

This happiness is not to be enjoyed at Laghouat. If they did not betake their understandings into the shade, as well as the remainder of their *personnel*, their feet would soon be double baked. No less than 25,000 palm-trees are, it is said, to be seen around Laghouat.

Time, too, just now was pressing; so altogether we had to content ourselves with casting a longing eye over the mountains, towards the forest, the desert, and the palm groves, and to be able to say we had seen their whereabouts.

In climbing the scarp rocks around the fortifications of Millianah, I was struck by the petrifactions of marine shells they contained; and we pointed them out to Mohammed, as a proof that the sea had once been there. "Oh, yes," he said; "certainly; the whole part around

had once been under water." But as his French was somewhat imperfect, it was difficult to make out what ideas he attached to this admission.

I think it was here for the first time that we realized, in its full extent, the fact that we were standing on a wide continent. I used to think the favourite American remark on visiting England—"that they were afraid to get out of bed of a morning, lest they should fall into the sea"—a piece of unmitigated impudence, utterly indefensible. But on afterwards visiting the Channel Isles, I confess to a sensation somewhat akin to the Yankees', until familiarized with the small dimensions of the island. And now, standing on this elevation, looking down on the grand plain of the Cheliff, and across at the mountains, as in their unmeasured sweep they begirt the horizon, ever and anon, heights more distant peeping up in the far background, I recalled the aforesaid Americanism, and felt almost inclined to condone it. There is, however, no fear of one's love for our sea-girt isle, being lost in admiration for the land of Ham; and so, I think, all our guides must conclude, if they understand the perpetual expression issuing from the lips of one or other of our party,—"Ah! if only this country were in the hands of the English, how different it would be!"

The territory around Millianah is extremely fertile, and gives the idea of a well-watered garden. There are several objects worth seeing within a short walk. The cascades of the rivers Boutan, and Rehan, are pretty, and so is the young *pépinière* in the "avenue of Blidah." The population is about 3,500. They have, of course, their saint—a Sidi Mohamed-beh-Yussef—who died here about four centuries ago, after performing unheard-of miracles.

There seems no reason to question the statement that the Millianah of the present day, stands on the site of

the *Malliana* of the Romans. The large quantity of Roman remains which have been found, or dug up, attest the presence of their former masters. A large Roman monument in the centre of the town, has been removed to make room for the new streets constructed by the French; but in the surrounding walls, and in many private houses, *bas-relievos* are still to be seen. Fragments of statues, flutes, and capitals of columns, which once supported the koubba of a Marabout, medals and sepulchral remains, some of which now ornament the mosques, and are used as basins for purposes of ablution, all prove its Roman origin, and attest its former prosperity. It is supposed that this ownership passed away with the fifth century, and that about the tenth century, or fourth of the Hegira, the Millianah of the Moslems was founded by Bologguin, the son of Ziri, at the same period as Algiers, and Medéah.

Often, however, since then, in the bloody struggles of the Mahomedans amongst themselves, has the fated city exchanged masters. After the fall of Hussein Dey, in 1830; the Emperor of Morocco took possession of the place, and making it part of the Beylik of Titteri, established a lieutenant in command; but ABD-EL-KADER, whose power was now daily increasing, soon dispossessed him, and occupying Millianah in his turn, installed Ali-ben-Embarek as khaliff.

As the history of the celebrated Abd-el-Kader is interwoven with that of French dominion in Algeria, it may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of it. He was born in 1807, in the environs of Mascara, among the Hachem tribe. His father, Sidi-el-Mahiddin, a Marabout of high repute, whose genealogy could be traced back direct to the Prophet, kept a *guetna*, or seminary, at which Abd-el-Kader, and his three brothers were educated. So

precocious was his intellectual development, that from his very childhood he could explain the most difficult passages of the Koran. At a later date he made himself equally acquainted with the history of his nation. Eventually he earned the titles of saint, and *savant*. At the same time, he excelled in all the athletic exercises in which the Arabs love to distinguish themselves, and became renowned in the use of the yataghan, and the management of his horse. All this caused no small apprehension to the Dey of Algiers, whose practised eye discerned a future rival, and, as prevention is better than cure, he tried to procure his assassination.

Abd-el-Kader was now forced, in self-defence, to flee into Egypt; and here for the first time he came in contact with European civilization at Cairo, and Alexandria. Not to waste his time, he employed it in pilgrimages to Mecca, and thereby gained a farther claim on the consideration of his countrymen.

When he revisited his native land, the French were in partial possession of Algeria. The Arab tribes, in and around Oran, thought the moment favourable for regaining their independence, rose to arms under the command of Abd-el-Kader's father, fought the Turks, surprised and took Mascara, and wished to make Si-el-Mahiddin their king; this honour he declined in favour of his son, whose fame had already spread from the coast, to the Grand Desert.

Abd-el-Kader willingly assumed their leadership, and proclaimed a holy war. Ten thousand cavaliers crowded round the banners of the Emir. His first campaign was against Oran, which he besieged in 1832, giving proofs of extraordinary courage, and daring; only retiring after a battle which lasted three days. His influence soon spread; he became the sole chief of all the various tribes who

opposed the French dominion, and, in 1834, had the satisfaction of concluding a treaty with General Desmichels, which made the Cheliff the limit of his possession, but gave him a real kingdom, with Mascara for his capital. All the commerce of the province of Oran was ceded to him, and the new rulers had some hopes of his delivering them from the embarrassments, into which their sudden acquisition of territory, and peoples so strange, had thrown them.

Instead of realising this expectation, their difficulties were speedily increased. Breaking the terms of the treaty, Abd-el-Kader passed the Cheliff, and took Medéah. Marshal Clauzel, who went to meet him, found himself confronted by a superior force, and was obliged to retire. This naturally raised the proud hopes of the Arabs, and the French power trembled for a moment in the balance.

After reverses, alternating with successes on either side, the first real blow to the *prestige* of Abd-el-Kader was dealt by General Bugeaud, who, after a severe campaign in 1840, took Mouziah, Medéah, and Millianah, and reduced the Arab leader to defensive operations. A further, and bloody battle, was needed to conquer him. General Bugeaud, now Governor of Algiers, proved himself equal to the task. Mascara, Abd-el-Kader's capital, surrendered in 1841, and the following year the Emir himself escaped to Morocco.

Hitherto the Emperor of Morocco had maintained strict neutrality; but at the persuasion of his guest, he was induced, in 1844, to attack the French positions. The decisive victory, however, gained at Isly by General Bugeaud over his troops, and the bombardment of Mogador, and Tangiers, by the Prince de Joinville, cured the Emperor of any desire openly to support Abd-el-Kader. However, his reputation for sanctity procured

the Emir money, and friends, among the fanatics of the empire, and for a while it seemed that the struggle must be indefinitely prolonged. For two years longer he held his ground; but at length, overcome by numbers, Abd-el-Kader yielded to necessity, and surrendered to General Lamoricière. He made but one condition, which was conceded. He stipulated to be conveyed either to Alexandria, or St. Jean d'Acre.

How this treaty was observed, all the world knows. Fearing a repetition of Elba, the French thought it wisest to take him direct to France. He was confined in the Fort Lamalgue, at Toulon, afterwards at the Château de Pau, and finally at that of Amboise, whence he was released at the intercession of Lord Londonderry, in 1852. Ever since the hero has lived in strict seclusion at Damascus, surrounded by his brothers, and relatives, who still hold him in the highest esteem.

To return to Millianah. On the 8th of June, 1840, the present conquerors appeared before its gates, at whose approach the Arabs fled, after setting fire to the town, which, aided by a burning sun, so promptly took effect, that the French on entering, found it a mass of ruins, and had the greatest difficulty in repairing the houses least damaged, sufficiently to make winter quarters for the troops. They were not, however, destined to win the prize without a struggle, for ere the winter set in, Abd-el-Kader's soldiers had established a strict blockade, and communications with Algiers were almost entirely cut off. In the month of October, General Changarnier came to the relief of the garrison, who were already decimated by casualties, pestilence, and famine. M. de Castellane says that it is perhaps at Millianah that the endurance of the French soldier in Algeria, has been most rudely tested. He mentions, that out of the 1,200 men

which composed the garrison under Colonel Illens, 700 were killed, while 400 were in hospital, and the surviving 100 had scarcely strength to serve the guns, so that had not succour then arrived, the town must have been retaken for lack of defenders.

The face of things was altogether changed, by the expeditions of 1842, when the brave, though vanquished Abd-el-Kader, had to seek refuge in the province of Oran. It is, nevertheless, only since 1850 that a civil administration, definitively attesting its tranquillity, and perfect subjugation, has been established at Millianah. The form of the town is rectangular, and additional defences are in process of construction. The few Moorish houses which have survived the wreck, and ruin of the wars, are built of limestone capped with red tiles.

Millianah boasts two hotels, three or four cafés, a circus and library for the military, and a museum of antiquities. This, being Friday morning, was the Arab market day, and Mohammed conducted us to the market-place on our road back to the hotel. We were more amused at the affectionate greetings, and salutations, which took place between himself, and his friends, who had come in from the country for the day, than at anything displayed for purchase. Before reaching the town, as we passed the fortifications, we were edified at observing the very decorous gravity with which the French soldiers on duty, presented arms to our guide, as he passed.

On arriving at the hotel, where we found breakfast waiting for us, at 10 o'clock, we thought it time to bow our friend off, though after private consultations had, we were quite at a loss, whether or not, the offer of a franc or two, in addition to a cup of coffee, which he readily accepted, would wound his dignity. However, Mohammed hastened to set our minds at rest, by himself

proposing the desired *quid pro quo*, which had evidently dictated his disinterested attentions. He had a little errand in contemplation, more than half-way on the road to Blidah, and he had mentally resolved to do the thing in style. We occupied four seats, and the fifth was taken up with *et ceteras*, so that had he propounded his scheme when in full council assembled, we should certainly have met it with a polite refusal. But "divide and conquer" is strategic policy, and our Moor pursued it. He managed to see Mrs. E. alone, and mentioned it to her, when she wisely said at once, it was impossible, we had no room. But in spite of this, concealing what had passed, he next sought a private parley with others of our party less able to say "No," and this, coupled with his assurance that it was only for a very little way, made us feel it needful to inconvenience ourselves, out of gratitude to our guide. At half-past 10 we left the town, our friend seated on the box, when, from the attention he attracted, as we passed through the wondering Arabs, I should gather that this was the first time such a *ruse* had succeeded.

Adieu, beautiful Millianah! None of us had visited Palestine, yet Jerusalem seemed present to all our minds. Built on hills, with fruitful fields beneath, and mountains round about it, we wondered if Mount Zion (in itself) were more beautiful. We passed under the Porte du Zacchar, which is its northern entrance; that of Orleans, or of the Cheliff, as the gate is usually called, guarding its western approach. Turning to the east, our road overhung a well-cultivated ravine, forming gardens close up under the walls. We procured a photograph of the town, taken from this side, which gives a good idea of it to those who have seen it, but fails, as I think all photographs of mountainous countries do, to give an adequate idea of its

beauty to those who have not. And now came the long-continued descent, bringing before us views of grandeur which appeared even finer than on the preceding day. For isolated passes, we often found a counterpart in our own English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish scenery, but the *tout ensemble* could nowhere be paralleled in our island home; and if for a moment we tried to cheat ourselves into the belief, the next turning brought before us some truly magnificent view of mountains receding back towards the Desert, till we *felt* we were in the grasp of a continent.

But the want of population, gives almost an oppressive sense of something akin to desolation. Surely the unturned sods of these wild glens, and ravines, would amply reward the use of the hoe, and the pickaxe, and find subsistence for thousands who are now perishing in Europe, for lack of employment, and for want of bread. Perhaps, however, this will ever be—hunger-stricken miserables congregating in our towns, and vast wilds untouched on every continent—until the time come when the desert will rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

Certain it is that emigration to French Algeria has not as yet succeeded; and from all the inquiries we have been able to make, the cause seems twofold. First, the impediments thrown in its way by the Government, who have no conception of encouraging peaceful emigration; and secondly, because the colonists are usually quite devoid of sufficient capital. A thousand francs is deemed a fortune to start with in such cases; and the delays and vexations, the numerous petty officials to be encountered, and the consequent expenses through which the intending exile has to pass, swallow up his small resources, before he is fairly afloat in his undertaking.

It has been calculated that, since the conquest of

Algeria, France has spent three milliards of francs on this promising colony; and, notwithstanding this large outlay, at this moment there are not 200,000 colonists, in all the vast tracks of African soil subject to her rule. This estimate, of course, includes emigrants, and settlers, from every nation.

If asked with what vegetation every hill-side we descended was clothed, one would have unhesitatingly replied, "With furze bushes, covered with golden blossom;" but a closer inspection dispelled the illusion. Every bush was low underwood of cypress, lentisk, or live oak, and the golden blossom, which grew in such wild luxuriance, was yellow broom, slightly scenting the air. The patches of flowers produced a curious effect. Here and there the edge of a rock would be covered for some yards with a bright copper colour, or iron hue, as if tinged by a neighbouring mine; but marigolds would prove to be the cause. Then beds of the scarlet anemone, or of pimpernel in its bright dress of cobalt blue, or many-coloured China-asters, or vetches, and orchises of every shade, met our delighted gaze, and made us long to transplant them to our English gardens. The huge leaves, amidst which we had always expected to see some day an enormous lily, and which are everywhere to be found, Mohammed told us bore no flowers, and he added, to our great disappointment, that it was a species of garlic!

The blue transparent atmosphere was left far above us, when we crossed the Oued-Hammam, and pursued our course for some way along its banks, through a sort of common, richly studded with what we should call in an English garden, "American beds." At proper distances from one another, so as almost to look as if laid out under Sir J. Paxton's directions, were to be found

groups of lentisks with their exquisite berries, daphnes, laurustinus, and carob-bushes, with the gum cistus intermingling. Here and there was a fine olive-tree; and between two of these, we saw a gipsy's tent suspended beside the running stream. The sky above was still cloudless, and the only check upon our enjoyment was, that our horses were getting thoroughly done up, and the hour was long past at which we should have made Bourkika. It was now five o'clock; our friend on the box showed no signs of having finished his very short journey, and every additional weight was a burden to our tired steeds.

We were congratulating ourselves with the idea that a few minutes more, and we should find a relay awaiting us at Bourkika. From thence, with fresh horses, we might, on a good and level road, possibly reach Blidah in two and a half hours more. What was our disgust, as we drove up, to hear the inquiry, "Which of your horses is freshest? I have only brought two." Scoldings were vain, and expostulations unheeded. We had to submit to having one poor, tired animal re-harnessed, after only a quarter of an hour's rest, and to jog on as best we might. We now took the unwelcome step to Mohammed of giving him his *congé*, and requesting him to walk the rest of the "very little way," which I strongly suspect was somewhere near Blidah. But in spite of this little assistance to our wearied horses (for one of the two sent, seemed quite as tired as the one which had come from Millianah), it was nine o'clock ere we reached the hotel, and sat down to the dinner which we had ordered at seven.

Our host told us, and for the comfort of future tourists I will record it, that had we left the arrangement in his hands, he would not only have seen that the full comple-

ment of horses was sent, but he would have had them despatched, as promised, over-night, instead of only just in time for our arrival.

Blidah had not been properly inspected on our previous visit, so we determined to devote the whole of the following day to seeing it, returning to Algiers by the latest train.

Friday is the day on which the Arab market is here held in the "sacred olive grove," at the entrance to the town, but as it always commences at early dawn, we saw nothing of it.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOMBONNEL THE PANTHER-SLAYER.

Sights of Blidah—Skins of Wild Animals—Stories of Bombonnel the Panther-slayer—His Adventures—Narrow Escape—Fertility of Blidah—Its Arcades and Buildings—More about the Kabyles—Hills around Blidah—Moorish Tombs.

Saturday, April 9th.—This morning dawned upon the tourist as auspiciously as each of its predecessors had done. Before starting, we had learned from the Admiral Fitzroy of Algiers, that storms, and tempests, were to be our portion on the 4th and 5th instant. However, not even a threatening of rain had clouded our enjoyment; and as we assembled once more for our early coffee, we agreed that we could not be thankful enough for all the sunny mercies which had befallen us by the way. The sights of the little country town—for such Blidah is—are nothing very remarkable. We first came upon a quantity of skins, exhibited at a shop in the *Place*, of the wild animals which had been caught in the neighbourhood of Millianah, and had, after great deliberation, made up our minds as to some few purchases in this line, when the shopman informed us they were not exposed for sale! Fifty dozen, he said, had been sent him to preserve, and we could not have one.

Wondrous stories, by the way, were told of the almost fabulous adventures of M. Bombonnel, "the panther-slayer," who passed last winter, as well as the preceding one, in Algiers, for the sole purpose of ridding Algeria of

its lions, and panthers. Mrs. E., who had also spent the two previous winters here, had frequently met M. Bombonnel, and heard from his own lips, recitals of the adventures which so nearly cost him his life.

This man, who has gained great celebrity in Africa, seems to have been a *chasseur* from his birth, and subsequently to have profited well from some lessons he gained amongst the Red Indians of America. Business having led him to Algeria, he heard dreadful tales of the ravages committed by panthers among the Arab tribes. The only means then known for ridding themselves of this scourge, were *battues* on a large scale. M. Bombonnel diligently gathered up all the information to be gleaned on the subject, and convinced himself that a *battue monstre* was far more dangerous, and far less likely to be successful, than meeting the beast in single fight.

This last had, indeed, been practised by the more daring among the Arabs; but they always, in such cases, took aim from a tree, which they had the precaution to ascend, so as to be out of harm's way; for it is a known fact, that the panther never allows its hind legs to quit the ground. All these practices were disdained by the future "panther-slayer," who decided upon going entirely alone, trusting for cover only to some bush, devoting the night to his dangerous pursuit, and always taking with him a goat, and its kid, to act as decoys to the animal, which he was now bent on exterminating from the French dominions.

The poor goat was found necessary, as the panther is somewhat delicate in its eating, and will not touch a dead animal. In addition, Mons. B. preferred offering his destined victim a *bon bouche* which might withdraw attention from himself, and keep it quiet, long enough to enable him to take steady aim. It was long before the

Arabs could be persuaded to let him go out on his perilous adventures, so afraid were they that, if his life paid the penalty of his temerity, the tribe among which he was at the time, would be called by the French Government to a heavy reckoning.

But opportunities were not long wanting in which to prove alike his daring, and his success. A bribe of thirty or forty francs, prevailed on many an Arab to bring him early information of the whereabouts of some panther, or leopard (for Mons. B. regards the two as identical), and to conduct him to the most likely spot for a *rencontre*. The money, by the way, was not to be paid until the brute was slain. Fortune smiled on his plan. The bleating of his goat, after perhaps many a sleepless vigil, usually ended in attracting a panther, and as surely as it came within range of Bombonnel's trusty gun, so surely, if the moon shone, was the dreaded beast laid prostrate at his feet.

Until he had attained his after fame, the Arabs were most incredulous as to his ever surviving an encounter, which they deemed so perilous, fool-hardy, and hopeless.

On one occasion, an old Arab chief having listened to his story with an air of incredulity, turned to his tribe, and demonstrated to them, in Arabic, that M. Bombonnel was evidently a fool, or a maniac. He appealed to his head men, as to whether any twelve of them would go out at night, as Mons. B. proposed doing alone; and having thus convinced both himself, and his hearers, of the folly of such a proceeding, ended with forbidding any of them to sell poor Bombonnel a goat, or to render him the slightest assistance. The only thing to which the chaouch would consent was, to despatch two of his mounted Arabs to escort Mons. B. back to Algiers—a two days journey —and there to obtain his credentials as a "panther-

slayer." These having been readily obtained, his companions implored him to return with them. The captain of the *Bureau Arabe* had promised to hold them guiltless in case of his death; but Bombonnel refused, amiably telling them his only wish now was, that the panther (which had recently robbed them of a cow) might speedily eat up all their flocks, and finish off with themselves by way of dessert.

Before long, however, his name was a household word amongst every Arab tribe; and as soon as he arrived in Algeria for the season, the invitations which regularly poured in upon him from all quarters were most gratifying to him as a hunter. "*Figure toi*," so ran one invitation; "only eight days since I myself possessed twenty-five goats; now the panther has left me but eight." The gratitude of the poor Arabs, when they came to regard him as their deliverer, was frequently expressed with most extravagant demonstrations. Great feasts were given in his honour; and as, in addition to their dread of the brute, money and courage will go anywhere, or effect anything amongst the Arabs, M. Bombonnel had no reason to complain of a lack of game being prepared for his gun. It seems to have been a dear-bought pleasure in several particulars, and at best of times a wearisome one. Eight, ten, twelve consecutive nights were sometimes passed in keeping watch, in almost breathless suspense, and then the waning moon would force the devoted hunter to return unrequited to Algiers.

Another peculiarity in the habits of the panther, is its intense dislike to getting its feet wet, and this increases the difficulty of tempting it to a given spot, during the rainy season. If its paw touches mud, it will at once stop to clean it, being in this respect as particular as a cat.

The following story will exemplify the danger Mons. B. incurred. Having arrived by appointment amongst the Ben-Assinatt tribe, he found his decoy-goat prepared as usual. The Arabs picketed it, and hastily left him. Scarcely had he established himself in a thick bush on the edge of a cliff, than, swift as the lightning's flash, a panther fell on the goat, whose death-cry was instantaneous. The moon, which had been veiled in obscurity, now cast its straggling beams on a neighbouring tree. A few seconds more, and Bombonnel would have the light he pined for. He mentally prayed Saint Hubert that the panther might wait to devour his prey; but alas! in another moment, quietly as though a cat had been carrying a mouse, the brute passed, bearing the goat between his teeth. Unwisely—for the faint moonbeams only revealed a black mass, distinguishing neither head nor tail—Bombonnel fired. Thirty-four nights of fruitless waiting had made the panther-slayer forget all rules of prudence, and dearly he now paid for his temerity.

All was silent for a moment. The panther had been heard to fall. Bombonnel issued in triumph from his retreat, when the wounded and infuriated beast rose and sprang upon him. Its two fore paws had been so wounded as to be useless. But with its hinder paws, it gave a spring of, at least, ten feet, pounced upon poor Bombonnel, threw him over, fell upon him, as the "panther-slayer" describing it afterwards said, "with the weight of a locomotive," and made desperate efforts to strangle him. Happily the thick collar, and hood of his paletot, upraised to ward off the night chills, now stood him in good stead. With his left hand he tried to defend himself; his right hand sought his knife. In vain—for in the entanglement his belt had become displaced, and his hunting-knife was under him!

Imagination almost fails to paint the sequel. Another instant, and his left hand was horribly mangled; in a moment more, his face. The fangs of the beast entered his forehead, and nose, penetrated the corner of his left eye, and broke his cheek bone.

With the bravery of desperation, Bombonnel, who had relinquished the futile search for his knife, now clung to the hope of strangling the beast, as his only chance of life. But, before he could raise both hands, the panther had once again seized his face sideways, and burying its formidable teeth in his flesh, cracked his jaws! The indescribable agony produced by this last attack, the noise which sounded in his brain, the sensation of having his head ground in a mill, or pounded in a mortar—the only similes to which he could liken it—made him give up all for lost.

Horrors still greater had yet to be endured. The panther next took the hunter's face in his mouth, from whence issued a most horrible, infected odour—stifling, poisoning him! Yet, strange to say, his entrance into this awful cavern, nerved Bombonnel afresh with almost superhuman strength. Seizing with both hands the panther's neck, which he described as of the thickness of a hat, and hard as the trunk of a tree, Bombonnel squeezed it with the force which despair alone could give, and threw away from him the terrible head. Rushing back in fury, the beast threw itself on his left arm, and inflicted four enormous wounds above his elbow. But for his thick, and heavy clothing, his arm would have been shattered as so much glass.

During the whole of this awful struggle, Bombonnel had lain flat on his back, his head on an inclined slope, at the very edge of the ravine; his legs raised up to aid in his defence; over him the panther, whose frightful

roarings made the Arabs tremble like aspen leaves in their distant retreat, some four or five hundred paces away.

Again the panther tried to grasp his head, again Bombonnel managed to repulse him, but the contest thus waged, was too unequal to be indefinitely prolonged. While gasping for breath, the hapless man once more felt his head seized, and engulfed in the large mouth. Exerting then his whole remaining force, heedless of death, if dashed to pieces in the abyss beneath, uniting rage, and strength, in one supreme effort, he succeeded in disengaging himself. As with the convulsive energy of a dying man, he grasped the beast with both hands, lifted it up with tremendous force, whirling it over his head as though it had been a foot-ball—so vigorously, so unexpectedly—that the panther, with its fore-paws mangled and useless, unable to resist, slid over him down the rapid descent, and rolled into the ravine beneath, filling all the neighbouring air with the thunder of its roarings. Our hero felt the teeth of the beast graze his scalp, as he tore away its head; he saw the thickly-wadded hood of his hunter's coat still in its hideous jaws; he knew—for consciousness lasted long enough to enable him to realize the fact—that deliverance had come at last, and then, and not before, Bombonnel sank back exhausted! The only marvel is that he survives to tell the tale, and point with a pardonable pride to his scars, and to the *procès-verbal*, which authenticates his story, and describes the awful gashes, and wounds, which were found on his person. Fifteen days after, a party of Arabs were brave enough to venture down into the ravine, and ascertain the fact of the panther's decease!

It were too long to tell how the Arabs grieved, and how tenderly they bore him to their *douar*, and how they at first resisted, and finally acquiesced in, his desire

to be taken back to more civilized habitations; and how they sent express to Algiers for a doctor; and how at length one was found in *M. le docteur Bodichon*, bold enough, and skilled enough, to undertake his cure; and how successfully that was performed; and how his ardour has not cooled, but makes him willing as ever to be the panther-slayer of Algeria. Indeed, his cicatrices were scarcely healed, before he again set off into the interior to avenge himself, and this time successfully, upon a brother, or relative of the panther that had so nearly cost him his life. All this, and much more, future visitors to Algiers may perhaps learn from his own recitals.* He has not been here as yet this season, but corresponds with, and often talks of returning to visit, his friends in North Africa.

The skins which we saw, but could not carry away, have led to a long, but perhaps not uninteresting digression, and have left us but little time for a hasty inspection of Blidah.

In the province of Algiers, this town holds foremost rank. As regards fertility, it is unsurpassed by any other

* While these pages are passing through the press, I hear from a friend that Bombonnel is again in Algeria, at his old pursuits, and an anecdote so characteristic of the Arabs is related, that I cannot but give it.

The Chef of the Bureau Arabe of Tizi-Ouzou lately wrote to beg Bombonnel to come to him as soon as possible, to try his skill on two panthers that had made terrible devastation in the neighbourhood. The moon was at its full—the great *desideratum* on these occasions—and the hunter did not require a second invitation.

On arriving at Tizi-Ouzou, he found the Chef, who was also a Captain of the Spahis, in a great state of alarm. A panther had, only the day before, killed one of his wives, and not finding her to his taste, proceeded to kill, and devour one of his cows! Strict etiquette forbids all mention of such domestic appendages, but under the circumstances, Bombonnel felt himself at liberty to condole with the bereaved husband. Impatiently interrupting his expressions of sympathy, the Chef exclaimed, "Mais, mon ami, tu ne dis rien sur la perte de ma vache; et moi je regrette beaucoup plus la perte de ma vache, que celle de ma femme! C'est tout simple, Monsieur, les femmes dans les montagnes ne se vendent pas cher, et la mienne était déjà veille."

town, or district, owing to its soil, and an ample supply of water.

Three sides of the *Place* were ornamented with arcades, which, both here and in Algiers, seem to be considered the *ne plus ultra* of all that is beautiful in masonry. The fourth side lays open to view the new church, which, built on the site of an ancient mosque, has only just been completed. The only other buildings we noticed, were the *hôtels* of the military division, of the *Mairie*, and the *Sous-Préfecture*, the hospital, also the universal theatre, and barracks. Two mosques, that of Ben-Sadoun and that of the Turks, are still retained by the Mussulmen. It is only since 1841 that the authorities have ventured to replace martial law, by the civil administration. The fall of Abd-el-Kader here, as elsewhere, must have given a death-blow to Moorish hopes of dispossessing the invaders, though spasmodic efforts are still made from time to time, to loose the chain which so hopelessly binds them.

The Kabyles whom we saw on nearing Blidah, looked as unlike those of their race whom we had come across in Algiers, as a caged bird the free songsters it has left in the forest. Their complexion, and type of feature, particularly struck us. We had read of the former as "brown and lustrous," but we found it decidedly fair; and though in some instances sallow, and in others of a darker hue, yet, on the whole, they exhibited a skin which might well have passed for a European one. We stopped and tried to talk to many of them, particularly children, whom we met on the hills to-day, and though "*Bonjour*" was usually the extent of their French, we managed to keep up sufficient communication by telegraphic signals, to gain time to study their physiognomy.

Our proximity in this excursion to the mountain dis-

trict has given us an opportunity of seeing the Kabyles to far greater perfection than we have ever had in Algiers. They are a race of whose character, I think we in Europe are usually very imperfectly aware. Inhabiting as they do the Atlas range, and comprising a large proportion of the tribes, whether stationary or nomadic, which are scattered over the Sahara, their numbers are probably not over-estimated at 10,000,000. The Moors and Arabs together are reckoned at only 3,000,000.

The round, almost German, face, with thicker lips, and a well-knit and thoroughly well-proportioned frame, distinguish the exterior of the Kabyles in youth; but it was what we knew of their history, which more particularly interested us in them. Unlike the lazy Arabs, the Kabyles have an inherent love of industry. Idleness is with them a sin, and they train up their children to every branch of trade. They have their own manufactures, especially of fire-arms, and for working metals, in iron, copper, and brass; they sell their wares to the Arabs, and Moors of the towns. They also make large quantities of olive-oil, and fabricate the universal burnouse from the wool of their own mountain sheep. Justice is administered amongst them by their Amins, and from the fixed scale of fines which punishes various transgressions, the following are extracted:—

	£	s.	d.
Striking with the fist	0	0	4
Levelling a gun	0	12	6
Firing	4	18	0
For not buying a gun when the means exist	0	10	10
Robbery	6	0	0
Entering a house, if the master of it is absent	6	0	0

The French have made but the most trifling modifications in their code of laws, and administration of the same, which is simple enough. Each village has its *Amin*,

or chief. A *Djemmah* is a *réunion* of all the Amins, who judge in all cases of difficulty, and see their decisions carried into immediate execution. The Kabyles have no cadi. They delight in cultivation of the ground, and engage largely in agricultural pursuits. They have almost the Anglo-Saxon talent for imitation, and are apt learners in every European trade.

The love of home which one usually looks for in denizens of the hills, is not awanting here; the Kabyles have an unconquerable love for their own special localities, and are always willing to shed their life-blood in defence of their country. Hence the extreme difficulty which the French met with, in attempting to subjugate them. Their submission followed on that of their celebrated prophetess, Lalla Fatma, in 1857.

Unlike other African nations, the Kabyles have been found to possess a degree of honour, frankness, and uprightness, which would do credit to any people. They despise deceit and lying; and are trusty and invaluable allies when once they have sworn to a treaty. This was especially proved in 1839, when they defended the persons and property of the Europeans against the Arabs, before whom their conduct has always stood out in strong contrast.

After having surveyed the town, we returned to *déjeûner*, previous to ascending the nearest hill, from which we were told we should have a fine view of Blidah and its environs. On reaching its summit, we found here and there, amidst the low herbage—which does duty for our heather, but is far less tempting to the pedestrian—the small well-known Moslem tombs. There is something, to my mind, very touching in finding their dead reposing in these unexpected spots, with the hills, dark and rugged, keeping ceaseless guard around. I wondered what might

be their date, and if any friends still survived, to come and water the graves with their tears. They evidently were not recent, as proved not merely by the overgrowth which almost hid them, till we stumbled over them, but by the absence of any jars, or vases of water, from which the spirit was expected to come and drink.

The view well repaid the toil of ascending; the same extensive plain, with which we have become so familiar, lay before us, only seen from a different aspect. The bed of an ancient river, now almost entirely dried up, except when the rains convert it into a temporary lake near the town, presented a somewhat curious appearance, the Tombeau de la Chrétienne could be seen far away to the west, and the whole panorama was so well worth a photographic remembrance, that we visited all the booksellers' shops in the place, hoping to carry some photos away. In this, however, we failed, and are now in hopes of being more successful upon our return to Algiers.

CHAPTER. XXIII.

EXCURSIONS TO THE INTERIOR.

A Chapter to be skipped by Fireside Travellers—Blidah the Starting-Point for the Interior—Sea Routes—Land Routes—Outline of an Excursion to the Desert—Description of Places to be visited of chief Interest—Ostrich Hunting—City of Constantine—Public Gardens at Blidah—Conversation in returning to Algiers.

PERHAPS it may seem unfair to the general readers of a book to begin a chapter with a special request that they will kindly pass it over; yet in justice to myself, and in tender consideration towards others, I must premise that a few of the following pages will only interest those who are contemplating a tour in Algeria. Fireside travellers are therefore entreated to omit them.

The question which most frequently reaches us from friends who contemplate a possible visit hither, is that respecting routes to the interior. As Blidah is now, in virtue of its being the railway terminus, considered as the starting-point for most of those parts, it will be as well to halt under the trees on the *Place*, and study some of the different routes. The French have certainly emulated the ancient Romans in the excellency of their roads, and probably even surpassed them. There is, therefore, a *primâ facie* inducement to explore the interior. Steamers in the service of Government run every ten days between Algiers and Oran, leaving the capital on the 4th, 14th, and 24th of each month, and to Stora and Bône for Constantine (or *en route* to Tunis),

quitting Algiers on the 3d, 13th, and 23d of every month. Stora being only available as a port in very calm weather, the Government have commenced a harbour at Philippeville, which will be a preferable place of debarkation. Meanwhile omnibuses are in waiting to convey passengers thither from Stora for the sum of 75c. in summer, and 1fr. in winter. Second-class fares from Algiers to Bône are 58fr. 80c.; and from Algiers to Oran, 50fr. 40c. First-class places are reserved entirely for the *personnel supérieur* of the army, or for highly privileged civilians on a mission from Government.

From Stora to Constantine there remains 83 kilometres of land travelling; or if the tourist prefer landing at Bône, he will have 156 kilometres by taking the usual route, which is *viâ* Jemmappes.

I have previously alluded to the *désagrémens* of the Government steamers; and our present purpose is to investigate only the land routes. How safe these are, as well as pleasant, may be adduced from a favourite state of the Arabs, that a woman may traverse the Tell and the Sahara, honoured and unmolested, with a crown of gold on her head. If it be so, probably the presence of the French army on this soil, may go far to account for it.

The journey from Algiers to Oran, a distance of 440 kilometres, may be performed by diligence the whole way in sixty-four hours. This may, of course, be lessened, by taking the railroad to Blidah. The public conveyances, which run every other day, pass Blidah, Millianah, Orléansville (where a nine hours' halt is allowed for repose), Relizan, Mostaganem, and finally Oran. The expense of this mode of journeying, may be easily calculated in Algeria, being fixed at from ten to twelve centimes a kilometre, according to the seats selected.

The hire of a horse, or mule, varies from four, to six francs a day, including an attendant Arab. All these arrangements had better be concluded in writing, before starting, at the *Bureau Arabe*, which will be found in every place, presided over by French officials, able and willing to afford the traveller every assistance. On horseback, a choice of routes will frequently occur. For instance, between Blidah, and Millianah, there are three roads. One I have already described. A second, following the Oued-Djer, is said to possess most charms for equestrians. On leaving Blidah, it winds between the Chiffa, and Mouzaïa. The third passes Bou-Medfa, Aïn-Sultan, and Affreville, which last town stands on the ruins of the Roman Zuccabar, or Colonia Augusta. Orléansville is a grand place of resort for antiquarian tourists. It is built on the site of the Roman town of Castellum Tingitii; and, in digging for foundations, the basilica of Saint Reparatus, and many other interesting remains, have been discovered. Mostaganem is on the sea-coast, and the road from hence skirts the Gulf of Arzeu, a great part of the remainder of the way to Oran.

Tlemcen, a centre of considerable importance, standing on the high road into the empire of Morocco, is distant from Oran 130 kilometres, and may be reached by diligence, one of these conveyances running daily between the two places. Between Tlemcen, and Oran, lies the great Salt Lake, alongside which, the road passes for a considerable distance. Abd-el-Kader, who added to his many talents those of a poet, wrote some much-admired Arabic verses in honour of Tlemcen, upon the occasion of his conquest of the place.

Constantine may also be reached by diligences, which go twice a week, passing Setif. From Setif to Constantine, there are daily conveyances.

To Constantine all antiquarians will devote, if possible, several days. Its present configuration, according to the Arabs, resembles a burnouse spread out on the ground, having the Casbah for its hood. To its past, and less distinguishable form, is attached great interest, owing to its standing on the site of Cirta, the once flourishing capital of Numidia. When this became a Roman province, Cirta was changed into Constantine. Several high roads centred here; it was famed for the magnificence of its palaces, and the munificence of its kings, and everything was done to enhance its importance. A colony of Greeks, bringing with them the industrial, and fine arts of Greece, settled here, as early as the days of King Micipsa.

But the story is too long, and extends too far back into the fabulous, for any outline of the recorded past history of Constantine to be given here. The excursions from thence will chiefly interest the tourist, and to them alone we will direct our attention.

Batna, which is distant from Constantine 120 kilomètres, is reached by a good carriage-road; from thence to Bou-Sâda, 200 kilomètres further on, a bridle-road in good condition will be found. Its name being, by interpretation, "the Father of Joy and Happiness," no tourist should neglect it; but being considered by the French, who have had possession of it since 1849, a place of great importance, as it is of great natural beauty, and having a history attached to it, which runs back through various ages, and dynasties, into the days of legends, will give it a higher claim in the eyes of antiquarians.

From Bou-Sâda to Msila is another 75 kilomètres, and this spot should on no account be omitted. If Pisa boasts one leaning tower, Msila has no less than ten, all being graceful minarets. Four kilomètres further on, are

the ruins of Bechilga, where a Roman inscription may be seen, which (by introducing a few letters, which have been defaced) is thus read :—

"ÆDIFICATA EST A. FUNDAMENTIS HUIC CIVITAS NOVA JUSTINIANA ZABI SUB TEMPORIBUS DOMINI NOSTRI PIISSIMI ET INVICTISSIMI."

Colonel Walmsley, I see, describes the interior, as affording almost unbroken ground to the naturalist, and the antiquary, and as being an elysium to the sportsman. This testimony, from one who appears to have made good use of his time when in Algeria, may well allure enterprising tourists to this country.

I will give only one extended tour in Algeria: from Algiers to the Desert,* and up again to Constantine, somewhat in the form of a distorted "V."

Leaving Algiers, per rail, and arriving here on this *Place* at Blidah, the next stage will be to Medéah, where the tourist may rest, as we did, at a capital Hotel. From thence he must ride, and a happy man will he be, if he has secured a reliable barb of his own, before starting. The following are the halting-places he will pass *en route*. At 18 kil. from Medéah is Ben-Chikao, a *Spahi* post, and also a telegraph station. At Berouaguïa, 32 kil. (I give the distances from Medéah) is a small military outpost.

Boukhravi, 60 kil. is a village; 4 kil. further on, is Boghar, a military station.

Caravansaries are to be found at Aïn-Ousera, 118 kil.; at Guelt-el-Stel, 158 kil.; and at the Rocher-de-Sel, 200 kil. from Medéah.

At Djelfa, 224 kil. is a military outpost.

* There are no professional guides to be found in Algiers, none being required as far as it is safe to travel. Beyond that point, reliance must be placed entirely upon the Bureau Arabe.

At Aïn-el-Ibel, 256 kil. is a caravansary, and another at Sidi-Makhrlouf, 326 kil., which is the last resting-place before arriving at Laghouat, 456 kil. from Algiers.

LAGHOUAT, a sort of capital in the Desert, boasts an hotel, a café, barracks, and a military hospital, a circus, a telegraphic station, and—luxury of luxuries!—Turkish baths. It has a population of 4,000. Its situation, at 33° 95′ north latitude, and well watered by the Oued-Mzi, presents an oasis of the richest conceivable vegetation. The vine, the fig, the banana, and the pomegranate, vie with all the fruits of France. But high above all these, soar the royal palms, which here are said to grow in magnificent luxuriance, and to number about 25,000.

From Laghouat, the next station of importance, is R'ardeïa, a distance of 164 kilomètres. Here, too, is the Franco-Algerian boundary line. The route may be pursued about 130 miles beyond, by explorers who can fearlessly throw themselves on Arab probity, to El-Golea; returning to Ouargla, where the French ægis will again enshield them.

Where this *detour* is not contemplated, the direct route will be taken to Ouargla; and it must be premised that the French authorities urge all such adventurous spirits as consult them before starting, only to venture in companies, or caravans; or, better still, to seek the protection of some column of the army, which is being sent out on military expeditions. These expeditionary forces are, *selon* themselves, to visit their outposts; according to others, to see if these *cordons* cannot gradually be somewhat extended. The distances which are given from Laghouat, are not wholly reliable, but the nearest approximations to exactitude as yet attained.

In journeying from R'ardeïa to Ouargla, the traveller passes along the vast plain of the Sahara, meeting with

an oasis on a gigantic scale, called Heicha, formed by the junction of the rivers En-s'a, Mia, and other streams, with names unknown to fame. - Ruins of once flourishing cities, relieve the monotony of the way, and another vast oasis, by name Ngouça, shelters within its bosom a grove of upwards of 80,000 date palms. Many more of these fruitful trees are scattered about on the sand, and no less than twenty-five artesian wells have been found in its ruined capital, drawing water from a depth of 650 feet. These streams are salt and bitter, but serve in their overflow to moisten the date palms, to whose roots all waters seem to be alike.

Oudrgla is distant about 350 kil. from Larghouat. It is the great station in the desert, where merchants to, and from Soudan, halt with their merchandise. The place owns three mosques; from the lofty minaret of one of these, the eye takes in the 150,000 palm-trees which surround it, as with a belt of evergreen. This neighbourhood is said to possess never-ending charms for the monad, and the hunter. Mortal vision is finite, or there would be no limit to the horizon. Woods of *pistachiers*, and wild jujube-trees (the former being a tree analogous to our finest, and loftiest oaks), afford shelter to a quantity of small game, such as gazelles, buzzards, hares, partridges, &c.

The ostrich-hunting season is from the 25th of June to the 10th of August, during the hottest six weeks of the year. The reason assigned for this selection by the Arabs is, that the heat, more than the swiftness of the hunters, kills the bird. Not all the Arabs are permitted, by their international code, to hunt the ostrich. As with the falcon-chase in England of the olden time, this noble pursuit is only allowed to certain privileged tribes. The skin of a male bird fetches from 150fr. to 170fr: that of a

female bird half this price. They are eagerly bought up by Jews from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

Before the French conquest, hunting, and pillaging the caravans, formed the sole occupation of the wild sons of the desert. It astounds no one so much as it does the unconquered Arabs, to witness the effect of wholesome French discipline, in repressing the marauding propensities of those tribes who now bow to their sway. The tales of the ostrich-hunters are so interesting, one feels tempted to retail them; but we must hurry on with the route to Constantine.

From Ouargla (31° N. lat.) to Tougourt, is about 180 kil. repassing, at the commencement of the journey, through the ruined city of N'goussa. Tougourt was formerly a place of considerable importance. It still has two faubourgs, Nezla, and El-Balouch; and is surrounded by magnificent gardens, where, under the shelter of 400,000 palms, cereals, tropical plants, and vegetables of endless variety, ripen. It has twenty mosques, and its markets are renowned for the sale of the finest dates. It is distant 206 kil. from Biskra.

Between Tougourt, and Biskra, Tebesbet, 16 kil. from the former, is passed, where fifty houses, and gardens, offer repose, and refreshment to the traveller. Mgarin-Djedid 32 kil. (I give now the distances from Tougourt) numbers 200 houses and a good market.

Ksour, 35 kil.; Sidi Rachel, 39 kil. are also halting-places. But it is needless to name the various stations. It is sufficient to say that no fewer than thirty-three places are mentioned between Tougourt, and Biskra, where shelter, and sometimes food, may be obtained. A special notice of Biskra-en-Nohkel (or Biskra of Palm-trees) seems well merited. Its date-trees, its orangeries, its olives, and its other fruits, are celebrated, and to the possession of

many wells, it owes the appearance of a well-watered garden.

It was formerly a great place of resort for Moorish pilgrims, and, rising from the mosque of Abou'l-Fadel, was a minaret, remarkable for its immense proportions. A loaded mule could, it is said, ascend the steps to the very summit. A French officer once tried the experiment on horseback, but his horse broke its legs in the descent. The whole place is now fast going to ruins, and the inhabitants, for the most part, pitch their tents without the walls.

The onward route from Biskra to Constantine, *viâ* El-Kantra and Batna, seems by all accounts, yet more interesting. The traveller nears one of the great centres of modern improvement and civilization, and the places passed through on the road, increase proportionably in importance. At twenty different places, during this journey of 234 kil.—either town, village, or caravansary—the wearied traveller may seek repose. It was in crossing the Djebel-bou-R'ezal, before descending upon Biskra, that the French army first caught sight of the boundless sand-plains of the Sahara. Its horizon, without mountains or other elevations, seemingly lost in the skies, so deceived them, that with one voice they raised a cry, "The sea! the sea!"

El-Kantra was a military position of great importance to the Romans. That here they thickly laid their dead, is constantly evidenced, the slightest efforts of the pick-axe discovering the existence of Roman tombs. The oasis of El-Kantra, is formed by the junction of three rivers. A caravansary, and a good French hotel, exist here; and under the shade of its beautiful palms, a population of 1,800 Arabs pitch their tents. Going onward to Constantine, the road passes between two of the many salt lakes, with which North Africa abounds.

In returning to Constantine from the Desert, another route may be pursued on reaching Tougourt, *viz.* that *vid* Tebessa. The above rough outline will probably suffice for all needful purposes. Those who have arrived in Algiers, will find no difficulty in obtaining detailed information, before starting for the interior, and will be sure to meet with every possible attention, and courtesy, from our consul, Mr. Churchill.

Ere long, railroads will probably run on all the great thoroughfares of Algeria, sadly marring its nomadic charms. Till that time arrives, all travellers will be glad to find themselves again at Blidah, after all the *désagrémens*, incidental to wandering in the Desert. Even without this, its attractions for us were so great, that we all regretted we could not remain, and spend a quiet week amidst its orangeries.

One object of interest remained still unvisited—the public gardens, and to see these we now set off. Our path skirted the outer walls, which of course surrounded Blidah on all sides. The ancient fortifications having been demolished, the French have erected a wall about fourteen feet high, with six good gateways, all duly christened; the Gate of Algiers, that of the Camp de Chasseurs, of El-Zaouïa, of El-Rabah, of El-Sebt, and of El-Kebir. I could not but note these down, being so struck with the politeness which gave such preponderance to Arabic names. The public gardens are a quarter of a mile from the town, and are well worth seeing. All round a pond in the centre, were placed Egyptian Arams in full bloom, while noble specimens of olives, the tallest we have seen, were festooned by westerias, which hung in beautiful lilac branches, and contrasted well with the many colours which we saw on all sides. We had not time to do full justice to this beautifully-shaded

retreat. Time, tide, and railways, wait for no man; and we wended our way back to the hotel, packed up our small effects, paid our bill, and not without some regrets that our pleasant expedition was so nearly terminated, made our way to the station just in time for the last train.

A pleasant incident occurred by the way. We wished, as all parties do, to secure a carriage for ourselves, but in this perhaps selfish wish, we were thwarted. Three individuals, in separate detachments, got in on my side, and one lady who sat opposite me, showed evident signs of anxiety about somebody, or something, on passing the next station, where an up-train was drawn alongside of ours. She had apparently satisfied herself that the object of her search was not in the opposite train, when we began to move off, and she caught some glimpse which made her start up in a great state of excitement. In vain she called to the train to stop, in vain she tried to get out of the carriage. She poured into the sympathizing ears of her fellow-travellers, her tale of woe so volubly, that it seemed as if no chance would remain for speaking on other subjects. I was on the point of saying that nothing happened by chance, and that God might have some special purpose of mercy in this disappointment; but thinking it would probably be Greek to her, remained silent. Ere long, however, she calmed down, and the offer of some French tracts, was made to each of our new fellow-passengers. The Monsieur by my side looked at the title-page, looked at the end of the tract, looked at his companions, looked at me, turned it round very contemptuously, and, could he have caught my eye, would have returned it forthwith. The others, however, were steadily reading, and he had no opportunity of speaking to them, or to me. Presently the

lady who had been so disappointed, came nearer to me, saying, "What I have read of this little paper, Madame, awakens regret that it is so brief." A further supply was of course offered, and those selected that I thought would interest her. She made many apologies for accepting them, when the said Monsieur muttered something about "*propagande*," and hinted, as far I could make out, something about being sent out by a society. Turning to him, I said,—

"All these little works are published, as you see, monsieur, by the Société des Traités Religieux de Paris, and any one may obtain them from thence, and give them away, if he wishes to do good."

"Oh, I have given away tracts myself."

"Are you a Protestant, or a Romanist?"

"I am a Catholic; but it is all much the same; there is very little difference."

"It little matters by what name we are called; but it matters greatly whether really, or not, we are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Do you read your Bible?"

"I have a Bible," he commenced, but went on to expound his views, which I was as glad to see were as distasteful to my friend opposite, as to myself. She soon undertook to silence him, and if not by much more enlightened statements, yet it secured her what evidently she desired—a quiet conversation. She told me she was seeking the way to heaven, and had long been endeavouring by reading, and prayers, to make herself meet for death, when she hoped to find pardon and acceptance.

"But why wait for death? Why not enjoy pardon and peace in life? Why not *now*?"

"Ah, that may be all right in your religion, but it cannot be so with us. We cannot know it for certain."

"And yet, Madame, we are agreed that there is but one God, and but one heaven. Surely, therefore, there can be but one road thither. Surely God is too good, and too just, not to have given us full directions as to *the* way by which we may find Him. Where can we hope to find these, if not in His own Holy Word? Do you read His Word?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. But I never dared hope that I might obtain pardon *now*, and know that I was really and entirely forgiven."

"And yet God's Word speaks of immediate forgiveness, and present justification, for those who will accept His offer of salvation. He says, too, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Christ Jesus is the 'new and living way' by which we may draw near to God. God has Himself given His Son, that 'whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but *have* everlasting life.' Have it *now*, and enjoy it on earth. Can you believe this?"

"It is all so new to me," she replied; but she listened with interest, as we read from a pocket Testament, and seemed earnestly desirous to find out the way of salvation. We talked together on this subject, which was filling her heart, till we neared Algiers, when after a pause, she said: "I shall never forget what you have said. Present salvation! Oh! I shall not rest till I find it. Is it not strange," she added, "that this is the first time in all my life, that any one ever spoke to me about my soul? I have travelled on this line repeatedly, but never before met, and never expected to meet, any one who would speak to me as you have done."

"God grant you may find Jesus as your Saviour, and then seek to speak of Him to others."

"If we never meet again on earth, may we meet in

heaven!" she said, as she warmly grasped my hand in parting.

And now our little tour was over, and our party separated, all agreeing that no week's trip had ever been more pleasant, or more thoroughly enjoyed by any of us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MUTINY.

Algerine Cuckoo—Tidings of the *Émeute*—Visit to the Imperial Observatory—Tombs on the Bouzaréah—Ravin de la Femme Sauvage—Ride to the Kouba—Birkadem—Rain—Gen. Yussef's Adventures—Further Tidings of the Mutiny—Col. Beauprêre and the Origin of the Mutiny—Si-Solomon's Wrongs—Call for Troops for the Interior—Critical State of Affairs—Garibaldi in England—French Displeasure at his Reception.

Monday, April 11th.—Heard the first notes of the cuckoo, and welcomed them as those of a friend just arrived from England. What could have made the bird so late in coming? P.P.C. cards are actually pouring in already, though when once here, I do think people had better stay till May. New flowers are opening, day by day, and in another month the country will present almost a new aspect. Strawberries are now in great perfection, though not of the size of our English garden ones. They are more like "hautboys." Magenta-coloured gladiolas, yellow lupins, purple and yellow China-asters, and vetches of every hue and colour, are now carpeting the fields. The only excuse for leaving would be fear of any disturbances arising in or near Algiers. Our Zouave, it seems, was not wanted at Mexico, but for troubles much nearer home, which, of course, the authorities try to keep quiet.

Tuesday, April 12th.—The Consul dined with us to-day. He commenced his long-promised sketch from our upper terrace, though the mountains were not alto-

gether in their best attire. At night, we all visited the Imperial Observatory, and saw the mountains in the moon in a much higher state of perfection. Monsieur Boulard had seen Lord Rosse's telescope, and had altogether a great appreciation for English astronomical lore.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Rode to the Bouzaréah to see the tombs,* which every artist tries to sketch. The finest specimens of the fan-palm, are here to be found, having almost the stem of the date-palm, before branching out its fans. Arab women were there bemoaning their dead, who, I fear, did not leave the best possible character behind them. This spot was formerly renowned as the abode of the most determined, and barbarous, of the many pirates who infested this region. Some few scattered huts are all the vestiges which now remain, of this once powerful tribe. From the elevated situation of the Bouzaréah, 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, we had a splendid view of the Mediterranean, and then rode down to Saint Eugène, to see the scarped sides of the mountain, returning home by the same route, just in time to escape a downfall. The rain is falling on the earth in benedictions to-night, and until all this is over, the real Algerian summer will not have begun. We are frequently, even now, obliged to have fires morning and evening, though in the town such proceedings would be inexplicable. The last steamer brought over a gentleman and lady who had quitted Marseilles in all speed, on account of the cold prevailing there. I fear the English, who are now leaving by every steamer, will find out their mistake when they reach the opposite coast.

Friday, April 15th.—Rode through the beautiful Ravin de la Femme Sauvage, so called, as saith tradition, from its having been long the abode of a young

* See Frontispiece.

hermit. Deceived in her first love, she came here to hide herself, and her sorrows, from the world. Her retreat having been discovered, and a good road made through the valley, she mysteriously disappeared, and was heard of no more. A café bearing her name, is still shown. The largest banana gardens we have yet seen, are at the bottom of this ravine, the green of their enormous leaves contrasting well with the dark hue of the orange-trees. Some of these latter were covered with vines, and olive, and fig-trees frequently did duty as supports for these valuable creepers. Jujube trees were in superabundance, and from amidst the productive gardens we saw beneath us in the dell, rose some towering specimens of the cypress. The wild rugged cuttings of the pass, form however its chief beauty, and this we should probably have better appreciated, had we visited the spot before, instead of after, we had seen the Gorge of the Chiffa. I really thought I should have had a sunstroke to-day, the sun was so intensely powerful in the ravine. Next, up to the Kouba, from whence the finest view of Algiers, is unquestionably to be had. It looks like the blocks, and scoopings, in a white marble quarry, and the dazzling blue of the sky above, and the sea beneath, formed a picture I cannot describe. We asked, and obtained permission, to ride all round the Kouba, by which I mean the church, to see the wide-spread panorama.

The Kouba stands on an eastern height of the Sahel, one of the furthest from Algiers. The eminence itself is crowned with this church, whose immense cupola is seen from every side, and is flanked by two very ugly rows of buildings, called the Grand Séminaire, a sort of training establishment for young Roman Catholic priests. Gardens, and vineyards, surround the whole,

and on descending the hill, and quitting the grounds, we came upon a village of some 1,200 inhabitants, bearing the same name, and standing on the site of a former camp. Here it was that the first "*bataillons d'Afrique*" were formed, out of the companies of military offenders, who had been in a manner transported hither for "discipline," and who then bore the designation of "zephyrs." From these unpromising materials, arose the soldiers of whom France is now so proud, under the title of Zouaves. They say it was the "eccentric" conduct of the soldiers, under discipline, which gained them the *sobriquet* of "zephyr." We frequently pass whole regiments of Zouaves, who have the most respectable-looking appearance.

We next visited Birkadem, where the camp now stands; and in the process of some *détours*, available only as bridle roads, we came upon several orchards, or groves—I know not which to call them—very strange to our English eyes. Whole fields were regularly planted with olive-trees, looking as if they were standing for their picture to some land-surveyor, who wanted to show on his ground-plan, where trees grew on the estate. Then would follow cork-trees, in rows almost as correct, and some of the bark we knocked off as a trophy. Next a fig orchard would fill up some rich dell, though these latter are now also exhibiting their fruits in every hedgerow — the branches being literally borne down under their weight.

In returning to El-Biar, we rode through lanes, and bye-roads, which give a far better idea of the fertility of the country, than one generally gets from the beaten tracks. The views much resembled those to be found north of London; we could fancy ourselves near Hampstead, or Highgate, and altogether the aspect of

the country looked more like dear old England, than anything we had seen before. The nightingales serenaded us most of the way, and made us think there was some sense in the remark of an Irish boy to a friend of ours, who laboured to convince him that these sweet vocalists sang also at night: "Now, don't try to kim over me in that way. Jist as if the nightingales hadn't enough to do to sing by day, but they must keep awake to sing to ye by night too."

Monday, April 18th.—Another lachrymose day. The Algerines hardly know how to be thankful enough for this continued rain, which is now so warm and mild, that the crops seem to spring up, under its genial influence, by inches daily.

I remember, as a child, wasting a great deal of sympathy on the vestal virgins of old, in view of the terrible punishment, which the neglect, and consequent extinction, of their fires, would entail. But I have now some idea that they probably employed charbon, and, if so, my sympathy was really uncalled for. This view of the subject arises from the discovery, that, for the space of three months last past, the fire has never been out in our kitchen. The cook makes it up at night, ready for the morning, and then heaps over it a covering of charcoal dust, which answers the twofold purpose of keeping it alive, and preventing it from consuming. Who knows but that the vestal virgins of old may have been equally 'cute?

Tuesday, April 19th.—It seems that our late expedition was well timed, and that, in the present state of things, it would be very questionable whether it would be safe to take the same route. The flying rumours are unpleasant, though I suppose the threats of the Arabs, about "driving the French into the sea," are as likely of fulfilment, as those of the Sepoys regarding the English in

India. The *émeute* is certainly assuming a somewhat serious aspect, five officers having been killed at Bogàre, and many more in other places. General Yussuf, who has the supreme command in this province, starts to-night for Blidah, to be in readiness for whichever point seems most to require his attention.

The history of General Yussuf is a most romantic one. At the head of the Spahis, or irregular cavalry, he has achieved almost fabulous adventures in Algeria, one of the most dashing of which was the capture of Bona, in 1833. Although he came to these shores as a jannissary from Tunis, he is said to be a Christian, and an Italian by birth; but, having been kidnapped, and captured by pirates in his early youth, he was taken to Tunis, and presented to the Bey. The latter was so struck by his extreme beauty, that he named him one of his pages. In this situation, he managed to steal the heart of the Bey's daughter. The affair was discovered by a slave, who was instantly killed, his body cut up, and hidden by Yussuf, to prevent detection. But, fearing lest his misdeeds should receive their due reward, the handsome page soon fled the shores of Carthage, by a vessel bound for Algiers, where he was received with open arms by the French. His good looks, and dashing chivalry, won him speedy renown, and on his visits to Paris, there has been invariably a "Yussuf fever." General Yussuf is now only second in colonial importance to the Governor-General.

Thursday, April 21st.—Tidings of the mutiny grow daily more alarming. Several visitors to-day, all confirming the reports with more or less authority. The French versions of its origin, remind one very much of the answers given to all anxious inquirers, by porters and guards, when a delay, or stoppage on the railroad, has awakened the fears of the travellers. It is simply a little

annual outburst, such as always takes place after Ramadân. Two tribes have been quarrelling amongst themselves, and the French naturally side with their friends, and allies. Cruelty, or even severity, on the part of a French officer? Oh dear no! nothing of the kind; but the Arabs must always be at some mischief. It is a mere nothing; the very sight of French troops is quite enough to quell any disturbance.

The more enlightened, however, admit that matters are looking very serious. A member *de la Cour Supérieure*, twenty-five years resident here, and no alarmist, has entreated us to give up a picnic party, planned for going next week to Sidi-Ferruch, saying emphatically, "It is not safe." Even in riding to Staouéli, whither we are going to-morrow, as far as the celebrated Trappist Convent, one of our party intends to go armed with a revolver!

We learnt to-day, from very high authority, somewhat of the immediate cause of the outbreak. Algeria, it will of course be remembered, is divided into three provinces —Algiers, Oran, and Constantine. General Yussuf has supreme command in the province of Algiers, General des Vaulx in that of Constantine, and General Deligny in that of Oran.

Whenever these outbursts occur, there has always been a latent disposition to rebellion, needing only a match to fire the train. It seems that this spark had been struck by the wanton cruelty of an officer, in command at Tiharet, whose life has already paid the penalry of his folly. This officer, Colonel Beauprêtre by name, who was described by my informant as the greatest wretch unhung, was formerly stationed somewhere in the province of Algiers, with a small detachment, where he sought, by extraordinary severity, to make amends for the insufficiency of his force in case of any *émeute*. On the slightest pretext,

he doomed the Arabs in his military jurisdiction to death; and such was the terror, and discontent, induced by his severity, that General Yussuf reported him, and requested that he might be removed, or deposed, refusing to be answerable for the peace of the Province, if Colonel Beauprêtre were retained. The authorities took the matter under their serious consideration, and removed him to Tiharet in Oran, where he was further from public observation. He there pursued the same conduct which had previously gained him such unenviable notoriety, and not long since, on some trifling grounds, ordered the Mufti of Tiharet to be bastinadôed.

This sentence, so degrading to one of their priests, reached the ears of Si-Solyman, a chief closely related to the Emperor of Morocco, and himself reigning over the Oulad-Sidi-Cheikh tribe, numbering 50,000 Arabs. He hastened to the *Bureau Arabe*, had an interview with Colonel Beauprêtre, and implored the pardon of the Mufti. He even threw himself at the feet of the officer; but all to no purpose. Some graceless hand, whether that of Colonel Beauprêtre, or of one of his subordinates, who took their cue from their commander, is uncertain, but some hand was raised so rudely to push Si-Solyman out of the *bureau*, that he fell to the ground; and on rising, justly incensed at the treatment he had received, he tore off all the French decorations, which were affixed to his burnouse, and threw them at Colonel B.'s feet, renouncing henceforth all allegiance to the Power with which he had been wont to be friendly. The tribe which owned his sway, rose as one man. Colonel Beauprêtre had under his command but 100 French, 100 Spahis, and 1,200 native soldiers, wherewith to meet an angry tribe of 50,000 strong. The native soldiers turned against him, and he and his men were cut to pieces. In

the *mêlée*, the chief himself was slain, and the tribe have made off, some towards the Desert, some to Morocco, but scattering everywhere the seeds of rebellion.

It is but one year since the father of Sidi Solyman landed at Algiers on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He returned thither in perfect health, but whether the air of his native country suddenly disagreed with him, or not, certain it is that this powerful chief succumbed to an illness which carried him off in a few days, and which in the eyes of the Moors was invested with mystery. His eldest son succeeded to his honours, but about six months ago, while on a visit to Oran, he likewise was suddenly taken ill, and died. Si Solyman is now numbered among the slain, or is believed to be killed, though the latest accounts say that his body has not been found. Another brother, Si Mahommed, has gone off with the tribe, either south, or to Morocco; and the end of this terrible uprising, no one pretends to foresee. Some say it will surge up to the gates of Algiers, and those who have bought property here, seem, generally speaking, to wish they were well out of the country.

The pretext upon which the French conquest was undertaken, as every one knows, was the rash blow dealt by the Dey to the French Consul in April, 1827. Strange if a blow dealt by a French officer, to a Moorish Prince in April, 1864, should be the pretext for a revolt so extensive as to make the French dynasty tremble in Algeria! The officer in command telegraphed to Algiers for 12,000 men. Recently, however, so many soldiers have been despatched from here to Mexico, and several regiments also ordered home, that the reply was, only 2,000 could be spared. It is stated that the officer desired thereupon to throw up his command. Algiers

cannot be left unprotected, but every soldier is sent off who can with safety be spared. To-day, the telegraphic wires, which extended to Laghout, as they do to every part of the French territory, have been cut.

Troubles never come singly, and the French here have another train of disagreeable reflections, in the reception accorded by England to Garibaldi. "If it had been simply by the lower orders I could have understood it," said a *Conseiller de la Cour Impériale* to us the other day; "but as it is, it is simply inexplicable." To-day we were asked its meaning by an old French officer, who would by no means be satisfied with the assurance that there was nothing political in the matter; that as a great hero, in the truest sense of the word, England had risen up as one man to receive him. "A great man! a great man! Oh, comme vous vous trompez! But I have seen him, I have seen him myself," he repeated again and again, as though that were an unanswerable argument. "Garibaldi may be a very brave man, but there are plenty of finer fellows amongst our Zouaves. Oh, no, you are quite mistaken. It is not for that—there is some *sous-entendu* in it."

"We were not speaking of him only as a brave man, but as a truly great man, who deserves, though he does not court, all the honour his fellow-men can bestow. The conqueror of a kingdom, he has refused all honour and dignity for himself, and in his straightforward integrity, simplicity of purpose, and pure disinterested devotion to his country, he more closely resembles the noble type of the ancient Romans, than anything we have seen in our days. It is the glory of England that she is able to appreciate such a character, and if she had received Garibaldi coldly, the very stones would have cried out."

"Oh, that is all very fine! I like you for standing up for your country," said my old friend, patting me paternally on the shoulder, "but I have seen him myself! He is thought nothing of in France. No, there is something in it. I cannot make out what it means," he added very musingly. "Lord Palmerston to receive him! There is some *sous-entendu!*".

CHAPTER XXV.

MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

Flying Rumours regarding the Mutiny—Freedom of the Press—Arrival of Troops—Ride to Staouéli—Convent of La Trappe—Description of the Monastery—Hospitable Reception—Conversation with the Monks—Groups of Palm-Trees—Inscriptions—Visit of a Lady, wife of the Governor-General, by permission of the Pope—Telegram from Tunis—Outbreak there.

Friday, April 22*d.*—The news brought us to-day, by an officer of the Chasseurs D'Afrique, is, that the mutiny is entirely at an end; that all the refractory chiefs are in prison; that all the rebels have sent in their submission; and, in fact, that the country is quieter than before the outbreak. I only hope it may be so, but for the reason which yesterday suggested itself, one places no great dependance on French versions. The press has been as usual gagged, the Governor-General having issued orders to the papers, to publish no statements on the subject but such as they find in the *Moniteur*, or receive from himself. Perhaps, after all, on my own showing, there is wisdom in this. Nevertheless, could they have a press at once free, and enlightened, it would set the minds of visitors, residents, and colonists much more at rest. The largest detachment of troops we have yet seen sent into the interior, passed along the road near our house to-day, consisting of Spahis, just arrived from France, Zouaves, and Turcos, making their usual noisy demonstrations.

In consequence of the re-assuring tidings of this morning, our friend contented himself with a sort of life-preserver, instead of a revolver, and we have even agreed to venture to Sidi-Ferruch a few days hence. Our late visit to the interior had proved so pleasant, that we agreed before parting, to make as many excursions together as time and opportunity would permit. One of these was to be to the monks of La Trappe, within an easy ride, and this being a lovely day we started on our pilgrimage thither. My fear of Arab hired horses is almost gone, two of those I have had from Lambert, in the Rue-Bab-Azzoun, having proved such good ones. The half-stupid looks which Arab steeds usually put on before starting, vanish the instant they are put to their full speed, when it is with no small trouble they are held in. The views to-day on every side, were as usual beautiful, and before reaching Cheragas, one gets quite a panorama, extending from Sidi Ferruch to the Djebel-Chenoua; this sweep being dotted over by several pretty little villages—Bou-Ismaïl, Castiglione, Kbour-er-Roumia, and others. Some little bridges, if such by courtesy they must be called, which we passed over, were so tastefully laid out that we could not but notice them, the young aloes, planted at equi-distances, presenting the appearance of a small pinery.

The village of Cheragas stands at the entrance of the plain of Staouéli, on the site formerly occupied by the tribe of the Cheragas, who have now disappeared before the invaders. The present inhabitants bear a good character for industry; and here, amongst other manufactures, they make quantities of the *crin vegetal*, or vegetable horsehair, from the tissues of the Fan Palm. It is here that the territory, consisting of about 2,050 acres, allotted to the Trappists, commences.

"Les Dames n'entrent pas in," met our gaze on approaching the building, affixed most needlessly, as it seemed to us ladies, on the farmyard entrance. We might at least have inspected their live stock! However, a lay brother, clad in a garb so earth-coloured, that at a distance it is very difficult to recognise the living mortal, pointed to a room *à côté* in which he said Mrs. E. and I might rest, while the gentlemen were looking over the building. Soon a hospitable *frère*, in a white woollen garment reaching down to the feet, girdled with a leathern belt, and having the universal hood hanging down the back, came to us, with the offer of refreshment, which, after a ride in the broiling sun, we were not indisposed to accept. So the visit of inspection was postponed, until we had all done justice to monastic fare. Excellent brown bread, delicious butter, honey, and really good cheese, formed the staple of our repast; bananas, and medlars, such I never saw elsewhere, were the dessert. Very good *vin rouge* until our thirst was satisfied, when the kind-looking monk in attendance produced a bottle of what he simply called *vin blanc*, but which was admitted by all to be super-excellent. The medlars, in colour and size, resembled small apricots, and had three or four stones in the centre, about the size of small hazel nuts.

Mrs. E. and I were now left to our own reflections, while the same monk conducted G. and Mr. H. first to the chapel, a very plain, barn-like affair, which occupied all one wing of the building, and then to the dormitories. Each of these was a kind of long narrow passage, the beds placed down the centre of the room *dos à dos*, and divided into separate cells by wooden partitions. The entrance to each cell consisted of a white curtain, which serves as a door by night, and is drawn up by day,

to admit a free current of air. A small iron bedstead, was about the extent of the furniture allotted to each of the brothers. They were also shewn the distillery, from which issues the Essence of Geranium, which the French prize so highly, but which we all thought too strong, and sickly. The library next engaged their attentions, but there no monk was allowed to utter a word. This restriction, which forms the leading feature of the Trappist Convents, does not as a rule extend to the monks conducting visitors over the Abbey, *pro tem.* They are permitted to converse freely with them, except in certain parts of the building, and well inclined our monk appeared, to enter for the moment into the affairs of the outer world. He was most anxious to know how the recent *émeute* had begun, and what was the present aspect of affairs, and questioned us all breakfast time on the subject.

Christians cannot but feel a deep interest in the spiritual state of the inmates of a monastery. Their voluntary imprisonment tells, more fully than words, their felt need of pardon and peace; but how to show that interest, is the difficulty. There was little hope that tracts would be accepted. They seemed, too, somewhat out of keeping in a Romish Convent; however, G. happened to have two, which were simply taken from Scripture, one being the prayers found in Bible language, the other the promises of God, which he offered to the monk, who willingly accepted them. Upon their rejoining us, the *frère concierge*, who also accompanied them, took occasion to display his small wares, chiefly consisting of chaplets, rosaries, and medals. While these were being inspected, I saw our monk seat himself down in a corner, and commence reading his tracts. Hoping for a little conversation, I walked towards him, when he looked up, and

asked the strangely-sounding question, "Do you *tutoyez Dieu?*"

"Yes, always; in our language *tu* sounds less familiar, and more reverential, than *vous*."

"Do you ever use *tu* in common conversation?"

"Rarely; we say *vous* in speaking to one another, and *tu* in addressing God."

Thinking it was my turn to question him, I asked, "Do you read the Word of God in French?"

"Oh yes, in French, and Latin."

"But in *French*?"

"Yes, in French."

"I had a conversation the other day with a priest at the Bishop's palace, and he admitted that he never read it in his own language."

"Oh well, mine is all drawn from the Bible, and it's Latin and French interleaved. I have French on one page, and Latin on another, so as to see," he added smiling, "if it is a correct translation."

"But the Latin is not the original."

"No, but it is translated from the Septuagint."

"I like better to read God's Word in my own language, and to have the *whole* of it, because Jesus said, '*Search* the Scriptures, . . . &c. they are they which testify of Me.'"

"You call our Lord 'Jesus.' Now I remark that all the English who come here always say 'Christ.'"

"I scarcely understand you."

"The English never seem to say 'Jesus,' or 'Jesus Christ,' but only speak of Him as 'Christ.' Why is that?"

This, like many other questions, was easier to ask than to answer satisfactorily; but I thought it shewed how often our words may be noticed and pondered, when least we expect it. He continued,

"You believe in our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Oh yes, indeed we do, and love Him too."

"And in the Holy Virgin?"

"We honour her as a blessed and holy woman, honoured of God, but we do not worship her as divine."

"Yet she was the mother of God."

"Not the mother of God, but of the Lord Jesus in His human nature. He was perfect God, as well as perfect man."

"You cannot separate the two natures. It would be absurd to say of a mother, 'she is the mother of her child's body, but not of his soul,' when the two form but one person."

"No such illustration can be analogous, because our Lord existed as God from before the foundation of the world; a child has no prior existence."

"I am not sure of that. Some of the Fathers have held that every child has been pre-existent;" and away into a labyrinth of Fathers the good monk was wandering, when G. brought a box made of the shell of a tortoise, with which the neighbourhood abounds, to ask if I would like it.

"Why do you not rather buy one of those crucifixes; those of a white ivory figure on an ebony cross?"

"Because we are not to make to ourselves any graven image. They are very pretty, but lead to idolatry."

"Well, that is strange! A great many English who have been here, have bought them, and yet they were Protestants; but they said if they placed a crucifix before them, it helped them to say their prayers."

"Then, although they had the name, they were not really Protestants. True Christians have Christ in their hearts, the hope of glory, and should need no such external aids to devotion."

The monk tried to prove from his own experience that it was a great assistance, and then said, laughingly, "I wonder if you ever pray for our conversion as we pray for yours?"

"I will pray for you, individually, *mon frère*, that you may be saved by faith in Christ Jesus."

"And by good works," added the monk.

"By faith, which will prove itself by your works."

And so our little *entretiens* ended, and we parted with mutual expressions of hope that we might yet again meet in His presence, who is alone the way, the truth, and the life.

Mrs. E. and I were most anxious to see the celebrated group of palm-trees in the centre of the court; and as one door of the porter's lodge, in which we were resting, led into the court, a peep would have been a very easy matter; but this was not allowed. The monk, however, directed us to go to the entrance of the gateway, and told the *concierge* to open *that* door, through which, without violating the sanctity of their premises by placing a foot inside, we had a full view of the magnificent palms, and a squint at some others not far distant. Poor Trappists! As we had ridden up, we had met one of their number, who forthwith prostrated himself behind a crucifix, and covered his face with his hood, that he might not look at Mrs. E. and myself. Another, a little further on, took refuge behind a little sapling of a tree. And these mortifications, and self-imposed pains and restrictions, are all undertaken with the vain hope of meriting heaven! As well might the builders of Babel of old, expect to make their tower soar up into the presence of God, as these zealous, but deluded men, thus attempt to weave their own fig-leaf righteousness. To condemn to perpetual silence the best member which God has given, and which

should be employed in speaking His praise from day to day, is surely to misuse His gifts, and to dishonour Himself. Some of the mottoes which adorned the entrance were very good. I wish the custom of using mottoes, and texts, as embellishments, was more common in England. One ran thus :—

"CELUI QUI N'A PAS LE TEMPS DE PENSER A SON SALUT,
AURA L'ÉTERNITÉ POUR S'EN REPENTIR.

No Christian edifice can boast great antiquity as such, in Algeria. The chief interest attached to this abbey is, that it stands on the very spot on which the battle was fought, which opened the way to French dominion over the country. On landing at Sidi Ferruch, about six miles distant from hence, the French saw the Algerian army, drawn up in battle array, on this plain, which had been from time immemorial a favourite spot with Arab shepherds for feeding their flocks. Thirteen years later, the government of Louis Philippe ceded this site to the Trappists, to found an agricultural establishment. In August, 1843, a body of this order arrived, and established themselves in tents under the very palms we had been so anxious to see, and under whose shade the more splendid tents of Ibrahim Pasha had previously been placed. A hundred and fifty military prisoners were sent to the assistance of the monks, the offerings of the pious poured in from all quarters, and gradually from what had been the battle-field, arose the present abbey. Beautiful gardens, and orangeries, so we were told, were within its encircling walls ; but these, alas ! we ladies were not permitted to visit. One lady only has ever crossed the threshold of the abbey, the wife of the Governor-General, by special permission of the Pope ; but hers could not have been a prolonged visit ; she was not allowed to sit

down, for so ran the papal mandate, as our guide solemnly assured us! I asked if he meant the Duchess of Malakoff, wife of the present Governor. The monk thought it was, but did not seem quite sure.

Our visit concluded, we remounted our horses, and galloped homewards, not however, without bearing away with us grateful reminiscences of the attention received, and feelings fraught with painful interest towards the self-devoted monks of Staouéli.

Monday, April 26th.—Further cause of alarm to-day in Algiers, by reason of the tidings from Tunis. A telegram this morning gives information of a very unpleasant state of things there. The mutiny in Algeria seems to have struck a key-note, which vibrates throughout the Arab body politic. Rumour says, that the French and English consuls, at Tunis, have gone on board their ships, and that their countrymen residing there, are in an awkward predicament.

To-night rain is falling in torrents, and even at the distance we are inland, we can distinctly hear the roar of the waves as they lash the beach. This augurs ill for our to-morrow's plans; but by no one day in this beautiful climate, can one possibly judge of the next unfavourably.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXCURSION TO COLÉAH.

Excursion to Coléah—Spanish Woodcutters and Charcoal-Burners—the River Mazafran—Jardin des Zouaves—A Gift to General Lamoricière—Picnic in the Garden—Arab Attendant—Tombeau de la Reine Chrétienne—Arab Legend—Silkworm Factory—A Monkey—Description of Coléah—Story of Sidi Embarek—Coléah a Second Mecca—Its History—An Arab Boys' School—Remarks.

Wednesday, April 27th. — An excursion to Coléah having been arranged for to-day, the clouds were anxiously watched, from 5 o'clock this morning; and on the party, together with the carriage, arriving, we agreed to start, in spite of sundry unpleasant-looking atmospheric symptoms. We were barely off at 7 A.M. when down came the rain; but on we drove, amidst intermittent exclamations from one or other of the party, that Coléah was out of the question, that it had set in for the day, and that turn back we must. But a vote for braving it carried the day, and by the time we reached Cheragas, the oft-repeated prediction, that it would clear up, was really verified.

As to the route, there is little worthy of note. We again passed the Trappist Convent, and left Sidi Ferruch on the right, to be visited next week, and so on to the Massafran, which we crossed on an American bridge, 302 feet long, and about 19 feet wide. As our road lay along the coast, we crossed the river near its mouth, and most singular was the effect which we saw at the spot, and still more from the neighbouring heights, of the dark brown, turbid stream, emptying itself into the deep blue

sea. Long before we reached the place, we had seen it, and tried to solve the enigma, ignorant of our near approach to the river. The brown line of demarcation was thrown out apparently a quarter of a mile from the shore, proving the reluctance of the sea to amalgamate with its tributary; until at length, all danger of contact and defilement surmounted, the azure blue sea recovered its serenity, and triumphantly asserted its supremacy. The fort which guards the approach to Sidi Ferruch, stood on the narrow promontory which jutted out into the sea, and formed a charming background to the picture. And from this point the chief beauties of the road began. The road wound up through rocky ground, covered with the usual brushwood, and which had extended also to the fertile plains, now removed to give room for the cultivation of tobacco, and cotton. The wood-cutters, and charcoal-burners, who daily supply Algiers with two great necessaries of life, come from this vicinity; and here and there we discovered their whereabouts, by the very cosy-looking tents they had pitched amidst the underwood.

About ten o'clock Coléah was reached, a small town, or rather a large village; and where they stow away the 2,700 inhabitants, which the latest historians of Algeria assign to it, I am at a loss to conceive. After passing between two forts, which looked formidable enough, but are now only used as prisons, we drove into the place, the observed of all observers. Whether such an arrival was a rare event, or whatever the cause, the inhabitants turned out in great force to greet our entrance, and assisted most patiently at the debate which ensued, as to whither we should first bend our steps. We had provided ourselves with eatables enough for a respectable picnic, in case of going further than Coléah; but the pangs of hunger were now assailing us, and the multitude

of counsellors in attendance, did not make us feel at all sure of finding any place in the neighbourhood where we could sit down quietly to discuss them. But amongst the on-lookers was a *gendarme*, and, on applying to him, he recommended the Jardin des Zouaves, and selected an Arab from the crowd, as porter, and guide in one. Depositing our wraps at the inn, we followed our leader into the beautiful public gardens, laid out in the English style, which are larger than those at Blidah, and decidedly the best we have anywhere seen; and, despite a notice similar to that at Kew Gardens, relative to baskets at the entrance, we walked boldly on till the Arab came to a full stop under a charming arbour, overshadowed by orange-trees, which seemed built expressly for our need. He seized our Arab pitcher, and, saying he would fill it, soon returned with clear water, and then left us to *déjeûner* in peace. Thankful enough we were for such a shelter when, in a few minutes more, the rain descended in torrents. But this was a clearing storm; and by the time we had finished our repast, had had water thrown over our hands by the Arab, and with all frugality reserved enough for a late dinner, the sky was as clear, and the ground as dry, as though no water had fallen.

An interesting little history, by the way, is attached to this pretty garden. It formerly belonged to a native chief of great influence, who became so attached to General Lamoricière, that he bequeathed it to him as a mark of esteem. The General—who has since won "honourable mention" in virtue of the loyalty to his country, which the midnight seizure of December 2d ascribed to him—on leaving Algeria, presented it to the officers of the regiment, stationed at Coléah for the time being.

In answer to our inquiries, as to what was to be seen,

we were disappointed at finding that the *Tombeau*, which we had wished to visit, would be another day's journey distant.

The *Rbour-er-Roumia*, or "Tombeau de la Reine Chrétienne," is 20 kilometres beyond Coléah, and no carriage-road conducts the traveller thither. Two routes may be taken, both being mule paths. That by the Lake Halloula, would be preferred by the sportsman, as snipes are reported to abound there. Perhaps the snipes would even rank before the tomb, since recent historical discoveries have decided that neither Cava, nor any other *Chrétienne*, or *Chrétien* was ever buried there. It is said to have been the place of sepulture of a race of Moorish kings. M. Judas says, it must originally have been spelt *Rbour Roumim*, *i.e.* mausoleum of kings and grandees; and that the *im*, has become corrupted into *ia*.

The only question which troubles the Arabs, is that relating to the whereabouts of the treasure, which they feel convinced must once have been lodged there. This is always their firm belief with regard to any monument which cannot give a satisfactory account of itself, and they think it is some knowledge of the same, which influences the frequent visits of Franks.

Of course they have an explanatory legend. An Arab, Ben-Kassem by name, having been captured by the Christians, was sold to a Spanish *savant* in the days of Philip II. This worthy, grieved at seeing his captive spend whole days in tears, proposed at length to give him his liberty.

"I will restore thee to thy family, and to thy country," said the sage, "if thou wilt swear to perform what I ask of thee. In nothing shall it interfere with thy religion."

"With that reservation, I swear," joyfully exclaimed Ben-Kassem.

"At once shalt thou embark," returned the sage. "When thou rejoinest thy family, spend with them three days. On the fourth, repair to the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne.* Arrived there, thou shalt burn upon a brazier, this paper that I give thee, turning the while thy face towards the East. Whatever may happen, discover no amazement, and return to thy tent. I ask no more, in exchange for the freedom I now grant thee."

Prostrating himself at his deliverer's feet, and kissing the generous hand which freed him, the grateful Arab swore to the fulfilment of his mission, and forthwith set sail for his native soil. Arrived at home, on the fourth day he visited the Tomb. But scarcely had the paper been consumed on the brazier, than, to the astonished sight of Ben-Kassem, the Tomb slowly opened of its own accord, to give free egress to a vast cloud of gold and silver pieces, which rose high in the air, and then blew off over the sea, in the direction of the Christian's land. Speechless and paralysed with fear at what he beheld, Ben-Kassem stood at first motionless, till it occurred to him to try and stop the golden cloud, by throwing his burnous over it as it departed. Thus he succeeded in gaining a few, but only a few of the passing coins. When he turned to the Tomb, lo! it had closed again, as though it had never been disturbed. The charm had done its work!

Long time the Arab kept the secret, but it burnt within him, and when he told it, it spread abroad, and reached the ears of Salah-Raïs. So little did the infidel Pacha respect the sanctity of the Christian's tomb, that he forthwith sent workmen to demolish it, and bring him its hidden treasures. But the blows of the hammer had hardly resounded on the Tomb, when a female form was seen on its summit (doubtless that of the Christian Queen), extending her arms towards the lake for succour.

"Help, oh! Halloula! help."

Scarcely had the cry been heard, when a cloud of enormous mosquitoes was seen flying from the lake below, which quickly, and effectually, dispersed the workmen. Two hundred years later, another daring Pacha sent his guns there, and tried to demolish it by cannon shot. His artillery was vain. No mortal power could prevail against it!

And with stories such as these, implicitly believed in, the grave-looking Arabs amuse themselves by the hour, while sitting cross-legged on the ground, imbibing their tiny cups of Mocha, or smoking their pipes!

To a pretty little cemetery in the neighbourhood we next bent our steps, and on the first tombstone we passed, was inscribed, "*Ici repose Marie Antoinette . . . .*" but it was not the body of the unhappy Queen, which had found a quiet resting-place on the shores of Africa; and as the grass was too long, and the flowers too tall, to allow us to walk in comfort, we turned in the opposite direction. On inquiring our route at a cottage, the good woman, who accepted some *petits livres* with much pleasure, invited us upstairs, to see her silk-worm factory, and a curious sight it was. On a wide high stand, with several layers, or shelves, just such as might be employed by a gardener to preserve apples, or seeds, these busy little workmen were to be seen in thousands. The proprietress, who seemed thoroughly *au fait* with silk-worm details, attributed her success in rearing them to certain sanitary regulations, which were not usually practised in the silk districts. She said she fed them regularly, and plentifully, three times a day, but never allowed them to eat between meals; she also gave them plenty of fresh air. Several of her friends expected the worms would die from starvation, and exposure; but she had found her method (to

which must be supplemented a fact on which she laid great stress, *viz.* that she always placed the mulberry-leaves—"*doucement*"—upon them, never throwing them down, and thereby wounding the tender little creatures as too many did), to answer admirably. Last year, from 45 *grammes* of seed she had realized 68 kilogrammes, or about 140 lbs. of silk, which she sold at 9 fr. the kilo. For many consecutive nights, she told us, she had never lain down till 5 A.M., but her care of her worms had been well repaid. Every three or four days she shifted them, and cleaned out their little domiciles, and in consequence of all this cleanliness, there was not the slightest odour perceptible.

Returning through the Jardin, we saw one of the Zouaves—these soldiers must always have some pet—amusing himself with a monkey caught near the mountains, and which was walking by his side on its hind legs, about as tall as a boy of six or seven years old. These animals are certainly too human-looking, and I greatly prefer seeing them up in a tree. Mr. H. gave him a cayenne-pepper lozenge, and his attempts to wash out the hot element, and to swallow the sweet part, were ludicrous.

We were directed to an Arab marabout, and to the tower of the mosque of Si-Embarek, now enclosed within the precincts of the French Military Hospital, from whence an extensive view was to be obtained. Inside the court of the former, we came upon a small group of palm-trees, two of which were still flourishing, but the third, a tall, headless trunk, looked like the shaft of a once noble pillar, still standing amidst ruins. The tomb of Si-Embarek occupied the centre of the building, and in the vestibule (though this, strictly speaking, is of course an incorrect term) lay devotees, attracted thither by the sanctity of the place. One, an old man,

who had probably been carried there, for he looked too infirm to move, excited our special interest. One could not but feel he would soon be laid in the grave, and while now probably trying to work out his salvation, there was no one to tell him of the only Saviour, or point to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. None of them could speak much French, but one young Arab professed to be able to read Arabic, and Mr. H. left with him a short tract, which he promised to study. The ascent of the tower was next gained, but I advise no one to attempt it who is not an expert climber. The view hardly repays one.

Coléah seems formerly to have been considered as a sort of Mecca for the Mussulmen of Algeria; and pious pilgrimages by the Faithful, were made hither to visit the mosque, and the tomb of Sidi-Embarek, a saint of wondrous renown. He came, so says tradition, to Coléah in the disguise of a labouring man, and as such was engaged by one Ismaël; but his sanctity could not be hid. When he went forth to cultivate his master's field, he invariably fell asleep, but the oxen as invariably performed their work, and better than if he had been looking on. Ismaël being apprised of this novel proceeding, hid himself behind a hedge, and then saw the miracle performed with his own eyes. While hesitating what course to pursue, he perceived partridges approaching the holy man, to devour the vermin on his sacred person. Incredulity could hold out no longer. Ismaël started from his hiding-place, and, falling on his knees before the saint, owned him as his master, and avowed himself a disciple of Si-Embarek, who of course became rich and powerful, and at his decease, was interred under the Kouba we visited, and through the gratings of which, we were permitted to peep.

Coléah, or Koléah, dates from 1550, and was at first peopled by Moors from Spain. Nothing very remarkable seems to be known of its history previous to the French conquest, except the terrible earthquake which overthrew it in 1835, when Blidah was overwhelmed in the same calamity. Ben-Allal-ben-Embarek, a descendant of the saint, submitted, after a protracted struggle, to the French invaders in 1838; but, trusting to the power of Abd-el-Kader to expel them, he joined his standard as soon as it was raised at Millianah, where he was appointed the lieutenant of that powerful chief. He commanded, in person, at one of Abd-el-Kader's last battles, when, finding matters were becoming desperate, and the fortune of war against him, he determined on selling his life dearly. With his musket he shot down a brigadier of the Chasseurs d'Afrique; pointing his pistol at General Cassaignoles, he killed his horse under him, and next slightly wounded the Maréchal Siquot. Then, having no time to re-load, he drew his yatagan, and was rushing on his foes, when a pistol-shot from Brigadier Gérard terminated his career. So desperate had been his resistance, that it was deemed necessary to send his head to Algiers, to convince his co-religionists of his death, after which his remains—head and trunk re-united—were sent to Coléah, and interred in the mosque of his great ancestor with military honours.

All this is enough to make Coléah a place of some importance, in the eyes of the Mussulman population. But not partaking ourselves in the enthusiasm which such relics were calculated to excite, we began to think of retracing our steps, and making our halt for dinner somewhere near the mouth of the Massafran. This river takes its rise in the mountain overhanging Millianah—Mount Zachar—and runs a course of 108 miles before

discharging itself into the sea, where, like an unwelcome guest, it creates such a wonderful disturbance in the placid Mediterranean. It was known to the ancients as the river Savus; and, without laying claim to any special antiquarian tendencies, we thought we should prefer spreading our evening repast somewhere on its banks.

If we could have spared another day, we should have visited the Roman remains of Cherchel, although the best of them have been transferred to the Museum at Algiers. It has a history of its own, prior indeed to the Roman invasion, for it is known to stand on the site of the Phœnician Colony of Jol. In later days it was enlarged, and embellished by Juba II. the father of Ptolemy, under the name of Cæsarea, and was made the capital of Mauritania; and in 1348 this colony of many fortunes, fell into the hands of the Moors. Bricks, columns, funeral urns, and vases of the purest antique models, have been brought from Cherchel, and may be inspected at the Museum. With this we were obliged to rest content—the more so, as the glories of Cherchel the present, by no means rival those of Cæsarea the past.

Having ordered the carriage at three, for sooner than this our driver declined to start, we found we had about an hour on our hands; and hearing that the place boasted of an Arab school, for boys only—girls being of course deemed incapable of education—we directed our steps thither. Passing through the mosque, over Turkish carpets, a monotonous hum of young voices soon guided us to a low room, about 15 feet by 12, where ten or a dozen urchins, seated on the ground, were getting their lessons by heart. The master lay on the floor at full length on a small carpet, and neither he nor his pupils took the smallest notice of our entrance, except it were to raise the pitch of their voices, and to give us an occasional grin. "Are

you the master?" I asked, but the voice of the chorus was so incessant, that I had to repeat it several times before I could hear "Oui."

"What is the highest number you ever have in the school?"

"Fifteen."

Fifteen, and this was the only school in the place! We looked around, and about us, and wondered what an English school inspector would make out of it. The furniture was conspicuous by its absence, and consisted of a slate apiece, on which was very neatly written the lesson they were learning; a praying carpet for the Domine, and some bits of others which had probably been expelled from the mosque, lay about on the brick floor. A pitcher of water which was in constant requisition, making us conclude that this monotonous recitation was as wearisome to them as to us, and a rod by the master's side, formed the whole inventory of the school effects, and I should fear the paucity of the intellectual furniture, was somewhat on a par.

I think Mr. Lowe's most inveterate opponents would be inclined to admit that *here*, at least, the system of payment by results, might be introduced with advantage. The only result of our visit, was to give us some idea of the classical schools of yore, in the dress, and recumbent position of the master, with his young disciples at his feet. Some one said something about the school of Athens, but 15 feet by 12 did not favour the illusion; and as we could neither give, nor get, good in this establishment, we left, and wended our way to one of the old ruined forts, where four *mauvais sujets*, we learnt, were at this moment in durance vile. Four of these forts in bygone days, guarded the town at its different extremities, but of these only two now remain. We looked across

from thence, at Blidah, which we saw most clearly, but the day was not favourable for more extended views. We could not discern the Lake Halloula, where wild ducks, and swans, it is said, are also found, as well as the snipes; and where the Arabs have a profitable fishery for leeches.

Cultivation had evidently been very diligently, and as we learnt very successfully, carried on around Coléah, but the town clock now struck three, and anxious to be off, we started to look after our Jehu, and with some trouble, managed to get him, his three horses, and their jingling bells, ready by 3.20.

Again a crowd assembled to see *les Anglais* off, and we took our departure, agreeing that Coléah in itself was scarcely worth a visit, though our excursion had been a very pleasant one. Coléah stands about 400 feet above the sea level. Sidi Ferruch on the one side, and Cherchel on the other, are its two nearest sea-points. On descending the hill where we had seen the union of the fresh water, and the salt, in the morning, though the river retained its brown colour, that of the sea was changed to the loveliest green. Here we halted, and rambled amongst the brush-wood covering the rocky eminence, finally selecting a spot for dinner overlooking Torre Chica. We offered our driver some of our provisions, but he declined, saying he had *la fièvre*, and must not eat till he reached Algiers. We were again *en route* in time to see the sun set gloriously in the Mediterranean, but darkness had come on, and the stars one by one had come forth to keep their nightly vigils, ere the jingling music of our horses' bells ceased, and we found ourselves safe at El-Biar.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ENGLISH IN ALGIERS.

Levées on the Roof of our House—Effect of Climate, and of Flowers on Invalids—English Society in Algiers—The Consul-General—The Vice-Consul—An Anglo-French Family—Style of Living—Grand Day at the Cour Impériale—Installation of the First President—Administration of Justice in Algeria—No Trial by Jury—Visit to Sidi Bou-Kandoura, and his Wife—Moorish Ornaments of Gold Coins—Dress of the Princess—Genuine Otto of Rose—Coffee and Sweetmeats—Some account of the Turkish Baths in Algiers.

Saturday, April 28th.—This will be probably our last reception-day, for the very valid reason that every one is now leaving, or has left. Our *levées* are partly held on the upper terrace on the roof, looking down on our flower-garden; and, even under the shelter of umbrellas, it is getting somewhat too hot for this, tempting as is the view, to which we must so soon bid a final adieu.

Talking of flowers, and of people who have come hither to try the effect of this climate, reminds me of a curious fact I lately heard, from a clever, and very successful physician; and which, it would seem, is highly important for consumptive patients to learn. He was alluding to other, and less perceptible causes; and told us that in inflammation of the lungs, or more decided consumption, the perfume of violets, should be studiously avoided. Often in such cases, when he had prescribed a medicine he knew to be a specific, he had found, to his surprise, and chagrin, the symptoms considerably aggravated on the morrow. On close investigation, a modest bouquet of violets, had been the unsuspected irritant. He also gave

instances to prove the injurious action of hyacinths in a room, where any tendency existed to diphtheria, bronchitis, or other throat affection. How often mischief lurks where least expected!

I see, on reviewing my Journal, that I have seldom, or ever, mentioned by name, any of the friends, or acquaintances we have made here; probably under the idea that future visitors to Algiers would not find the same faces. This will not apply to the residents; and some of them I must particularize. First, and foremost, in Anglo-Algerian importance stands, of course, the Consul-General. I have repeatedly alluded to Mr. Churchill, who has uniformly endeavoured to render our stay here agreeable. His only fault in the eyes of colonial rank, and fashion, seems to be, that, unlike the natives in general, and the pattern Kabyles in particular, he appears quite insensible to the charms of matrimony. Mr. Elmore, the Vice-Consul, who has been here for several years, has done his best to rectify his chief's culpable *insouciance* on this score, by leading an English lady to the hymeneal altar, about a year-and-a-half ago. Even he, I believe, would have been considered more correct, had he taken to himself a bride on this African coast (I don't mean a native). Then there is an English doctor, who committed exactly the same error. Algeria decidedly stands in proud pre-eminence to India, in this respect. Several English ladies who have come out, have married foreigners; but I have not heard of a single instance, as far as I remember, in which Englishmen have given the slightest countenance to speculative emigration, on the part of their fair countrywomen.

A few English, and Scotch, are stationary here; some on the ground of health, others because they can, more satisfactorily than in the old country, adjust any little

unpleasant discrepancies between income and expenditure. Provisions are far dearer than they were, especially in the article of meat; but it would be difficult to commit any great extravagance, when living on a flat, and in a style altogether different from that of home requirements. Some, indeed, place themselves *en pension*, and come here every winter, as regularly as the swallows leave England. They can be received at from five, to ten francs, per diem, and thus their expenses can easily be regulated, and a wide margin left, even on a small income. One of these boarding-houses is in the Rue Bab-el-Oued. The meat is not, however, at these places, always of the best quality, and the close air of the streets would be, to my mind, a serious objection.

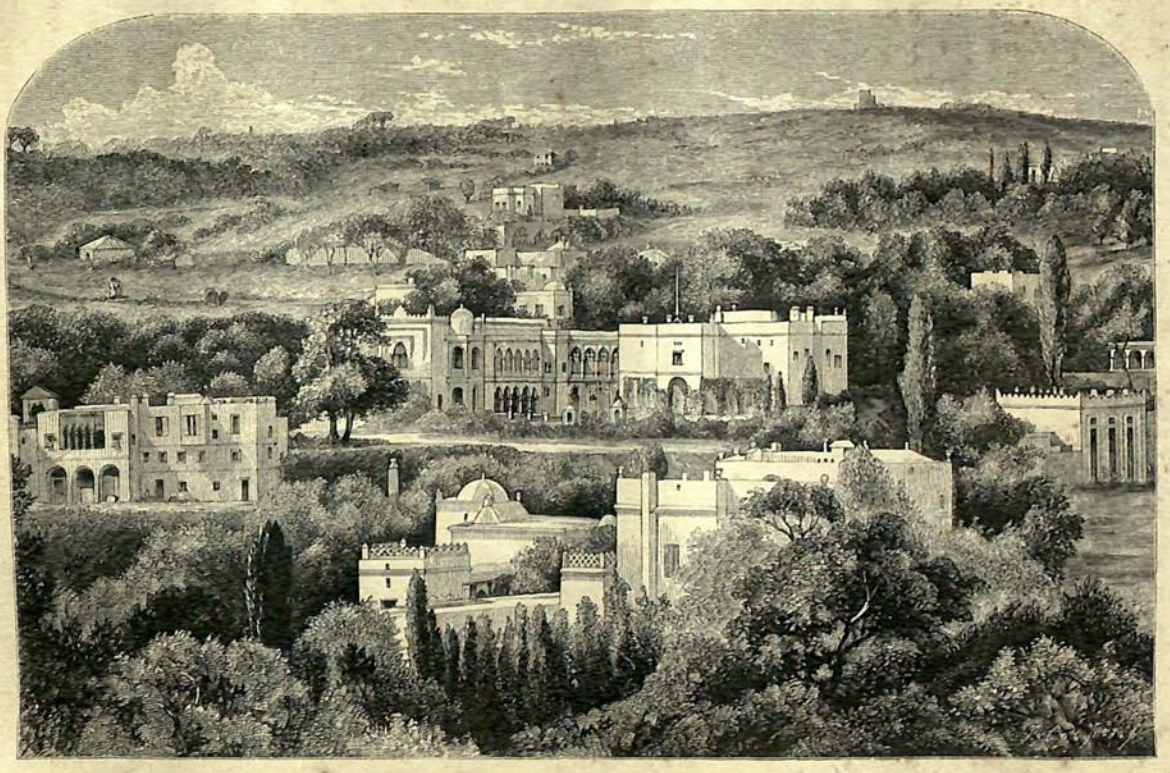
Not much, I grieve to add, can be said as to the tone of religion this winter amongst the English generally. Christianity, which 'denies the divinity of Christ, and Zulu rationalism,' striving to sap, and mine, the very foundations of revealed religion, have, alas! too much abounded. There have been, however, exceptions, and with these it has been very pleasant to meet.

Quite an English colony is formed by the engineers, architects, work-people, and superintendents of the Peto Company; employed at first on the railway, now on the boulevard, and likely to remain a few years longer. We have met with the greatest kindness, and attention, from an Anglo-French family, who have been resident here for many long years, and to whom a letter of introduction would be always valuable for visitors. The very English name of Brown, makes it hard to 'believe' that French is their native language, but such is the case, though both tongues are much alike to them. Mr. Brown is a *Conseiller de la Cour Impériale*, to which a new First President has been recently appointed, and this morning

was fixed for the grand ceremony of his installation. Mr. and Mrs. Brown gave a breakfast-party on the occasion, to which we were invited.

We have made the acquaintance of a few French families, but only called on those to whom we had been introduced. Some near neighbours of ours, own an old Moorish house, so romantically situated that we had often longed to visit them, but forgetting Algerian customs, thought it impossible to do so unless they called first. To-day we met, and were introduced to them, when I heard that they had long wished to cultivate our acquaintance, and thought it somewhat strange that we had never called on them! Of course regrets were interchanged, and mutual promises made of rectifying the mistake. All this was on entering the Cour. Seats in the gallery were reserved for us, from which we could see and hear all the proceedings.

The Governor-General, Marshal Pelissier, presided on the occasion, arriving at 1 o'clock, and was received by a number of scarlet-robed, and decoration-bedizened gentlemen. For this city of Algiers alone there are no fewer than fourteen *Conseillers à la Cour Impériale*, an office which corresponds with that of a stipendiary magistrate in London. Their pay is miserably small —about 6,000 francs per annum; and if the sum total were divided amongst half a dozen, instead of the present number of officials, the probability is that greater efficiency would be attained, and with a more adequate remuneration for their labours. But other objects have to be kept in view, to which attention could not fail to be directed, in the speeches which ensued on the arrival of the First President, after all the bowings, and formalities on passing the Vice Imperial chair, had been observed. Each speaker vied with his predecessor, in tuning his



THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, AT MUSTAPHA SUPÉRIEUR.

harangue to the praise, honour, and glory, of the French Emperor. Algiers was what he had made it. France in general, and the colony in particular, owed its very existence to Napoleon; and the new First President, who had, of course, to return thanks on his installation, quite melted into tenderness at the reflection, that so great an Emperor should have deigned to single out so insignificant an individual as himself, in that far-distant part of his magnificent empire. Altogether, it was a wonderful exhibition; and if all is gold that glitters, it would seem to cast our English loyalty into the shade. But, usually, deep waters run smoothest.

The administration of justice in Algeria, is much the same as in France, although in certain cases the proceedings are abridged, in order to facilitate the prompt execution of business. The only important difference consists in the absence of trial by jury in criminal cases, the accused being judged by the Court. Once a quarter, three *Conseillers*, on one of whom devolves the office of President, are deputed to hold the Assizes in the Provinces, the Court in each place being completed by the addition of two magistrates of the local tribunal.

Friday, April 29th.—Went with Madame B. to call on a Moorish lady, wife of Sidi Bou-Kandoura, and sister of Prince Mustapha. Our visit being by appointment, the door was opened by Sidi Bou-Kandoura himself, who received and welcomed us most cordially. The contrast between the interior, and exterior, of these Moorish dwellings, has long ceased to look strange, yet it is curious nevertheless. One has to penetrate through a labyrinth of close, narrow streets, jostled every moment by dirty Arabs, vociferating at their long file of patient, heavily-laden donkeys; and then to pause before a low brown door, surmounted by a crescent, and embedded in

a blank, meaningless-looking white wall, until by some means one has conveyed to the denizens within, that a visitor is waiting to be admitted. Bells are innovations which even the European occupants of Moorish houses, rarely think it necessary to adopt. On visiting even at some of the best *campagnes*, the chief hope lies in our approach being seen by the servants, otherwise our knuckles have to act for bell and knocker.

But here we were, inside, and standing in the quadrangular court, which constitutes the centre of every house, with the Minton tiles of Algeria on all sides, and galleries running round it on every story. At the top of the stairs, a pretty little girl of five years old, Sidi Bou-Kandoura's daughter by a former wife, stood waiting to greet us by shaking hands, and wishing us *bon jour*. She wore a blue velvet cap studded with sequins, the former gold coins of the realm. The wealthy Moors, as other use for them has ceased, have had them manufactured into bracelets, armlets, brooches, and ornaments of every kind. Those now sold in the Moorish bazaars, are, with few exceptions, imitations. I have bought many of them. Their only value, of course, consists in their resemblance to the Moorish jewelry of the past. The little girl submitted her cap with great grace for inspection, and soon became very friendly, and communicative. We were conducted to the drawing-room to rest on divans, play with the child, and talk with Sidi Bou-Kandoura, until a curtain was lifted on the opposite side of the gallery, and his wife made her appearance.

In nothing is the effect of their not mixing with the entire world so apparent, as in the dress of the Moorish women. Their attire looks appropriate only to the stage. In the present instance, some yards of scarlet satins were folded around the lady's person, so arranged in front as to

form a sort of very low body *carrée*, the figure being draped in clear net. The waist was confined by a girdle of silver and blue, and another fold of the red satin formed the petticoat. The ample drawers were of blue and white striped gauze, spangled with silver—the buff-coloured boots, were surmounted with yellow slippers. The head-dress was equally peculiar.. The princess, we were told, was passionately fond of flowers, and a long chain of orange blossom, every here and there interspersed with a bouquet of the same flowers more fully opened, or a bunch of roses, was twisted round her dark glossy tresses. She was accompanied by a friend, who took her seat on a low cushion, but French innovations had crept into the house, and the princess seated herself on a chair. A younger child, playmate to the little girl of the family, came in likewise, and both the children were established on a cushion, and sat still, in evident awe, throughout our conversation.

Coffee was served on a silver tray, laid on one of the high stools inlaid with mother-of-pearl, brought in for the occasion, which always in Moorish houses do duty for a table. People in England rave about Mocha coffee, but I think no English palate can like it, when served in the Turkish, or Moorish fashion. Our hostess, by the way, was a Turkish princess, and the coffee *à la mode Turque*. It is very strong, and very thick, being pounded, instead of ground, and served without milk. The French when taking it, allow the grounds to settle, when the liquid is excellent, but all the Moors and Arabs stir it up, and drink it off. Preserves were also on the tray, and a tea-spoonful of *Cédra conserve* was handed to each of us.

Sidi Bou-Kandoura is a very enlightened man. He said he had been desirous of taking his wife to see the recent ceremony of installing the first president, but people

did stare so much at a veiled lady, that he had been afraid. He seemed also well inclined to travel, said he had been to Paris, and only wished he could see London. I advised him to put this idea into force, and begged him to visit us on the occasion. He replied that this was not the first invitation of the kind he had had, a previous one having been given him by her Majesty Queen Victoria! Rather a formidable rival! He had, it seems, been in Paris on the occasion of the Queen's visit, when the Emperor presented him to her Majesty, whereupon she conversed most affably with him. He promised, however, to come up here and call, and even engaged after some little pressing, to bring his wife with him. *Nous verrons.* He showed us photographs of all the members of our own Royal family, which had been sent him by a lady from England.

Madame Bou-Kandoura was a great exception to her sisterhood in her decided love of activity and employment. She left her husband from time to time to entertain us, while she went about her work. A large supply of orange blossoms lay in the corner of the room, from which she told us, as she gathered them up, she was about to distil orange flower-water, and the Sidi proudly assured us, as he offered us some large flasks of her manufacture to smell, that none equal to hers, could be purchased for money. He says that the genuine otto of rose is now almost impossible to be procured, so largely is even the best adulterated. The *bains maures*, or, as we call them, Turkish baths, stood very high in Sidi Bou-Kandoura's esteem, and he was delighted to find that they were well known in London, and that I could speak of them from personal experience. He had recently been suffering from a severe attack of illness, during which he had been most tenderly nursed night and day by his

wife, and had cured himself, contrary to his doctor's advice, by taking these baths for himself. I told him that on one occasion an English doctor of high standing had said to me, "If your husband tries those baths, or baths of any kind, he is a dead man," and that the baths having been nevertheless taken by him, had restored him to health. We both agreed that baths and their efficacy, were, as a rule, very little understood by medical men.

We had now stayed as long as our time would admit, so after hearing how many centuries Sidi Bou-Kandoura's family had been established in Algeria, and some particulars of an ancestor whose Kouba is still to be seen in the Jardin Marengo, we took our leave, pleased with a peep at another world which we had had, and specially glad to observe that between at least one Moor and his wife, there appeared to exist as much of the *entente cordiale*, and domestic happiness, as between most husbands and wives in England.

I have not myself penetrated the mysteries of the Moorish baths in Algiers, but my husband has, and the following is the account he gives of them.

TURKISH BATHS IN ALGIERS.

"You ask me to give you some account of the Turkish baths in Algiers. My experience has not raised them in my estimation. They are not equal to those in London. Their arrangements, and comforts, are not to be compared with our own. However, as they are venerable for their great antiquity, one ought to speak of them with due respect. They answer all the purposes required by the Moslems. If Europeans use them, they must learn not to be too fastidious. I must

confess I derived much benefit from their occasional use, and one ought to speak well of the bridge which carried one over.

"Now, how can I give you any correct idea of the bath itself? Imagine yourself turning out of one of the principal streets — half Moorish, half French — and plunging at once into the Moorish quarter, a narrow ascending street, or passage, as we should call it in England; too narrow for the use of anything but men and donkeys. As you ascend a few paces, on your left hand, you espy a small Moorish door—you enter, and see a couple of Arabs sitting cross-legged on a bench, enjoying the pleasures of watching the entrance of all visitors. Further on to your left, two others of venerable appearance, in their loose burnouse, and smoking their pipes, or cigarets, will be similarly engaged, and be ready to direct the stranger to find his way. They point you to another door, away on your right, closed by a curtain. This you enter, and you are at once introduced into the large vestibule of the bath, which in England we should call the robing, and the cooling room. On your right, upon descending two or three steps, squats a venerable personage, the receiver of fees; on your left you are greeted by the guardian of any gold, or silver, or other valuables, you may wish to place in safe keeping, during the ceremony of the bath. He receives your treasures in a small bag, which he carefully closes, and deposits in a large chest by his side. This done, you descend into the centre of the room, where you find a crystal fountain always flowing, used by the Moors for their divers ablutions. You are now requested to take off your boots, and a pair of sandals are provided for you. Then you mount three or four marble steps, and find yourself on an elevated platform which occupies

two sides of the room. On this platform are arranged mats; one of which is allotted to you. There are no stools, chairs, or tables. An Arab boy now busies himself as your attendant, assists you in unrobing, and throws over you the bath dress. You then descend the marble steps again, pass through a door, cross a narrow passage, enter another door, and find yourself at once in the *Bath—par excellence*—the one only heated apartment, in which all the sudorific and cleansing operations take place. This room is a large circular building some fifty feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome, in which are inserted about half-a-dozen small windows, which do duty for both light and ventilation, if any. Around the room are some half-dozen alcoves, well supplied with hot and cold water, into one of which the patient retires, as soon as he is ready for shampooing.

"In the centre of the room is a large platform covered with marble, once no doubt *white*, but now, from long and constant use, of a dingy swarthy hue. On this, half-a-dozen patients can lie down at a time. The heat of the apartment is by no means great; the skin, however, soon begins to yield, and in about half an hour you are ready for manipulation.

"You are now led into one of the alcoves, and your Arab bathman at once begins operating upon you, first, by gently squeezing you all over, bending all your joints, twisting you in all directions, and then, by leaning his whole weight upon your chest. By this time you are tolerably supple, and fit for the next operation. Your attendant now bids you to sit up, and then beginning with the nape of your neck, he flays you alive all over, with a glove made of some woollen or fibrous substance. Whatever your sensations may be, your operator grins with delight at his skill in rubbing off the outer cuticle

of your skin and rolling it up in little twists, and placing it on the floor before your eyes.

"During this deeply interesting process, he will amuse himself, and edify you, by chanting one of his monotonous Arab dirges, and if you join in, and try to imitate his nasal twang, he will be much pleased. He will not, however, appreciate any attempt on your part to sing one of the melodies which possess greater charms for cultivated taste.

"As soon as the skinning work is done, your attendant will soothe you all over with a plentiful supply of delicious soap and hot water, and after a few dashes of cold water you may consider yourself fairly polished off.

"But you have not yet done with the bath. Another half hour must be devoted to the cooling process. You are now led back to the marble platform, on which you sit; you are enveloped in folds of thin white muslin, as white and clean as the driven snow, and with a turban around your head, you emerge from the hot room a veritable Moor!

"You follow your attendant, and are led back again to the outer hall from whence you came. Your little Arab boy is ready to receive you in charge, and leads you at once to your mat, arranges it for your siesta, covers you over, and then demands what refreshment you would like—a pipe, a cigaret, a cigar, tea, or coffee? Having supplied your wants, he squats himself down by your side, will finish your cigar, or drench off the dregs of your coffee, will watch over your repose, and be ready to hand you your clothes the moment you wish to rise. You give your little naked-legged attendant three or four sous, and a franc to the dignified Moor sitting at the receipt of custom, and with many low *salaams*,

and with one skin less to burden you, you take your departure.

"The great *desiderata* in these baths are cleanliness, and ventilation. The good one gets from the bath itself, is half destroyed by the vitiated atmosphere of the heated room.

"The bath is devoted to the use of the Moorish ladies in the afternoon of each day, from twelve to five o'clock. Negresses attend these veiled beauties."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXCURSIONS.

Excursion to Sidi Ferruch—Another Visit to La Trappe—Picnic at Torre Chica—Landing-place of the French—Story of Sidi Ferruch's Miracle—Head of the Frais Vallon—Floral Luxuriance—Absinthe d'Afrique—Rain in May—The Noon-day Siesta—Arab Tradès—Amadou Folding—Cabinet-maker's Painting and Gilding—Moor Embroidering with Naked Feet—Another Disastrous Case of English Emigration.

Tuesday, May 3*d.*—Another pleasant excursion to-day. A picnic having been planned to come off at Sidi Ferruch, we started at 7 A.M. to arrive there in time for a *déjeûner* on the sands. Not one whit too early are these matinal expeditions, for long before we can reach our destination, the sun has asserted its power in a manner not to be trifled with. The equestrians are therefore provided with a loose white covering for their hats, or caps, and a pendant resembling a white calico veil, attached behind.

The cavalry officers always wear these preservatives from the heat. The first time I saw a lady with one I thought it passing strange, but now I should be very sorry to ride without such a protection for the head, and neck. To-day, however, I had a seat in one of the carriages, two only of the gentlemen braving the sun on horseback. Our route was the same as that to Coléah; but, to-day, the sun was shining, and everything seemed in responsive harmony. At Ras Knater, near Guyotville, a French officer, of our party, showed

us the ruins of an aqueduct, formerly used for conveying water to the Casbah.

We stopped to rest the horses at La Trappe, and again prevailed on the monk *concierge* to allow us a peep at the beautiful group of palms. It is sad to see these trees usually so far apart, waving their feathered plumes in their isolated glory, types of the race whose dominion has departed; but here the group of ten, though not the loftiest specimens of their kind, give an idea of the oases in the desert, which sometimes refresh and gladden the traveller. Another motto inside the portals, "Que sert à l'homme de gagner l'univers entier, s'il perd son âme?" made us wish that the true way of salvation could indeed be proclaimed within its walls. On our last visit we had been struck with a venerable-looking old monk, whose—

> "Withered locks and tresses grey,
> Seemed to have known a better day;"

that is, he had the bearing of a man who had mixed in good society; and as he came without the gates, to bid adieu to a party of gentlemen to whom he had apparently been doing the honours of the Abbey, Mrs. E. exclaimed, in English, "Oh, you handsome old man, do turn round and let us look at you!" Whether or not it was a mere coincidence, we could not tell, but he turned towards us at once, bowing most courteously, and displaying to advantage the long white beard which reached down to his *ceinture*. We tried to find out from our monk who he was, but the extent we could ascertain was, his belief that he came from France, no communication ever passing between the brothers within those *triste* walls. Another of their mottoes ran thus: "S'il est triste de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y

mourir," a sentiment the force of which we could not at all appreciate.

They must have ample employment in the cultivation of their extensive territories; but, nevertheless, several of the working fraternity, a large body of whom were told off for their respective employments, as we were resting under the gateway, struck us as having a sadly vacant expression of countenance, amounting in some cases almost to idiotcy. Does the reflection never force itself upon the thoughtful amongst them, that the service of God requires the highest exercise of their intellectual faculties, instead of an abnegation of all that constitutes the glory of manhood?

Leaving La Trappe de Staouéli, and its plain, on which we were assured, in spite of the cultivation it now obtains, several balls and bullets (reminiscences of the Waterloo of Algeria), are constantly picked up, we pursued our route, till we reached a column intimating that the "Grande Armée" had come that way in 1830, and indicating the *détour* we ought now to make. This heath, or common, or whatever name it rejoices in, is uncommonly pretty, abounding in the usual wealth of vegetation.

Here and there, especially as we neared the fort, the cultivation of tobacco and grain had upturned the soil, which, as one of our French friends naïvely assured us, had not otherwise been touched since the creation of the world. We were not in a position to contradict, or affirm this statement, but we could better judge of the difficulties which he pointed out to us as having greeted the French army on their landing, from the extraordinarily broken nature of the ground. It looked as if a series of miniature earthquakes had disturbed its equilibrium, but not that of the myrtle, olive, cypress, lentisk,

cistus, and various other shrubs which adorned its surface, and which must have presented anything but pleasant galloping ground for an advancing host. The panther formerly disported itself here; and the wild boar, the porcupine, and the tortoise are still to be found. Plantations of pine fir-trees, were to be seen on approaching the promontory, which juts far out into the sea, forming a bay on either side.

We had intended to be very historical, and to devote ourselves to the inspection of every crag, and nook of a landing-place, which forms so important a frontispiece in the annals of French Algeria.* But somehow by the time we arrived at Torre Chica, or Sidi Ferruch, about ten o'clock, the whole party was ravenous, and antiquarian researches were compelled to yield to the pangs of hunger. We sought shelter in vain along the sands, and on the only high rock to be seen, and at length beat a retreat to a deserted-looking building, in the fosse of which our whole party were soon established, and doing full justice to the ample provisions displayed.

"Why is this spot called Sidi Ferruch instead of *Torre Chica*, which seems its original name?" was our first profound inquiry.

Sidi Ferruch was a marabout of wondrous sanctity, and the legends which tradition has handed down as to the miracles wrought by this saint, prove at least that Rome must not arrogate to herself all the glory of controlling the supernatural. On one occasion, a Spaniard determined on carrying off this holy man, so as to remove from the infidel Moors an object of their idolatrous attachment. He succeeded in taking him on board his

* A sketch of the landing of the French army, and some other very beautiful engravings of views in Algeria, illustrate M. Berbrugger's magnificent work, entitled "L'Algérie, par A. Berbrugger," a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum.

vessel; but when he would have made for Spain, the Fates were evidently against it. He strove hard against wind and tide, but morning broke, after a hard night of toil, and showed him the peninsular he had just quitted. Astonished and surprised, he surveyed his captive, who calmly remarked, "Land me again, and thy vessel may return to Spain." A qualmish feeling crept over the mariner—sailors are always superstitious—and the saint was landed at Torre Chica.

Again the vessel set sail, but again the following morning the Spaniard found himself close to the shore. In despair he looked closely at his barque, when he discovered that Sidi Ferruch's slippers had been left behind. Conquered by this overwhelming evidence, he hastened to restore the sandals to their owner; and not only so, but, throwing himself at the feet of the saint, implored to be enrolled amongst the faithful. Tradition adds that the master and his convert henceforth lived together, and were buried in the same tomb; but the tomb has long since disappeared, though Sidi Ferruch has an undying place in the remembrance of the Arabs. By such lying tales all false religions are maintained. Yet who, after this, can doubt the value of tradition?

To the right of the peninsula on which the fort stands, is a lovely little bay, and almost close upon its beach, are the sand-hills, which extend right and left, forming quite a relief to the picture, as we had noticed *en route* to Coléah. They are not to be compared to those at Boulogne, nor to many in England, but, as a variety, they look well in the picture. We wandered along the beach, gathering shells, and collecting plants. G. also found a specimen of the reptile tribe, a serpent curling himself up, in a crag of the rock, about the last place we should have expected to meet with one.

A number of cottages, with gardens almost down to the water's edge, were the residences of marsh gardeners, who, together with fishermen, form the non-military part of the population. At one of these, a boat for a sail on the water might have been procured; but we, unfortunately, did not know this till too late, and so betook ourselves to the rocks, where, with sketching, reading, talking, and scrambling, we beguiled a very pleasant day. A tract was offered to a French soldier, who sat himself down to read it aloud, pronouncing it repeatedly, "*bien joli.*" I repassed him soon after, when he asked if it had come from England.

"We brought some from England, and others have been sent from Paris; but why do you ask?"

"Because I never in my life saw any of these little books before, so I thought they were only to be had in England."

We have had repeated evidences of the welcome accorded by the French soldiers to tracts, and portions of the sacred Scriptures, and one longs to have greater opportunities of distributing them amongst them. At this moment, a camp of 4,000 men has just been established outside the Porte d'Isly. If we had but the facilities, which London or Paris would afford, of getting these messengers in large numbers, how gladly would we distribute them amongst these soldiers.

Our day's rambles over, we returned to a late dinner spread on the sands under an extempore tent, and then started to return home. Ere long the sun set amidst roseate, and orange, and golden-hued clouds, and as we passed the cemetery of La Trappe, the orbs of night were shining resplendently on its many crosses, and lighting up the extensive wall which encircled the grounds, provoking one of the party to propound the

enigma, "Who ought to rank as the oldest, and best astronomers?"

"The Chaldeans," said one. "The English," said another. It was given up.

"The stars themselves; for they have studded the heavens ever since the creation."

Good laws are good things; and a regulation which has wisely been passed in France is, that any one driving after sunset without lamps, shall pay a heavy fine; but not only were the carriages of our party unprovided with these necessaries, but every cart or waggon, without exception, which we met was similarly lawless, and we had one narrow escape of being driven into. However, we got home in safety, and were at least lit up as we neared our own door by glow-worms, and fire-flies, which every night treat us to an unbought illumination, the tiny yet bright beauty of which only the stars themselves can rival.

May 9th.—Everything here in French parlance dates from *la conquête*, which they talk of much as we do in England of the Norman Conquest. Everything, I should have said, but earthquakes, which seem all to have been anterior to the said *conquête*. I often wonder if the beautiful conformations around here, and which appear to have been owing to some great convulsion of nature, were in any wise caused by these earthquakes.

To-day we wound our way to the top of a pyramidal hill, which looks just as if it had been upheaved by some such effort. It is one which all good pedestrians should visit. It is planted with vines to its very summit, amidst rocks and crags peeping out, and the view is exquisite from the top. It overlooks the Frais Vallon, and takes in the *Poudrière*, the *Cité Bugeaud*, and the bay rolling in under St. Eugène to the north; the Bouzaréah looks

down upon it on the west, the steep, yet verdure-clad sides, of the Sahel on the east, and to the south it follows the windings of the Aïoun-Sr'akhna, till it is lost amidst foliage and glens, and heights surmounted with Moorish houses.

These last, indeed, are to be seen on every side, sparklingly white; and, to crown all, a powerful echo repays any loud exercise of the voice. In descending, we passed a field of barley, already yellow, and apparently ready for the sickle, the height of the stalks being by measurement between six and seven feet.

On the floral glories of the vegetable kingdom I am almost afraid to expatiate, being so tempted to run wild over the beautiful flowers which surround us. Each flower has its day, appears in profusion, is seen everywhere for two or three weeks, and then for the most part disappears. To-day, a sweet pea of the brightest crimson dressed the hedges, having shone out for the first time. The dazzlingly blue pimpernel has been less evanescent in its splendour, which always tempts one to adopt the apostrophe to the gentianella,

> "Blue thou art, *intensely* blue!
> Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?"

The asphodel, in point of beauty, holds a high place, alike on moor, and canvas. Regarding its peculiar odour, I have had many a controversy with a friend, who once declined walking with me if I carried it in my hand. I convinced her, after making her smell it by a *ruse*, that she was wrong, and some time after was convinced myself, by the same test, that she was right. The fact is, that when first appearing, and as long as it remains in full bloom, there is no unpleasant odour, but when fading away, so disagreeable a perfume is emitted, that those, who like my friend have once inhaled it, will never forget

it. A French speculator has unhappily discovered, that from its roots a pernicious, not to say poisonous, spirit, can be extracted, and this is sold in large quantities to both the French soldiers, and natives, under the name of Absinthe d'Afrique. A pale, delicate blue iris, three or four inches high, has been strewing the ground, but its blossom has faded, and even its whereabouts I have now a difficulty in ascertaining.

That rain is to be seen here in May, we shall remember from the fact that a pic-nic, planned to take place to day, had to be given up in consequence of the heavy rain which fell this morning.

Tuesday, May 10th.—A parting visit to the town. All business is suspended between the hours of twelve and one, to afford people time for a noonday siesta. It did seem so strange six months since, to see a portly Arab butcher lying down full length asleep on a bench, and leaving his shop to take care of itself; but it seems natural now. And when we climb the narrow streets, and watch the Arabs plying their trades, seated cross-legged at their step doors, moulding their red clay pipes, folding amadou, or cutting tobacco; or stop at a cabinet maker's, and see their grotesque painting and gilding, on teatrays, and mirror frames and shelves; or examine the most delicate embroidery in white, and coloured floss silk, passing under the fingers of Moors with naked feet, and heaps of the raw materials lying about, our gaze does not seem inquisitive to them, any more than their occupation is now new to us. Soon we must say adieu to Moorish shops, and horse-shoe arches, but I like to linger amongst them whilst we can.

An early entry in my journal, speaks of a family of English emigrants, who we found here in great distress, having been decoyed hither by misrepresentations, and

who, but for casual help, and such daily supplies as kind-hearted people extended to them, must have sunk from fever and want. They were finally sent home, since when they seem to have prospered.

Another case, conveying an equal warning, is that of a respectable widow, which has just been brought under our notice. She was induced to come out here, binding herself to remain three years with a family, the "lady" of which, she innocently concluded, was either wife or sister to the gentleman who engaged her. At the end of the three years, her return journey home was to be paid. The widow, who was to take rank somewhere between a superior servant, and a humble companion, has only been here a few months, but long enough to discover that the "lady" occupies no such position as she supposed; and in very many respects her situation is so uncomfortable, that she cannot remain, and yet has no money to return to England.

The consul has no means placed at his disposal to assist these unfortunate people. However, he has warmly taken up her case, and it is now settled she is to leave in the same steamer that takes us home. Intending emigrants, or their friends, should be strongly urged to look before they leap.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAST EXCURSIONS.

Ride to Cheragas and Guyotville—Visit to a Party of Arabs under a Carob-tree—Beauties of the Sea-coast—Déjeûner *al fresco* at Point Pescade—Green Peas and Covent Garden—Sea Bathing—Fort Pescade and Abdy the Corsair—Natural Breakwater—Ride to the Bouzaréah—The Pirates' Nest—The Kourouglis—Exemption from Algerian Piracy, purchased by England and other Nations—Geology of the Bouzaréah—Floral Beauties—Farewells—Attended a Wedding—Further Tidings of the Mutiny—A Battle—Illness of the Governor-General—Sale of Saladin—An Arab Sharper—Visit to the Museum—Public Library—*Exposition Permanente*—Preparations for departure—Concluding Remarks on French Rule in Algeria.

Wednesday, May 11th.—A day of glowing colours. We made out a new ride, which I would recommend to all visitors to Algiers, from El-Biar to Cheragas, by the Route Malakoff to Guyotville, and back to Algiers by the Point Pescade. By the direct road it is twenty-three miles, but a *détour* which we made, which prolonged the ride, added considerably to its interest.

Half-way between El-Biar and Cheragas, a bridle road leading up to a heath, tempted us to turn aside to the right, G.'s organs of locality assuring us that we should find it a short cut to the latter village. Pursuing it accordingly, we soon hailed some Arab shepherds tending their flocks, and inquired whither the road led.

"Nowhere," was the reply.

But we suggested that there was at least a footpath; did it lead to Cheragas, or Staoueli? No, only to a moor. Did it join any high road? No, it stopped on the heath. It was a clear case of "Thes rode gose noe ware"

as a friend of mine, travelling in Somersetshire, once actually saw inscribed on a wayside finger-post. Nevertheless we pushed on to the said heath, admiring the glens and craggy rocks on either side, as far as the road would take us, and then, knowing that our trusty Arab steeds would go anywhere, we made a long descent, a deep rut, perhaps once a water-course, serving as a clue through the low brush-wood, and up a rocky mound, when to our great delight we found ourselves in an Arab *douar*. We did not see any of their huts, but the men themselves were assembled in a body in front of a *Café Maure*, which was overshadowed by an immense Carob-tree.

One of the Arabs came forward at once, and offered us coffee, and a seat on a mat spread under the *Carobier*. The fruit of the Carobier, a sort of brown-coloured bean, eaten as food by Arabs and horses, somewhat resembles in appearance the long pods of the scarlet runner, hanging down in clusters. It is said to be of this that the "swine did eat," when the Prodigal Son would fain have partaken of their leavings. Wishing to appear friendly, we dismounted, and each had a cup of brown stirabout, which it certainly is, though after allowing all the grounds to settle, the liquid is super-excellent.

It was one of the most picturesque scenes; Arab girls were driving their lowing cattle up the rock we had just ascended, the views immediately around, the blue mountains in the distance, and the sun bathing its beams in the bay of Sidi Ferruch, all were striking points of beauty; and then these living descendants of Ishmael and Abraham in the foreground, altogether formed a study a painter might have envied.

One who seemed the patriarch of the party, interested us much, but their stock of French was limited, and so

was our time. Soon bidding them *adieu*, we took a rugged pathway which they pointed out as leading to Cheragas, and passing through oleanders, now for the first time coming into flower, and a ravine in which the tall white poplar gracefully waved, we found ourselves on the high road to Cheragas, G.'s "short cut," having at least given us a pleasurable little adventure.

About a kilometre or so from this village — how earnestly I hope Mr. Ewart's Bill will not succeed in importing *kilometres* and *kilogrammes* into England — we turned off to follow the "route Malakoff," which took us to Guyotville, up hill and down dale, showing signs of landslips past, and ready to give way again ere long, but affording plenty of good cantering ground, and a lovely view of the Mediterranean, as we came down upon it. All sorts of Roman remains are to be found on, or near, this route, meriting the attention of archæologists. We crossed the river Beni Messous, over a high bridge spanning a ravine of the same name. The small pink geranium, which we cultivate so carefully in our greenhouses, is found here in sweet and wild luxuriance.

Once descended upon Guyotville, the road, as yet unfinished to Point Pescade, and on which we found soldiers busily employed, is beautiful in the extreme. It winds along the sea cliffs, revealing at every turning, coves, and sands, and caves, and fire rocks, with colouring that in a picture looks exaggerated. All this beneath us, while above us cliffs of no great height, were pointing up their grey peaks in subdued contrast to the cloudless blue sky.

At Point Pescade, opposite to the old fort, stood a café and restaurant, so inviting that we stopped for some refreshment. This led to a pic-nic being arranged, and

we agreed to come here shortly for a *déjeûner*, preliminary to a long day being spent in exploring the beauties of the immediate vicinity. We had intended taking the heights of the Bouzaréah on our way back, but it was now getting late, and we thought it more advisable to return by Algiers direct.

Friday, May 13th.—The contemplated *déjeûner al fresco* has just terminated, and I am writing under the shade of some large almond-trees, the fruit of which is now about ripening. It so closely resembles unripe green peaches about an inch and a half long, that until the fruit was opened, and we had eaten the almonds, we could hardly believe the testimony of their owner.

In the *Times* of May 5th, I saw a notice of young potatoes having been just received at Covent Garden, and sold at 2*s.* a pound. Here we have had them through the winter, and are giving three farthings per pound. Young green peas, and even large marrowfats are at the same price. A gentleman told me the other day, that overtures had been made by a market-gardener in Covent Garden, to a party here, to supply him with new potatoes, and green peas, throughout the winter. Five days' travelling would, I should fear, disagree with the latter.

This morning, *en route* hither, I had my first dip in the Mediterranean. The season, in the view of the residents, does not commence till June 1st, so I had the ladies' bathing cove to myself, and very pleasant were the sun-bright classic waters of ancient Icosium. On the eve of quitting these shores, one looks at the Corsair City so visibly passing away, and being replaced by tall French houses, with mingled sensations of pleasure, and regret: pleasure at having dwelt awhile amidst scenes so strangely linked with a long past, and regret which

ever blends with the word *adieu*, especially when one never expects again to tread the same soil. But the gentlemen have finished their siestas, and my moralizing must end.

Point Pescade is well worth a day's visit. It forms one of the extreme points of the rugged sides of the Bouzaréah, as it descends into the sea. The old ruined Fort stands on a peninsula, or long narrow rocky point, stretching out into the sea; and is said to owe its origin to Barbaroussa.

This was the stronghold of "Abdy" the old Corsair. Here it was that Barbaroussa watched his white-winged prey. Here lay his piratical galleys, under shelter of the natural breakwater; and many a tale of cold-blooded ferocity could these walls unfold, if stones could only speak. In his personal prowess and daring, to welcome foes only to their destruction, Abdy must have placed his confidence; for a glance is sufficient to convince one that a sea attack could never have been contemplated, unless indeed a landslip have carried away a large proportion of the building. Further in, on the same neck of land, stands one of more recent construction, which was built by El-Hadj Ali Agha in 1671. The good fortune of a galley, which, having been cast on the coast close by the old Fort, was yet able to effect its escape, under the very nose of the Algerine pirates, led to the erection of the latter.

The sea breezes on the summits of these Forts, were most invigorating, and made us think this point of land the only place which could vie in salubrity with El-Biar. Some coast-guards are quartered in the two buildings, and we almost envied their lodgings. From thence we descended to a cave, which has however nothing remarkable in its interior, or exterior, nor does it offer any fossil

remains, which can tempt the geologist to imperil his neck in exploring it.

To see the succession of little caves, and caverns, with which this immediate vicinity abounds, the tourist should take a boat, and coast along its windings. Transition rocks, serving as base to the tertiary formation, are said to constitute the whole mass of the Bouzaréah; and the fire-rocks which stand out in frowning cliffs overhanging the sea, are most picturesque. Pebbly beaches, and miniature sandy coves abound on the sea-side; and inland ravines, and cascades, and rising heights, offer retired and beautiful spots for pic-nics. However, we were very well satisfied with our restaurant of St. Augustine, the landlord of which begged us to recommend him to all future explorers.

Mr. H. took his dredging-net, but without much result. When bathing this morning, G. had made acquaintance, more close than desirable, with certain aquatic specimens which pierce the bather, leaving a substance sometimes imbedded in the skin for months, resembling hard, black thorns. Bathing-slippers are said to be the only preservative.

We had now to hasten home to receive a friend, whose last evening was to be spent with us. These *adieux* are making us feel it is time for us also to be off. We have already sold our furniture, to be taken as soon as we leave. Saladin has not yet found another master; but this is nearly the last business on hand before we too take wing, and leave Africa in the blue distance.

Saturday, May 14th.—My only entry to-day must be a note respecting the Kourouglis, a class of the natives to whom I have not yet alluded. They are the offspring of Turkish fathers, and Moorish mothers, but are fast disappearing as a special class. They dress in the Moorish

costume, and their bronze-like complexion is their only distinguishing mark, as far as I have noticed.

Whit-Monday.—This being Mr. H.'s last day, one of the party on our visit to the interior, we agreed to take a farewell ride to the tombs on the Bouzaréah, which we explored much more thoroughly than on our former visit. The day, too, was more propitious, and the lovely views unveiled on all sides.

The tombs are scattered over three peaks, or, as they are always called here, *mamelons*. The highest of these we ascended, although in doubt whether the saddles would not slip off the horses' tails, and were well repaid by the panorama. We passed through the Arab *douar*, which lies close under this peak, the poor remains of the once formidable nest of pirates, whose eagle eye discerned, and whose marauding talons managed to secure as their prey, many a passing sail, which had little expected so hapless a destiny. Here we were beset by a dozen Arab boys, who came to proffer their assistance, and to do anything or nothing, which might win a *sou*. It sounds almost incredible, with our present ideas of propriety, that so many nations should have consented to purchase exemption from these piratical attacks by paying an annual tribute to the Dey. Previous to Lord Exmouth's appearance in these waters, England, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Sicily, Tuscany, and Sardinia, made a yearly payment to Algiers, amounting to 858,600 fr. thereby recognising piracy as a legitimate source of revenue. In addition to this, on the appointment of any consul, large presents had to be made, which were the perquisites of the Dey *pro tem.*

For the benefit of geologists, I may as well add, that on this Bouzaréah, veins of hard granite are to be found, and that we have been told of beds of gneiss, and mica-

schist, and other hard names; but all these hidden strata we left unexplored, contenting ourselves with picking the flowers which grew on their soil, and which are now in great perfection. The spiky flowers of the aloe look ready to burst forth, but disappoint us from day to day. The cactus has been some little time in bloom, though its little yellow cup is a cheat on the magnificent cacti of our English greenhouses; the sweet pea is covering the hedges, the gum-cistuses, and the sun-cistuses peeping out beside the glossy, prickly-leaved acanthus, now just coming into flower in certain sheltered nooks; the wild vine is laden with the promise of fruit, the fig-trees are scenting the air, and flowers, whose very names are unknown to us, are attracting us on all sides. Ferns do not grow in Madeirian luxuriance by any means, a fact for which the greater dryness of Algiers is said to account.

We were told there was a road leading to Point Pescade; but we went half way down, and then found it an utter failure; so we had to take the winding *route* to St. Eugène, thence to Algiers, and back to El-Biar in clouds of dust.

It adds much to the pleasure of riding, to have discovered the value of using the curb alone, by which means I find these Arab horses can usually be managed with comfort, and safety. One of the canine pests nearly caused an accident in returning. We were riding fast up the road from the town, when a dog sprang out upon my horse, who naturally shied, when at that instant a report of a gun was heard, so near, that the dog flew back into the house, and the horse did his best to spring over the low parapet. However, we reached home in safety, thanks to the curb.

Mr. H. intends to take back with him some of the beautiful wood of the tuya-tree, which attracted so much

attention in the Great Exhibition, and which is sold in layers for veneering, making its importation into England a very feasible affair. And now another farewell had to be said, and we have the curious sensation of lingering on, the last, perhaps, of all the English visitors here. We, too, must now pack up, and be off, on Saturday next, our passage in the *Messagerie Impériale* being bespoken, though we cannot as yet take our places.

It is only too well-known, that the English here have good cause to complain of exorbitant charges; but I hardly thought the French smarted equally under a like infliction, till I received a letter from a French gentleman, which drew my attention to the fact. I give his own words: "I would like to ask you to give a little hint to Algerians, expressing the desire of their putting down a little their prices, otherwise they do make people remember that Algiers is a little of what she used to be, a nest of *corsaires et de forbans.*" Without much hope that this "hint" will reach the eyes of those intended to be benefited by it, still, I give it as requested.

May 17th.—An invitation to the wedding of a young French Protestant lady, with a Roman Catholic, took us again to-day into Algiers, which is becoming unbearably hot.

It is the custom here to send two notifications of an event of this kind, one emanating from the parents of the bride, and a second from the parents of the bridegroom, requesting the attendance of all their friends at the *bénédiction nuptiale*, at such a day and hour. This afforded us a good opportunity of inspecting the Cathedral. The religion of the Virgin replaced that of Mahomet, in the mosque of Hassen, which afforded a beautiful sample of its own peculiar style of architecture. It was a rectangular building, surmounted by a cupola supported

on fine marble columns, but being too small to accommodate all the Roman Catholic worshippers, it has been demolished, and another erected in its stead. This one has a wide flight of no less than twenty marble steps, on account of the steepness of the hill on which it stands, and has altogether, especially inside, a very Eastern look.

The first marriage duly performed, we adjourned to the Protestant Temple in company with most of the notabilities of Algiers. These being almost without exception Roman Catholics, did not seem to relish the French Protestant service, which terminated in a long, and somewhat wearisome exordium, addressed to the bride, and bridegroom, respecting their conjugal duties. The newly married couple, who had to stand during the whole of it, in front of the rails, were not I fear at all sorry when it came to a conclusion. The names of the bridegroom "Victor Albert" sounded pleasantly in English ears.

A young French officer who had brought letters of introduction from Paris, breakfasted with us this morning. The news to-day is that the only hope of compelling the Arabs to submission lies in driving them towards the desert. Then, when the hot weather comes on, they must either yield, or their flocks and herds will die. A great battle was telegraphed last night. The French admit a loss of 25 men, but say they left 400 or 500 Arabs dead on the field.

The Governor-General is very seriously ill. Anxiety respecting the present state of affairs, is said to have something to do with his illness. The Emperor offered him the Governorship of the *Invalides* in Paris, when last vacant. His reply was, "he would take that post when he was an old man." Fears are now entertained as to his recovery on account of his age! *

* Marshal Pelissier died three days after we left Algiers.

Wednesday, May 18th.—Poor Saladin was sold to-day. We had a narrow escape of having lost him a week ago. An Arab, who proved himself as clever as a London sharper, came up two or three times, and tried to get possession of the horse, under pretence that he knew an officer who had seen, and wished to purchase him. As his application was backed up by a forged note from the stable-keeper whom we had employed, it was almost surprising his *ruse* did not succeed.

Visited the *Musée* to-day, and the public library, which contains already between 9 and 10,000 volumes. Both are in the same building, formerly a Moorish palace, in the Rue Lotophages. The museum is beautifully arranged—the French understand such matters—and the Roman remains of the three provinces, may here be seen to advantage, A Neptune, a Venus, and a Bacchus have been brought from Cherchell, and other antiquities from divers parts.

One day during the winter, we went to the *Exposition Permanente* in the *Rue Bab-Azzoun*, but happened to choose a day when it was closed to the general public. The guardians of the place seeing our disappointment, politely said as we were strangers they would admit us, and as we had it to ourselves, we saw it to great advantage. The products of the Palm-tribe fibres, interested us much. The lions, too, from the neighbourhood of Milianah, were fine specimens.

Thursday, May 19th.—Our places could not be definitely secured till to-day. G. went in before breakfast and took them at half-past eight o'clock. Half an hour afterwards he tried to change his own berth, but found every single place taken! Busy all day paying farewell visits, and packing up.

Mentioning to M. Lowitz the inquiry which we had

thought so strange, of the monk of La Trappe, "Do you *tutoyer Dieu?*" He said this was a distinguishing mark by which he always knew Protestants, from Romanists. When he had had reason to believe that an applicant had falsely stated his Creed, he would tell them to repeat the Lord's Prayer. If of the latter persuasion, they invariably used the word "*vous*;" if of the former, they always said "*tu*."

Still unpleasant tidings from the interior. The frame of mind of the Arabs, even up to the gates of the city, seems decidedly perturbed; so who knows but that these pages may record "a timely retreat from Algiers." Not far from this is a coffee-house, famous as a place of *rendez-vous* among the Arabs. We pass it constantly in one of our favourite walks. Now we have been advised not to go in that direction after dusk, and such like precautions. Yet the French rule is so powerful, and so distinctly recognised as such by the natives, that I cannot believe in the existence of danger in the immediate vicinity of Algiers. The actual rebellion has never yet extended north of the Atlas.

The question often forces itself upon the mind, and particularly so just now, whether the French conquest has been a beneficial change, or otherwise, for the natives. That it has been advantageous for Europe, there can probably no doubt exist, and that on the whole it has been so for the Arabs themselves, I think must be equally clear. The policy previously pursued under Mahomedan rule, was so marked by deceit, fraud, extortion, oppression, and duplicity, that it could not have had other than an effect most injurious on the native character. The Arabs naturally dislike their present rulers, just in the way that a turbulent and unpromising schoolboy dislikes the master, who is compelled to oppose a stern front to his

misdemeanours; but as even they cannot but acknowledge the French administration to be an improvement upon their own, my belief is, that were success now to crown their futile hopes, they themselves would be the very first bitterly to deplore it. The corsair, like the bandit, cannot be induced all at once to prefer lawful earnings, to illegal gains; nor, possibly, can the Arabs as yet realize the advantages of the lawful commerce, which is now superseding the gains of rapine, and violence, in which they heretofore indulged. Still, a comprehension of this, however slowly, will surely enlighten them; and, in bidding farewell to a people amongst whom one has sojourned for some months, it is pleasant to believe that the day of their deliverance from spiritual bondage is nearer its dawn, than it could possibly be if the fierce, fanatical spirit of Islamism still bore rule in this land.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOMEWARD ROUTE THROUGH NORTH ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

Departure from El-Biar—Final Adieux—Storm in the Gulf of Lyons—Marseilles—Toulon—Hyères—Cannes—Nice—The Corniche Road to Genoa—Milan—Lakes of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore—Borromean Isles—Crossing the Simplon—Martigny—Visit to the Hospice of Grand St. Bernard—Baths of Lavey—Les Ormondes in the Vaudois Highlands—Pass of the Tête Noir—Chamouni—Lake of Geneva—Castle of Chillon—Fribourg Organist and Banting—Lake of Thun—Interlacken—The Staubbach—Mürren—Grindenwald—Lake of Lucerne—Pass of St. Gothard—Devil's Bridge—Return to Paris—Home.

Saturday, May 21st.—Our departure from El-Biar this morning was not without characteristic attendant circumstances. Monsieur D. the owner of the house, came up, and stood hat in hand, at the carriage door, with true French *politesse*, to see us off; the servants were weeping, and kissing our hands; and ere we had left the house it was filled by Arabs, who were ready, under Zamit's command, to transport our furniture in the same way as they had brought it up. Some of the villagers, also, came to wish us "*Bon voyage*," and the two last requests which reached us were for French Testaments.

At last we were off; once more, and for the last time, winding our way down the zig-zag road which led to the city. The heat was intense, but the sea looked deliciously calm, and all augured well for a swift and enjoyable passage. Only last week, the steamer coming here encountered a storm in the Gulf of Lyons, which drove her

under the coasts of Spain; but to-day all seems serene, and lulls our fears to rest.

Arrived at the harbour, we bade adieu to chibouque, turban, and fez; to veiled women and burnoused men; to Jews and Jewesses, negroes and negresses, Moors, Turks, Spaniards, French, and Germans; to the strange *mélange* of Orientals, and Westerns, which distinguishes Algiers, and embarked for Marseilles. Some of the friends we have left behind, parted from us on board; amongst others, Mr. Brown, who expressed in a most gratifying manner, a great deal of kind feeling and sympathy. But the bell cut short all that was being mutually said; and we bade them farewell, and saw the shore and city recede from view, with many and genuine regrets. All the green slopes around the Fort de l'Empereur were already burnt up. Whether or not we re-visit Algiers at a future time, we bear away with us a very grateful remembrance of benefit received from a winter's residence in its genial climate, and of acquaintances made, and friendships formed, which we hope to renew, if spared to meet again.

For the first twenty-four hours, our passage was all that could be desired. The sea was calm as a mill-pond. The hues of the sky, as we cast lingering glances back towards the south, were glorious. The island of Majorca was passed so closely, that we could see every church, and fort, and house, on shore. There was scarcely a dissentient voice to the wish—alas! unwisely framed—that our voyage might be of prolonged duration. Everything had been arranged for Sunday morning service, in which an English family on board, and some who understood the English language, were prepared to join; when lo! the wind changed, premonitory symptoms of an approach to the turbulent Gulf of Lyons appeared, and soon neither chaplain, nor congregation, were able to make their appear-

ance. The next twenty-four hours were as prolific of suffering, as the previous time had been of enjoyment. The dark waves, half purple, half slate-colour, crested with snow-white foam, shading down to a silvery grey, seemed ready at times to engulf us, and no one on board was sorry when, after an unusually long passage, we at length cast anchor in the port of Marseilles.

The next five months were spent in wandering through North Italy, and beautiful Switzerland. Notes were taken, and a journal written; but here I must not forget that I am on too well trodden ground for more than a very brief record. At Marseilles, Toulon, Cannes, and Nice, we spent two or three days in each place. On landing, we were wonderfully struck with the evident improvements which had been going on since our last visit, and which must necessarily make Marseilles a place of no small importance. Much land has been reclaimed from the sea, and on it buildings are fast rising. We passed under an arch with this inscription :—

À

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

MARSEILLE RECONNAISSANTE.

A drive to the Prado, gave us a fine view of the white stone, verdure-besprinkled hills, which looked lovely as we railed alongside of them to Toulon. From this latter place, we went over and spent a long day at Hyères, to get some idea of a spot which contends with Algiers for the palm, as a winter's residence for invalids. The winter visitors had all flown, and of the climate we could not of course judge. But by special permission from the owner, we gained entrance to the old castle grounds, and were not a little charmed with the prospect

from the heights. Hyères is the great strawberry-garden for France. We were regaled with this fruit at 2*d.* a pottle, and saw women in troops gathering them for market, and for sending away to Paris and elsewhere.

A little *détour* took us to the old town of Draguignan, where they hope shortly to have that great civilizer, and yet leveller, the railway; and then we came down upon Cannes, with its beautiful bay, and Estrelle range, and the isles of St. Honoré, and St. Marguerite, where the Man in the Iron Mask so long and so hopelessly pined. Grasse looked so lovely, set in its deep framework of green, as we saw it first from the high hill on which the old church stands; but its well-earned name for sweet perfumes is no longer a monopoly, for in going towards the English quarter at Cannes, we passed a factory which scented the air on every side. We saw magnificent gardens—cultivated, by the way, in a style far superior to those of Algeria—in which heavily-laden orange-trees stood *en masse* ready to shed their fragrant white petals into baskets, which would convey them to these factories, where they would fetch a high price. The contrast between quiet little Cannes, and noisy Nice, was very great. At both places the winter visitors had either left, or were on the wing, yet we were fortunate enough to find friends in each place.

The palm-tree, the aloe, the cactus, and the carobier, here and there reminded us of the opposite coasts; but it seemed strange, for several weeks after we had crossed, to encounter no veiled women in our rambles, and still more so never to find a young Arab following our steps, offering for a very slight recompense to carry home our purchases.

From Nice to Genoa, we engaged a carriage, which took us over the Corniche Road in five days. The

beauties of the Riviera di Ponente are too well-known to hazard description. I never rejoiced so much in the non-completion of an intended railway, as in the one which we daily saw progressing beneath us, and which, by virtue of the Franco-Sardinian treaty, must be finished by the Governments of France and Italy—each working on their respective frontiers—within a given time. Their method of proceeding is wise and economical, in making all the railway tunnels before laying down the intervening lines. A night at Mentone, where the orangeries were, I thought, as fine or finer than those of Blidah—though the fruit is seldom edible, being cultivated only for its blossom,—and another at Oneglia, brought us to Savona, where we halted for the Sunday. Both here, and at Mentone, we fell in with some ardent young Garibaldians, delighted with the reception given to their chief in England, but labouring under a delusion, hard to dispel, that it was the inevitable precursor of a call to arms. Garibaldi *must* march to Rome, England *must* mean to support him, they should soon receive their summons, and within twelve hours of the same, whatever their present occupation, they will off at his bidding.

Savona will long be remembered by its beautiful fireflies, and by the double commemorations for which we came in. The *Festa Nationale*, and that of the Holy Ghost, were both celebrated on the Sunday, so that instead of the Sabbath of rest to which we had looked forward, ringing of bells, firing of cannon, reviews, or idolatrous processions, occupied the day, from dawn to midnight. The beautiful palaces of Genoa, and the liberality with which their owners open them to the public, made our stay there very agreeable. The Hotel D'Italie, with the statue of Scipio Africanus at the head of a flight of steps

in the vestibule, embowered by orange-trees, is exactly the place to which travellers from Africa should bend their steps. The shipping in the beautiful harbour upon which the hotel looks out at the back, is rapidly increasing in importance, and bids fair to rival that of Marseilles, if indeed rivalry be not, at no distant date, merged in a sort of step-sisterhood.

But I am forgetting my intention to be brief. It is hard not to linger at Bellagio, in fond remembrance of the three weeks passed on the lake of unrivalled beauty, that of Como, nor upon the sister lakes, nor the Borromean Isles, that seem to have risen up out of the blue waters of Lago Maggiore at the bidding of some enchanter. The ducal gardens at the Isola Bella, banished all remembrance of African floriculture. Scented leaves fallen from the camphor-trees strewed our path, the aromatic perfume of cloves filled the air; the tea-shrub and coffee-plant grew side by side; trees and plants never before imported into Europe, flourished here: but none struck us more than a beautiful orange mulberry of a light green shade, having the shape and size of the orange, and the seed-like conformation of the mulberry. I forget its botanical name; and even this Eden, with its ten terraces, its sculptures, and grottoes, must not tempt us to linger on our way. We crossed the Simplon, covered to its very summit with the beautiful rose-coloured Rhododendron des Alpes, and halted at Martigny, to visit the Gorge du Trient, the newly-explored stalactite cavern at St. Maurice, and to make a pilgrimage to the Hospice of St. Bernard.

We slept at the convent. No slight contrast was this one, with its icy boundaries in the month of July, to the last convent at which we had partaken of the hospitality of its inmates. The vine-clad plains surrounding La Trappe de Staouéli, well repay the diligent culture be-

stowed on them by the monks. Here, fourteen brethren at most, compose the staff, and frequently they have to go into hospital at Martigny. Yet, even here, flowers peep out amidst the snow and ice; a pale blue heartsease grows in profusion, so also the deep blue gentian, the dwarf rhododendron, and many others which occupy a well-known place in the Alpine flora.

The Mount St. Bernard dogs so took G.'s fancy, that I feared we should have one as a pocket companion for the rest of the way. We visited their "farm," which consists of sixty cows, and in the height of summer the poor animals find a scanty herbage to reward their diligent search. The ghastly figures of those who had perished in the snow, were shown us in the Morgue. Some had been there forty years, unchanged since their snowy grave had yielded its prey.

The baths of Lavey, or rather the presiding genius of the place, Dr. Cosey, of European celebrity, tempted us to remain a fortnight longer in the valley of the Rhone. Separated by its fast flowing, dashing, turbid stream, from the Theban martyr-field, we were midway between those beautiful Dents, du Midi and de Morcle. A French Protestant service held every Sunday in a small church in the grounds, is an additional attraction to this spot; and one of the many winding walks discovers to view a waterfall, the height and gracefulness of which, claims admiration even in this land of beauty.

"What would not some of your English noblemen give to have such a waterfall as this in their grounds?" said a Swiss gentleman, as we stood gazing up at it.

Both here, and in the Vaudois highlands, we found pleasant society, which indeed we were fortunate enough to meet with, in all parts of Switzerland. We stayed some days at Sepay, where we breathed the delicious mountain

air of Les Ormondes, and visited the Diablerets. We had intended spending a week at La Comballa, and went up there to take apartments. Alas! not only the hotel, but also the Swiss chalet attached, were full, and engaged for weeks to come. And, strange as it may appear, every single inmate, so we were told, was either English, Scotch, or Irish.

Retracing our steps to Martigny, we crossed the Pass of the Tête Noire on mules, and rejoiced in an uninterrupted view of Mont Blanc during the whole period of our stay at Chamouni. All we felt, all we said, how we repeated,

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow,"

I must not here venture to recall. The only unromantic association, was that excited by the well-known French official livery, and to hear and *feel* that Mont Blanc was now in France. If might does not make right, it can at all events remove mountains.

On the shores of the Lac Leman, we spent three happy weeks; we fell in with several friends, saw young Prince Alfred and suite at Lausanne, read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" when sailing towards his prison, and of course sat where the captive had sat; and looked down the *oubliette* where the fourth step plunged many a miserable one into the depths of the lake below. But now the well is filled up, and all these horrors numbered with the tales of the past.

We had quitted Geneva itself just in time to escape the August riots; some people we knew, less fortunate, were on the bridge when the fray began, and had to run for their lives through a cross-fire.

At Fribourg we halted for one night to hear the unrivalled organ, or rather organist; for both Berne, and Lucerne lay claim to pre-eminence as regards the instrument, but the superior style of the artist none can dispute. Yet soon, alas! this extraordinary performance will fade from the scene, unless some humane Banting can make a convert of the organist. We did not venture up into his gallery, but Lord K. who gained access there, told us that a more deplorable spectacle never met his gaze. Instead of simply a double chin, the poor man had almost a second face pendant, his arms were knit to his sides with fat; and his fingers—so all necessary to his performance—were reduced from the same cause to half their original length.

The Lake of Thun, and Interlacken, with its beautiful walks, and excursions, in sight of that glorious Jungfrau, detained us for another week, ere we visited Lauterbrunnen, gazed at the somewhat disappointing Staubbach, and ascended to Mürren. Every year this latter ascent is becoming better known, and no one, who can walk, or ride, should omit a visit to Mürren. Of exactly the same height as the Wengern Alp on the opposite side of the valley, it affords one of the most striking panoramas to be seen in Switzerland, embracing the whole outline of the Bernese Oberland, from the Wetterhorn to the Dolderhorn, the Jura range, the Diablerets, &c.

The fall of the avalanche first startled us in the stillness of night, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and the dull heavy thud, once heard, can never be forgotten.

Grindelwald, and its glaciers; Lucerne, and its exquisitely beautiful lake watering four cantons; the Pass of Mount St. Gothard, were all visited, and their beauties revelled in. We slept at the Meyerhof, Hospenthal,—which by the way, is far preferable to Andermatt,—and counted more than a dozen prismatic bows playing on the

foaming, raging torrent, which boiled, and seethed, and surged, under the Devil's Bridge.

But everything must have an end, and reluctantly we tore ourselves away from a land so sublime in its mountain grandeur, and so sacred in its history of the past. We reached Paris at the moment the fiat went forth, that the occupation of Rome was to cease in 1866. Towards Rome, and Jerusalem, the eyes of all thinking men have long been bent. Well may it be so now. On inquiring after the welfare of the Jewish Alliance,—which we had seen four years since in its cradle, just as the long sought permission of the Emperor had been received for its formation, and ere six members had joined it—we found its ramifications had extended all over the known world, and that it now numbered between 3,000 and 4,000 members.

Other, and not less interesting intelligence gladdened us. The work of M. Henri Dunand stood foremost in the rank of good news. While all Europe is preparing for conflict, and every nation stands ready for war, it was pleasant to hear of the neutral band of nurses, surgeons, and trained assistants, prepared to minister indiscriminately to the sick, the wounded, and the dying, without distinction of friend, or foe. At every court in Europe, has M. Dunand unfolded his philanthropic scheme, urged its claims, and pleaded for co-operation.

Nowhere have his large-hearted plans met with more cordial concurrence, than they have here at the hands of Louis Napoleon. No one was better able to estimate their importance. "I authorize you to go to every general in my army," said the Emperor, "and commend in my name your scheme to their support."

In Paris we found people were little aware of the extent of the struggle which has been waging in Algeria. So easily can these matters be arranged with a fettered

press, that the Parisians had really no more idea of the state of things in their one great colony, nor probably half so much, as they would have had if Algeria had been a British possession.

Once more we left Paris, and crossed the Channel from Boulogne to Folkestone, landing in England just a twelvemonth from the time we had quitted its shores, for a winter's residence in Algeria.

APPENDIX.

THE CLIMATE OF ALGERIA.

The following remarks are extracted from Dr. Bodichon's Works on Algeria:—

THE CLIMATE IS ESPECIALLY ADVANTAGEOUS—

1. *For persons of a dry temperament;* it is found that such are easily naturalised here.

2. *For old persons;* they are much less liable than in Europe to pulmonary diseases, and catarrhs.

3. *For rheumatic subjects;* they are much benefited, if not cured, by a residence of some years here.

4. *For lymphatic temperaments;* the excess of heat and light is good for them, and the south winds give them the tone and the dryness they require.

5. *For subjects disposed to phthisis;* disorders of the lungs occur much less frequently than in Europe: perhaps the tendency to intermittent fevers, belonging to the climate, acts in antagonism to the tendency of pulmonary disease, and is useful in facilitating the separation, or elimination of tubercles.

THE CLIMATE IS DISADVANTAGEOUS—

1. *For sanguine temperaments;* the heat and the liability to fever expose them to congestion of the brain or lungs.

2. *For very corpulent persons;* at the hot season their breathing is oppressed, they have copious perspirations, and are liable to various irritations of the skin. Not only human beings, but horses, dogs, oxen, and other animals abounding in flesh, are apt to be suddenly carried off by illness.

3. *For persons affected by hypertrophy of the heart or large vessels; for those suffering from gastritis, dysentery, and organic diseases generally; for all having any malady or idiosyncrasy of the nerves;* for the climate augments nervous irritability.

4. *For drunkards;* they pay their penalty in sanguineous congestion and fevers; *and for all who are subject to any disorder of the intellectual faculties;* for even in healthy subjects the climate renders liable some disturbance of the mental and moral powers.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.

It is admitted by almost all French physicians who know the Algerian climate, that a residence in Africa can ameliorate and even cure consumptive patients: twenty-one years' sojourn and medical practice convince me that this colony affords means of amelioration and cure.

1. The European who is predisposed to consumption must spend several months each year in Algeria, from the end of October till the first days in June.

2. He must walk on foot upon a flat ground, breathe several hours a day with a full breath, perform movements with his arms, keeping them and his shoulders turned backward.

3. Expose himself to isolation, and take, what may be called, baths of the sun, exposing the whole body to the action of the sun's rays for a considerable time.

4. Drink wine, as claret or port; sugar it when it is too strong. Suppress tea, for it increases perspiration.

5. Sleep in large rooms.

6. Wear hare's or cat's skin upon the breast, for they produce some electricity.

7. Avoid every bent position of the chest.

8. Feed upon meat, fish, oysters or lobsters, and other substances containing iodine.

9. Seek for an amelioration rather by hygiène than by physicking. Consumption is a constitutional disease. Now a constitution cannot be changed by physicking, it can be changed only by hygiène.

Consumption is more especial to *fair* races, and to cold countries. So it must be treated by a residence in a warm country, and by means tending to give the constitution of the *brown* race.

Algeria presents a great variety of sites, sea-shores, inlands, hills, mountains, swamps, and sandy deserts. Every consumptive constitution can here find its special hygiène.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES

Prepared for this Work (with Explanatory Notes) by M. BULARD, *Director of the Imperial Observatory at Algiers.*

No meteorological documents on Algeria, of any worth, can be obtained; because no works which could render service to science, have hitherto been published under the direction of persons who understood meteorology.

Observations on the temperature have been made for years; but, taken alone, are not of any use.

The Observatory at Algiers was instituted by Prince Napoleon in 1858, since which time astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic observations have been made regularly and systematically.

The observations of humidity are of great importance, and the Algerian Observatory is the first to possess these. They have been registered during night and day, *every hour and half hour of the twenty-four hours.*

It is a curious fact that the mean temperature of the air and of the year is about 17·0 centig. } or 63° Fahr.
„ „ of the springs . . . . 17·0 „ }
Mean declination of the compass . . . 17·0 „ }

The average quantity of rain which falls in a year is about 28 inches.

The English figures from first to last are merely added to give an idea of the French ones. They are accurate to the tenth of a degree, or of an inch, but cannot be rendered more closely.

The given means are not those of the English figures, but of the French, which will account for slight differences in the means of tenths and of hundredths.

AN ABSTRACT FROM THE METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER OF THE IMPERIAL OBSERVATORY OF ALGIERS.

LONGITUDE EAST OF GREENWICH, 12′ 43·63″. LATITUDE NORTH, 36° 46′ 39·855″.
HEIGHT ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL, 651 feet.

The apparent discrepancies in the monthly means are owing, M. Bulard states, to the means being taken from the French scale, and not from those of the English figures.

ABBREVIATIONS: C. Cloudy; F. Fine; VF. Very fine; R. Rain; S. Stormy; Si. Sirocco; T. Thunder; Ts. Thunder-storm; W. Windy.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	19·3	67·0	763·830	S.W.	C.	20·3	69·0	763·000	S.W.	C.	19·5	67·0	762·820	W.	R.
2	19·0	67·0	764·150	S.W.	C.	20·5	69·0	763·990	W.	F.	20·0	68·0	764·300	W.	C.
3	18·5	65·0	769·870	W.	R.	18·3	65·0	771·190	N.	F.	18·0	64·0	776·310	N.W.	F.
4	18·7	66·0	774·280	S.W.	F.	18·5	65·0	772·920	W.	F.	17·3	64·0	773·340	N.N.W.	F.
5	17·0	63·0	772·030	N.W.	R.	17·5	64·0	772·920	N.N.W.	R.	17·5	64·0	772·190	N.N.W.	C.
6	17·5	64·0	773·720	N.N.W.	F.	18·0	65·0	771·030	N.W.	F.	17·1	63·0	770·190	N.W.	C.
7	18·8	65·0	768·729	S.W.	F.	17·5	64·0	768·789	W.	S.	17·0	63·0	767·851	W.	C.
8	16·3	61·0	768·030	S.W.	R.	17·0	63·0	767·102	S.W.	F.	16·2	61·0	765·655	N.E.	F.
9	15·3	59·0	762·069	W.	F.	16·2	61·0	762·224	W.	F.	16·0	61·0	759·188	W.	F.
10	15.5	60·0	759·298	W.	C.	16·0	61·0	760·386	W.	C.	15·0	59·0	761·703	N.W.	R.
11	14·1	57·0	761·813	W.	R.	15·0	59·0	761·953	W.N.W.	C.	14·7	58·0	759·149	N.W.	C.
12	14·0	57·0	754·797	N.W.	R.	14·0	57·0	754·787	N.W.	C.	13·5	56·0	756·437	S.W.	S.
13	12·5	55·0	758·810	S.W.	S.	12·5	55·0	759·459	S.W.	R.	12·2	54·0	760·746	S.W.	R.
14	12·0	54·0	764·908	S.W.	R.	13·0	56·0	766·135	S.W.	F.	12·5	55·0	766·544	S.W.	F.
15	14·6	58·0	768·839	S.W.	F.	13·0	56·0	768·580	W.	F.	12·8	55·0	768·201	W.	F.
16	16·0	61·0	769·068	S.W.	F.	13·4	56·0	769·029	W.	C.	13·0	56·0	768·580	N.W.	C.
17	16·5	62·0	768·350	S.W.	F.	14·0	58·0	768·061	N.E.	F.	13·2	56·0	767·173	N.E.	VF.
18	14·8	59·0	768·410	N.E.	F.	14·0	58·0	768·560	N.E.	F.	13·5	57·0	768·979	N.E.	F.
19	14·1	57·0	771·294	S.E.	F.	14·1	57·0	770·945	S.E.	F.	13·7	57·0	770·691	N.E.	F.
20	13·5	56·0	771·464	S.E.	F.	14·1	57·0	771·344	N.E.	F.	13·9	57·0	771·214	N.E.	F.
21	15·1	59·0	771·519	S.E.	F.	14·5	59·0	770·645	N.E.	F.	13·6	57·0	770·053	N.E.	F.
22	17·5	64·0	768·986	S.S.E.	F.	14·3	58·0	768·180	E.	F.	14·1	58·0	765·810	N.E.	F.
23	14·0	57·0	765·000	S.E.	F.	14·5	58·0	764·960	N.E.	C.	14·0	58·0	763·160	S.E.	F.
24	17·4	63·0	764·410	S.W.	C.	14·0	58·0	764·670	S.W.	F.	14·2	58·0	764·600	S.W.	C.
25	17·2	58·0	766·610	N.W.	R.	15·2	59·0	766·700	S.E.	C.	15·6	59·0	767·550	N.N.E.	C.
26	14·3	59·0	768·570	S.E.	C.	15·2	59·0	767·910	N.E.	C.	15·0	59·0	767·500	N.E.	C.
27	15·2	59·0	767·840	S.E.	F.	15·6	60·0	767·470	N.E.	F.	15·1	59·0	766·540	N.E.	C.
28	15·1	59·0	765·700	N.E.	F.	15·5	60·0	765·000	N.	F.	15·0	59·0	763·950	N.N.E.	C.
29	15.0	59·0	763·200	S.W.	R.	15·3	60·0	760·860	E.N.E.	C.	15·2	59·0	759·460	N.E.	C.
30	14·6	57·0	762·300	S.W.	R.	15·3	60·0	763·260	N.N.W.	C.	15·0	59·0	764·300	N.N.W.	R.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	17·29	63·0	767·600	30·320	17·98	64·3	767·36	30·215	17·42	63·5	767·35	30·213
10 to 20	14·21	57·9	765·773	30·130	13·71	56·7	765·89	30·155	13·31	56·0	765·77	30·140
20 to 30	15·54	60·0	765·413	30·120	14·54	58·4	765·97	30·159	14·59	58·4	765·29	30·130
Mean of the Month.	15·68	60·3	766·626	30·180	15·41	59·8	766·34	30·172	15.10	59·3	766·13	30·166

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in November, 1864, amounted to 4·4916 inches in 16 hours 20 minutes. Rain fell on the 1st, 4th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 29th, and 30th. The greatest quantity fell on the 12th; it amounted to 35·4 mil. or 1·38 in. in 7 hours. (A millimètre is equal to 0·03937 inches, or $\frac{1}{25\frac{3}{8}}$ of an inch.)

HUMIDITY.

The mean degree of humidity for the month at 8 A.M. was 59 per cent.
" " " at noon was 80 "
" " " at 5 P.M. was 72 "
} mean = 70 per cent.

DECEMBER, 1863.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	12·8	55·0	766·593	N.E.	C.	16·1	61·0	766·750	N.N.E.	F.	14·0	57·9	766·760	E.	F.
2	12·1	53·9	766·693	W.	F.	17·2	63·0	767·230	W.	VF.	14·5	58·2	767·560	W.	F W
3	15·4	59·8	768·919	W.	F.	16·6	62·0	768·030	W.	W.	15·0	59·0	767·310	W.	F.
4	14·6	58·8	768·699	N.W.	R.	13·6	56·7	770·290	N.E.	C.	11·6	53·0	771·710	N.E.	R.
5	11·0	51·9	769·977	N.W.	C.	11·8	53·7	769·650	N.N.W.	C.W	11·6	53·0	767·940	N.N.W.	C.W
6	12·3	54·2	768·181	N.N.W.	R.	14·6	58·8	769·120	N.E.	F.	13·2	55·9	769·660	N.W.	R.
7	13·1	55·8	769·827	N.W.	C.	14·0	57·8	769·940	N.N.E.	R.	13·2	55·9	769·020	N.E.	C.
8	11·1	52·0	768·829	N.E.	R.	14·2	58·0	769·360	N.E.	F.	12·7	55·0	764·410	N.E.	C.
9	11·8	53·4	770·285	N.E.	C.	13·8	57·0	771·830	N.E.	C.	12·7	55·0	771·970	E.N.E.	C.
10	11·1	52·0	772·971	N.E.	F.	15·3	59·7	773·110	N.E.	VF.	12·4	54·8	772·710	N.E.	F.
11	12·6	54·8	773·610	S.E.	C.	14·2	57·9	773·340	N.N.E.	C.	13·0	55·8	772·960	N.W.	C.
12	11·6	53·0	773·009	S.W.	F.	12·9	55·3	771·920	S.W.	F.	12·0	53·8	770·880	S.W.	F.
13	11·4	52·8	770·760	W.	F.	14·3	57·8	770·860	W.	F.	11·8	53·7	769·760	W.	F.
14	10·9	51·3	770·246	S.	F.	15·0	59·0	770·370	S.S.E.	F.	11·1	52·0	769·720	S.	F.
15	10·9	51·8	769·597	S.S.W.	F.	15·4	59·8	769·770	S.S.W.	F.	11·3	52·4	769·430	S.W.	F.
16	10·6	51·2	769·279	S.W.	C.	13·6	56·7	768·640	W.	C.	12·0	53·9	768·040	W.	C.
17	9·2	48·8	764·269	S.W.	F.	13·0	55·8	763·090	S.W.	F.	11·2	52·2	760·550	S.W.	C.
18	7·6	45·9	759·318	N.N.W.	R.	6·0	43·0	769·220	N.N.W.	R.	5·6	42·0	769·100	N.N.W.	R.
19	5·5	42·0	760·507	S.W.	R.	9·9	49·8	770·800	S.W.	C.	8·2	46·8	761·030	S.W.	F.
20	9·4	49·0	764·838	S.S.E.	C.	13·0	55·8	764·940	S.S.E.	C.	11·7	53·0	764·340	S.S.E.	C.
21	10·0	50·0	763·940	S.W.	C.	13·3	56·0	767·230	S.W.	C.	11·7	53·0	766·700	N.N.E.	F.
22	8·6	47·8	765·896	W.N.W.	R.	9·6	49·8	765·380	N.W.	R.	9·7	49·6	764·320	N.N.W.	R.
23	10·9	51·8	762·253	E.N.W.	R.	12·3	54·2	762·890	N.W.	C.	9·7	49·6	764·290	N.W.	R.
24	10·3	51·3	767·907	N.N.E.	C.	11·3	52·8	768·440	N.N.E.	C.	10·2	50·3	768·230	N.N.E.	R.
25	9·0	48·8	770·047	S.W.	R.	10·3	50·4	770·800	S.W.	R.	10·0	50·0	770·560	S.W.	R.
26	10·4	50·9	770·147	W.	R.	10·7	51·4	769·330	N.W.	R.	11·0	51·9	768·800	N.W.	F.
27	8·8	48·0	767·672	W.	C.	12·5	54·6	767·420	W.	F.	10·0	50·0	766·550	N.N.W.	R.
28	8·6	47·9	768·310	W.	F.	12·5	54·6	768·830	W.	F.	10·3	50·2	769·400	W.N.	F.
29	8·3	47·0	771·095	S.W.	F.	14·2	57·8	771·710	S.W.	F.	10·6	51·0	770·860	S.W.	F.
30	9·6	49·7	779·518	S.W.	F.	13·6	56·8	768·960	S.W.	F.	10·1	50·2	767·760	S.W.	F.
31	10·4	50·8	765·226	S.W.	F.	14·6	58·2	765·290	S.W.	F.	11·0	51·9	763·440	S.W.	F.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	12·53	55·0	769·096	30·275	14·72	58·8	769·59	30·298	13·03	55·6	768·905	30·295
10 to 20	9·97	49·8	767·752	30·234	12·73	55·0	769·30	30·288	10·79	51·8	767·671	30·209
20 to 31	9·53	49·3	768·678	30·267	12·26	54·0	768·10	30·240	10·38	50 8	767·457	30·200
Mean of the Month.	10·67	51·3	768·375	30·458	13·23	55·8	768·998	30·279	11·40	52·7	768·011	30·238

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in December was 7·0762 inches in 55 hours.
Rain fell on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th.
The greatest quantity fell on the 18th: viz. 77·5 mill. or 3·023 in. in 13 hours.

HUMIDITY.

The mean degree of humidity for the month at 8 A.M. was 84 per cent.
" " " at noon was 77 "
" " " at 5 P.M. was 84 "
} mean = 81·7 per cent.

JANUARY, 1864.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	10·4	50·9	763·850	W.S.W.	C.	13·0	55·8	763·600	W.S.W.	C.	10·8	51·4	763·860	W.	C.
2	10·8	51·4	763·211	S.W.	F.	13·0	55·8	763·221	W.	C.W	12·0	53·8	761·624	N.W.	C.W
3	8·2	46·9	761·544	N.W.	C.	9·2	48·8	761·804	N.W.	W.	7·0	44·8	761·056	N.W.	C.W
4	8·7	38·8	763·720	N.W.	R.	8·1	37·8	764·569	N.W.	R.	3·7	38·8	766·315	N.W.	C.
5	3·4	38·2	767·921	S.E.	F.	7·6	45·8	766·800	E.S.E.	F.	7·6	45·8	764·607	N.E.	C.
6	8·6	47·7	762·602	S.E.	F.	12·6	54·8	761·933	E.S.E.	F.	9·6	49·2	761·944	N.E.	C.
7	9·0	48·2	763·950	N.E.	C.	11·5	52·9	764·559	N.E.	F.	10·1	50·1	762·273	N.E.	F.
8	9·2	48·8	759·299	S.E.	C.	14·1	57·8	758·530	S.	F.	11·0	51·9	758·481	S.	R.
9	9·6	49·2	759·199	S.W.	C.	14·0	57·7	760·746	S.W.	F.	11·0	51·9	761·215	S.W.	C.
10	10·5	51·0	760·107	S.E.	F.	14·2	52·9	799·418	S.E.	C.	11·8	53·0	759·750	E.N.E.	C.
11	11·4	52·7	762·003	N.E.	C.	13·4	56·2	762·772	N.E.	C.	12·0	53·8	762·991	N.E.	R.
12	11·4	52·8	763·510	N.N.E.	C.	13·2	55·9	769·548	N.N.E.	F.	11·0	51·9	770·127	N.	R.
13	7·5	45·8	770·406	E.	F.	11·6	53·0	770·266	E.	F.	9·6	49·2	768·640	E.	C.
14	11·1	52·0	769·069	W.	C.	13·6	56·7	767·691	W.	C.	11·9	53·2	768·990	W.	R.
15	8·3	47·0	769·897	S.W.	F.	10·0	50·0	770·376	S.W.	R.	10·6	51·0	771·434	W.	C.
16	9·2	48·8	771·044	S.W.	F.	12·5	54·4	770·135	S.W.	C.	11·3	52·7	770·027	S.W.	C.
17	11·5	52·7	770·336	N.	C.	12·8	55·0	771·284	N.N.E.	C.	11·5	52·9	770·825	N.N.E.	C.
18	17·0	62·8	767·752	S.E.	C.	15·3	59·6	766·265	S.E.	C.	13·4	56·2	764·967	S.E.	C.
19	9·0	48·2	768·560	S.E.	R.	10·6	51·0	769·767	S.E.	R.	9·3	48·9	771·504	S.E.	C.
20	8·1	46·8	775·237	S.E.	C.	11·0	52·0	775·516	S.E.	F.	8·2	46·9	774·836	S.E.	C.
21	6·7	44·0	774·328	S.E.	F.	10·3	50·3	774·059	S.E.	F.	8·0	48·0	752·900	S.E.	F.
22	8·4	47·1	773·021	N.W.	C.	13·1	55·8	772·821	N.W.	C.	9·6	49·7	772·744	N.W.	C.
23	9·4	49·0	774·069	S.W.	C.	11·6	53·0	774·219	S.	C.	10·6	51·0	774·039	S.W.	C.
24	10·4	50·9	774·511	W.	F.	13·1	55·8	774·967	W.N.W.	C.	9·7	49·9	773·690	N.	F.
25	10·0	50·0	772·910	N.	F.	13·0	55·8	772·382	N.N.E.	F.	10·6	51·0	771·774	N.	F.
26	10·9	51·8	771·994	N.E.	F.	13·6	56·7	772·023	N.E.	F.	11·2	52·2	771·774	N.E.	F.
27	9·3	48·9	772·021	N.N.E.	F.	13·4	56·2	772·373	N.E.	C.	10·8	51·4	772·053	N.E.	C.
28	10·0	50·0	771·893	S.E.	C.	12·2	54·1	771·314	S.E.	C.	10·2	50·4	770·177	S.E.	C.
29	9·3	49·7	767·552	S.W.	R.	10·5	50·9	765·246	S.W.	R.	9·4	49·0	764·277	S.W.	R.
30	7·3	45·2	764·927	N.W.	C.	9·6	49·2	765·396	N.W.	R.	6·9	44·8	765·806	W.	R.
31	6·8	44·3	766·614	S.W.	C.	10·0	50·0	767·792	N.W.	C.	8·2	46·9	766·864	N.N.E.	C.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
Mean from	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	8·3	47·0	762·540	30·12	11·3	52·5	762·518	30·020	9·46	49·0	762·113	30·005
10 to 20	9·8	49·7	768·781	30·270	12·4	54·3	769·362	30·290	10·88	51·8	769·935	30·310
20 to 31	9·0	48·9	771·723	30·371	11·9	53·9	771·480	30·374	9·62	49·7	775·923	30·538
Mean of the Month.	9·05	48·9	767·681	30·215	11·8	53·8	767·786	30·220	9·98	49·9	768·990	30·278

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in January was equal to 2·565 inches in 40 hours.
The days on which rain fell were the 1st, 3d, 4th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 29th, 30th.
The greatest quantity fell on the 30th; it amounted to 1·18 in. in 14 hours.

HUMIDITY.

The mean degree of humidity of the month at 8 A.M. was 91 per cent.
" " " at noon was 78 " } mean 81 per cent.
" " " at 5 P.M. was 79 "

FEBRUARY, 1864.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	7·2	45·0	760·000	N.E.	C.	10·2	50·2	769·020	N.N.E.	F.	7·8	46·0	768·681	N.E.	F.
2	6·2	43·3	769·568	N.N.E.	F.	9·1	48·9	770·269	N.N.E.	C.	7·5	45·9	770·058	N.E.	F.
3	9·4	49·0	770·556	N.W.	R.	9·5	49·1	770·455	N.W.	R.S.	8·0	46·9	769·279	N.W.	RSH
4	9·6	49·3	767·267	N.W.	C.	11·5	52·8	767·861	N.W.	C.	10·0	50·0	766·944	N.W.	C.
5	7·5	45·8	763·151	S.W.	C.	8·5	47·7	762·662	S.W.	R.	8·0	46·9	761·786	N.W.	C.W
6	6·0	42·9	761·414	S.W.	C.	10·6	51·0	760·616	S.W.	C.	6·6	44·0	759·467	N.	R.
7	5·0	41·0	761·045	S.W.	C.	8·0	46·8	761·908	W.N.W.	C.	4·4	40·0	761·736	N.W.	R.
8	4·2	39·8	760·796	S.W.	R.W	8·2	46·9	762·792	W.	R.W	8·1	46·8	761·686	S.W.	R.W
9	6·6	44·0	757·645	W.N.W.	R.W	8·4	47·2	754·299	W.N.W.	R.W	6·2	43·3	753·640	S.	R.W
10	8·6	47·4	758·530	W.	F.	12·5	54·7	758·650	W.	C.	11·2	51·9	756·165	W.	F.
11	12·8	55·0	753·211	N.W.	G.	14·0	57·8	755·837	N.W.	G.	11·6	53·0	758·151	N.W.	G.
12	9·5	49·2	765·546	S.W.	F.	14·4	58·0	766·135	N.W.	F.	11·2	52·4	767·351	N.W.	F.
13	12·0	53·8	771·534	N.W.	F.	13·1	55·9	772·063	N.E.	F.	11·0	51·9	772·233	N.E.	F.
14	10·1	50·1	773·201	N.E.	F.	13·6	56·8	773·261	N.E.	F.	11·2	52·2	771·904	N.E.	F.
15	10·6	51·0	771·050	N.E.	F.	13·1	55·9	771·444	N.E.	F.	11·4	52·8	770·327	N.N.E.	F.
16	9·5	49·2	770·501	S.S.W.	C.	13·0	55·7	769·618	W.	F.	11·5	52·9	768·081	W.S.W.	C.
17	9·2	48·9	770·502	W.	F.	15·0	59·0	764·418	W.	F.	12·6	54·8	763·131	W.	F.
18	13·2	55·9	760·605	W.	R.	13·9	57·0	759·845	W.	C.	11·7	53·0	759·827	N.W.	C.
19	10·4	50·9	755·576	W.	C.	13·6	56·8	753·777	S.E.	C.	13·0	57·7	751·243	S.W.	C.R
20	9·7	49·8	746·798	W.	R.	9·5	49·2	745·373	S.W.	R.	6·7	44·0	747·782	W.N.W.	R.W
21	10·0	50·0	753·550	S.W.	F.	14·5	58·3	753·889	S.W.	F.	10·6	51·0	752·882	N.N.E.	F.
22	13·9	55·8	752·911	S.W.	C.	13·0	55·9	753·338	S.W.	C.	10·6	51·0	755·107	N.W.	R.
23	11·1	52·0	758·999	S.	F.Si	18·0	64·8	758·660	S.E.	F.	16·0	60·9	758·460	S.	C.
24	14·0	57·8	761·335	W.	C.	12·9	55·7	761·574	N.W.	R.	12·3	54·2	761·434	N.E.	C.
25	15·0	59·0	762·063	S.W.	R.	20·2	68·3	761·683	S.	C.	14·8	58·8	760·855	N.N.E.	R.
26	24·0	75·8	762·193	S.W.	C.	16·5	61·7	762·751	S.W.	C.	14·6	58·4	761·554	S.W.	C.
27	15·6	60·0	760·376	S.W.	R.	18·2	64·9	759·773	N.N.W.	C.	13·5	56·5	757·911	N.N.E.	S.T.
28	13·1	55·8	757·422	N.N.E.	R.	13·6	56·8	755·316	E.N.E.	M.	10·3	50·4	756·287	N.N.W.	R.
29	13·0	55·7	760·446	S.W.	R.	14·6	58·4	763·759	W.	W.	12·2	54·0	764·307	W.	W.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	7·03	44·9	763·698	30·070	9·65	49·4	763·412	30·055	7·78	46·0	762·944	30·038
10 to 20	10·70	51·3	763·852	30·075	13·32	56·0	763·217	30·045	11·19	52·0	763·003	30·040
20 to 29	14·31	57.9	758·810	29·875	15·72	60·2	758·971	29·880	12·54	54·8	758·810	29·877
Mean of the Month.	10·68	51·3	762·086	30·000	12·89	55·3	761·866	29·995	10·50	51·0	761·585	29·985

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in February was equal to 220·5 millim. or 8·600 in. in 53 hours.
The days on which rain fell were the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th.

HUMIDITY.

The mean degree of humidity from	8 A.M.	NOON.	5 P.M.
1st to 10th	82·5	76·0	85·0
10th to 20th	76·7	79·0	86·0
20th to 30th	76·0	68·0	87·0
Mean of the month	78·4	74·3	88·3

MARCH, 1864.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	10·3	50·4	765·347	S.S.W.	C.	17·6	63·8	765·155	S.E.	Si.C	15·6	60·0	763·669	S.E.	Si.
2	11·3	52·5	766·134	W.	F.	17·5	63·7	766·802	N.W.	F.	13·2	55·8	765·765	N.E.	D.
3	16·8	62·3	763·709	S.W.	F.	23·5	74·4	763·319	N.W.	F.	14·2	57·9	761·483	N.E.	F.
4	19·4	67·0	759·465	S.S.W.	C.	23·6	74·6	758·197	S.S.W.	C.	23·5	74·3	756·254	S.W.	C.
5	15·4	59·9	753·888	W.	C.W	17·3	63·2	755·534	W.	C.W	17·0	62·9	754·946	W.	C.W
6	14·8	58·8	763·230	W.	F.	16·7	62·0	764·058	W.	F.W	12·6	54·4	764·008	W.	F.W
7	15·1	59·2	764·445	N.W.	C.	18·4	65·2	764·218	N.N.E.	F.	14·4	58·0	762·343	N.E.	F.
8	23·3	73·8	760·124	W.	F.	21·3	70·8	760·142	N.	F.	15·6	60·0	757·651	N.E.	F.
9	16·5	61·9	758·554	W.	C.	17·6	63·8	758·579	W.	C.	14·2	57·9	758·490	W.	C.
10	13·9	57·2	763·450	W.	F.	15·5	60·0	764·577	W.	F.	13·3	57·0	765·007	W.	F.
11	15·2	59·3	767·562	N.N.E.	C.	14·7	58·8	769·258	N.E.	C.	13·0	56·0	768·639	N.N.E.	C.
12	12·3	54·4	768·340	N.E.	C.W	12·9	55·8	767·422	N.E.	C.W	11·7	53·0	766·963	N.E.	C.W
13	11·5	52·8	764·349	N.E.	C.W	12·0	53·9	763·799	N.E.	C.W	12·0	53·8	763·759	N.E.	R.
14	11·2	52·2	764·389	N.W.	R.	12·1	53·9	764·708	N.W.	C.	11·1	52·0	764·318	N.W.	R.
15	10·7	51·4	764·947	S.W.	C.	12·7	55·0	763·889	S.W.	C.	12·0	54·0	762·931	S.W.	C.
16	11·8	53·4	763·310	S.W.	F.	16·6	61·9	763·140	S.	F.	13·5	56·3	761·819	N.E.	F.
17	13·6	56·8	760·326	N.E.	F.	16·0	60·9	759·897	N.E.	F.	14·5	58·2	758·770	N.E.	F.
18	13·9	57·1	758·770	W.	F.	16·8	62·0	758·689	W.	C.	13·7	56·7	757·472	W.	C.
19	15·8	60·3	754·117	S.E.	F.	19·0	66·9	753·699	N.E.	F.	13·1	55·8	754·129	S.W.	C.
20	13·2	55·8	751·913	S.E.	R.	18·2	64·8	750·870	S.W.	R.	12·0	53·8	752·378	S.W.	R.T
21	15·4	59·8	753·730	S.W.	F.	18·6	65·7	754·405	W.	F.	14·6	58·3	754·109	W.	F.
22	13·7	13·8	756·686	S.W.	C.	19·0	66·9	755·306	W.	F.	15·0	59·0	753·609	W.	F.
23	14·8	58·6	754·528	S.W.	F.	17·0	62·9	754·438	N.W.	F.	13·0	55·8	754·468	N.W.	C.
24	14·0	57·9	756·434	W.N.W.	C.	16·3	61·2	757·642	W.	C.	13·1	55·9	757·211	W.	C.
25	14·0	57·9	762·312	S.W.	F.	17·0	62·8	762·711	W.	F.	13·8	57·0	762·058	W.	F.
26	15·5	60·0	760·813	S.W.	F.	18·0	64·8	759·216	S.W.	F.	14·5	58·2	756·163	S.W.	R.
27	12·3	54·9	748·380	W.	R.	11·5	52·9	747·682	N	R.	10·0	50·0	747·652	S.W.	R.W
28	11·3	52·8	751·914	N.W.	W.	11·8	53·3	753·690	N.W.	W.	11·1	52·0	755·397	N.W.	W.
29	12·3	54·1	756·335	W.	W.	15·2	59·3	756·275	W.	W.	13·0	55·8	755·648	W.	W.
30	12·4	54·2	758·950	W.	R.T	14·5	58·2	760·466	N.E.	C.	13·1	55·9	760·307	N.W.	C.
31	14·2	57·8	763·131	N.W.	F.	15·8	60·7	764·518	N.	F.	12·3	54·2	745·485	N.N.W.	F.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	15 67	60·2	761·8346	29 99	18·90	66·0	762·0981	30·010	15·36	59·9	760·9616	29·960
10 to 20	12·93	55·8	761·8023	29·99	15·10	59·2	762·5371	29·985	12·36	54·4	761·1187	29·965
20 to 30	13·60	56·4	756 9082	29·965	15·89	60·4	756·1831	29·770	13·12	55·8	755·6617	29·750
Mean of the Month.	14·10	57·9	760·0940	29·945	16·42	61·4	761·0740	29·965	13·28	55·8	760·8067	29·950

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in March was equal to 67·6 millim. or 2·686 in. in 28h. 30m.
The days on which rain fell were the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th.

HUMIDITY.

The mean degree of humidity from the	8 A.M.	NOON.	5 P.M.
1st to 10th	60·0	62·0	70·5
10th to 20th	83·5	76·0	86·0
20th to 30th	75·5	66·0	83·7
Mean of the month	73·0	68·0	80·06

APRIL, 1864.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	13·6	56·8	768·610	N.	VF.	15·0	59·0	769·388	N.E.	VF.	13·1	55·8	769·566	N.E.	VF.
2	15·6	60·0	768·051	W.	F.	20·2	68·3	767·911	W.	F.	17·2	63·0	766·544	W.	F.
3	18·0	64·3	765·885	S.	F.	18·0	64·3	764·674	S.E.	F.	15·0	59·0	765·436	N.E.	F.
4	15·1	59·2	766·065	N.E.	C.	16·1	61·0	766·457	N.N.E.	R.	13·8	57·0	766·454	N.E.	F.
5	14·0	57·9	766·706	N.E.	F.	16·7	62·0	767·081	N.E.	F.	15·0	59·0	765·995	E.N.E.	VF.
6	19·3	66·9	766·264	E.	F.	22·0	71·8	766·154	E.	F.	15·0	59·0	765·326	N.	F.
7	19·8	67·7	763·380	E.S.E.	F.	21·5	70·8	762·751	N.E.	F.	16·0	60·9	761·823	N.N.E.	F.
8	15·0	59·0	760·645	N.E.	F.	16·5	61·4	761·134	N.E.	F.	14·0	57·7	760·710	N.E.	F.
9	12·8	55·0	762·382	N.E.	F.	14·3	57·9	762·901	N.E.	F.	11·5	52·7	762·085	N.E.	F.
10	13·8	57·0	761·304	N.E.	F.	16·3	61·4	761·454	N.	F.	12·8	55·0	761·175	N.E.	F.
11	15·0	59·0	761·624	E.S.E.	F.	15·0	59·0	761·874	N.E.	F.	13·7	56·7	760·756	N.E.	F.
12	14·2	57·9	760·616	N.E.	F.	16·3	61·4	760·506	N.E.	F.	14·8	58·7	759·760	N.E.	F.
13	15·0	59·0	758·300	S.W.	C.	17·0	62·8	757·901	W.	C.	11·5	52·9	758·320	W.	C.
14	13·0	55·9	759·346	W.	R.	15·8	60·8	759·923	W.	R.	14·3	57·8	758·759	W.	C.
15	16·1	61·0	759·067	W.	W.	17·8	64·2	759·453	W.	W.	14·8	58·8	759·328	W.	W.
16	16·8	62·3	759·857	N.	C.	18·5	65·6	759·777	N.N.E.	F.	15·6	60·0	758·903	N.E.	F.
17	19·0	66·8	759·812	S.W.	C.	19·1	66·8	760·066	N.	C.	17·5	63·7	760·026	N.	C.
18	15·3	59·7	760·802	N.E.	C.	16·1	61·0	760·995	N.E.	C.	13·6	56·7	761·873	N.E.	R.
19	14·0	58·8	762·851	W.	R.	16·0	60·9	762·981	W.	C.	14·5	58·2	761·898	W.	T.S.
20	12·4	54·3	761·813	W.	R.	14·2	57·8	761·624	W.	R.	14·1	55·9	761·883	W.	R.
21	15·2	59·3	762·706	N.W.	C.	17·9	64·4	762·581	N.W.	F.	15·2	59·3	761·623	N.E.	F.
22	19·8	67·6	760·775	S.E.	F.	21·7	71·0	760·984	N.E.	F.	18·1	64·9	761·187	N.E.	F.
23	22·4	72·3	762·510	S.E.	C.	24·2	75·8	761·724	N.E.	C.	19·6	62·2	760·251	N.E.	C.
24	18·0	64·9	756·450	N.E.	R.	20·0	68·0	758·906	E.N.E.	C.	13·1	55·9	755·216	N.W.	R.T.
25	16·1	61·0	756·062	S.E.	F.	18·0	64·9	756·673	N.E.	F.	14·7	58·7	758·130	N.E.	R.
26	15·1	59·2	761·536	S.W.	C.	17·6	63·8	761·653	N.W.	C.	16·1	61·0	762·234	N.W.	C.
27	14·7	58·6	765·455	N.N.E.	R.	17·7	64·0	766·188	N.E.	C.	15·0	59·0	766·264	N.E.	M.
28	17·3	63·2	767·521	N.E.	F.	17·3	63·2	766·923	N.E.	F.	16·0	60·9	765·615	N.E.	F.
29	18·5	65·6	764·298	N.E.	F.	20·0	68·0	763·876	N.E.	F.	17·3	63·2	763·115	N.	F.
30	15·4	59·4	763·170	N.E.	C.	17·1	62·9	763·299	N.E.	C.	15·2	59·3	762·761	N.E.	W.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English Inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.	English inches.
	°	°			°	°			°	°		
1 to 10	15·70	60·3	764·9292	30·115	17·66	63·8	764·9505	30·115	14·34	57·8	764·5114	30·100
10 to 20	15·17	59·1	760·4083	29·940	16·58	61·4	760·4490	29·940	14·44	58·0	760·1501	29·950
20 to 30	17·25	63·1	762·0483	30·050	19·15	66·8	761·7807	29·995	15·63	62·0	761·6396	29·995
Mean of the Month.	16 04	60·9	762.4621	30·020	17·79*	64·0	762·3904	30·005	14·80	58·3	762·008	30·001

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in April, 1864, was equal to 98·05 millim. or 3·824 in. in 38 hours. The days on which rain fell were the 13th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th.

HUMIDITY.

		8 A.M.	NOON.	5 P.M.
The Mean Degree of Humidity from	1st to 10th	68·0	61·0	76·0
	10th to 20th	76·4	77·0	88·0
	20th to 30th	72·0	72·0	87·0
Mean of the Month		72·1	70·0	83·99

MAY, 1864.

	AT 8 A.M.					AT NOON.					AT 5 P.M.				
	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Rain.
	Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.			Cent.	Fah.	French millim.		
	°	°				°	°				°	°			
1	14·5	58·2	765·216	N.E.	R.	17·5	63·4	765·435	N.	C.	15·9	60·8	765·725	N.E.	C.
2	17·0	62·8	767·711	N.N.E.	C.	18·4	65·2	768·449	N.E.	C.	17·1	62·9	768·200	N.E.	F.
3	17·1	62·9	767·014	S.W.	C.	21·5	70·8	766·493	W.N.W.	C.	19·0	66·9	765·485	W.	F.
4	20·5	69·0	764·138	N.W.	F.	23·0	73·7	764·235	N.E.	F.	18·5	65·3	763·946	N.E.	F.
5	21·5	70·9	763·358	N.E.	F.	22·5	72·4	763·369	N.E.	F.	19·5	67·2	762·790	N.E.	F.
6	25·2	77·3	761·184	S.E.	F.	27·5	81·7	761·133	N.E.	F.	22·9	71·9	759·463	N.E.	F.
7	24·0	75·8	760·120	S.W.	C.Si	22·0	71·8	760·923	S.E.	Si.C	21·8	71·3	759·325	N.E.	C.Si
8	22·2	72·0	758·278	S.E.	C.	27·6	81·5	757·262	S.E.	C.	17·6	63·8	758·119	W.	R.
9	20·5	69·0	758·978	W.	C.	17·0	62·7	760·340	W.	C.	17·0	62·8	760·930	W.	C.
10	17·5	63·8	762·870	W.	C.	20·4	68·8	763·170	W.	W.	18·8	65·9	762·442	W.	F.
11	21·0	70·0	762·890	S.W.	F.	23·1	73·8	762·910	W.	C.	19·4	67·0	762·132	W.	F.
12	19·2	66·8	763·867	W.	C.	20·2	68·4	764·454	W.	C.W	18·0	64·8	764·513	W.	F.
13	18·9	66·0	765·568	W.N.W.	C.	20·5	69·0	765·579	N.W.	W.	18·7	65·8	765·425	N.N.W.	F.
14	19·2	66·7	766·393	S.W.	F.	19·4	67·0	765·605	N.	F.	17·0	62·7	764·367	N.N.E.	F.
15	20·2	68·3	764·603	S.E.	F.	23·3	74·0	764·425	N.E.	F.	18·7	65·8	763·717	N.N.E.	F.
16	20·0	68·0	763·998	N.E.	F.	19·1	66·9	764·478	N.N.E.	F.	18·1	64·7	763·739	N.	F.
17	20·0	68·0	764·659	S.E.	F.	19·0	66·8	764·894	N.E.	C.	18·0	64·6	765·585	N.N.E.	F.
18	18·9	66·0	766·852	N.E.	F.	20·2	68·4	766·762	N.E.	F.	19·7	67·4	765·784	N.E.	F.
19	21·3	70·4	766·243	S.E.	F.	24·2	75·9	765·828	N.E.	F.	20·6	69·0	764·782	N.E.	F.
20	23·4	74·2	765·794	N.E.	F.	25·0	77·0	764·722	N.N.E.	F.	20·9	69·4	763·462	N.	F.
21	25·4	77·5	761·734	N.W.	F.	25·4	77·8	761·574	N.	F.	22·0	71·8	760·558	N.	F.
22	23·2	73·9	760·963	W.	C.	26·4	79·4	761·166	S.W.	F.	23·0	73·7	761·504	N.	F.
23	21·0	69·9	762·739	N.E.	M.	22·1	71·9	762·221	N.E.	C.	20·2	68·3	760·937	N.E.	C.
24	19·2	68·8	760·126	N.E.	F.	21·4	70·8	759·655	N.E.	F.	19·4	67·0	758·209	N.E.	C.
25	28·2	82·8	756·733	S.	C.Si	30·9	87·8	756·613	S.W.	C.Si	19·3	66·8	756·363	W.	R.
26	20·5	69·0	756·674	S.W.	W.	22·8	73·0	757·267	S.W.	W.	19·3	66·8	756·502	S.W.	W.
27	19·8	67·9	758·119	W.	C.	20·5	69·0	759·383	W.	W.C	19·8	67·8	760·590	W.	F.
28	22·6	72·8	762·800	S.W.	F.	25·1	77·2	765·100	W.	F.	22·0	72·0	764·472	N.W.	F.
29	24·7	76·4	764·252	N.E.	F.	24·8	76·7	763·635	N.E.	F.	22·0	72·0	762·051	N.E.	F.
30	26·0	78·8	759·526	N.E.	F.	27·1	80·9	760·308	N.E.	F.	24·2	75·7	761·232	N.E.	F.
31	31·0	87·9	763·166	W.	W.	26·0	78·8	763·465	W.	W.	22·2	72·0	762·280	W.	F.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Mean from	Cent. °	Fah. °	French millim.	English inches.	Cent. °	Fah. °	French millim.	English inches.	Cent. °	Fah. °	French millim.	English inches.
1 to 10	20·00	68·0	762·8867	30·030	21·74	71·0	763·0859	30·045	18·72	65·8	762·6465	30·025
10 to 20	20·21	68·5	765·0862	30·120	21·40	70·8	764·9657	30·115	18·91	66·0	764·3006	30·095
20 to 31	23·78	74·8	760·3666	29·935	24·72	76·5	766·6723	29·945	21·21	70·2	760·2978	29·935
Mean of the Month.	21·33	70·6	762·8763	30·035	23·46	74·2	763·0472	30·045	19·61	67·3	762·4149	30·018

RAIN.

The quantity of rain which fell in May, 1864, was equal to 7·35 millim. or 0·287 in. in 8h. 15m. The days on which rain fell were the 1st, 8th, 24th.

HUMIDITY.	8 A.M.	NOON.	5 P.M.
The mean degree of humidity from	63·0	58·5	67·0
	61·0	53·0	71·0
	61·0	55·0	72·9
Mean of the month	61·66	55·5	70·0

LIST OF NATIVE PLANTS PECULIAR TO ALGERIA.

RANUNCULACEÆ.

Anemone *palmata.*
A. *dentata.*
Ranunculus *xantholeucos.*
R. *rectirostris.*
R. *spicatus.*
R. *macrophyllus.*
R. *blepharicarpos.*
R. *flabellatus.*
R. *trilobus.*
Delphinium *orientale.*
D. *pentagynum.*
D. *Balansæ.*

PAPAVERACEÆ.

Papaver *obtusifolium.*

FUMARIACEÆ.

Ceratocapnos *umbrosa.*
Sarcocapnos *crassifolia.*
Fumaria *numidica.*
F. *longipes.*
F. *sarcocapnoïdes.*
F. *africana.*

CRUCIFERÆ.

Sinapis *geniculata.*
S. *circinata.*
S. *hispida.*
Eruca *stenocarpa.*
E. *setulosa.*
Brassica *Scopulorum Cosson.*
B. *Maurorum.*
B. *Gravinæ.*
B. *dimorpha.*
B. *teretifolia.*
B. *pinnatifida.*
Moricandia *suffruticosa.*
Erucastrum *leucanthum.*
E. *Cossonianum.*
Enarthrocarpus *clavatus.*
Henophyton *Deserti.*
Hesperis *ramosissima.*
H. *arenaria.*
Lonchophora *Capiomontana.*
Malcomia *africana.*
Hussonia *Ægiceras.*
Erysimum *grandiflorum.*
Sisymbrium *amplexicaule.*
S. *torulosum.*
S. *coronopifolium.*
S. *ceratophyllum.*
S. *cinereum.*
S. *erysimoïdes.*
Braya *Boissieri.*
Notoceras *canariense.*
Arabis *parvula.*
A. *pubescens.*
Cossonia *africana.*
Savignya *ægyptiaca.*
S. *longistyla.*
Farsetia *ægyptiaca.*
F. *linearis.*
Alyssum *atlanticum.*
A. *serpyllifolium.*
A. *cochleatum.*
A. *scutigerum.*
A. *clypeatum.*
Meniocus *linifolius.*
Isatis *Djurdjuræ.*
Nasturtium *Munbyanum.*
Clypeola *cyclodontea.*
C. *lybica.*
Ionopsidium *albiflorum.*
I. *acaule.*
Iberis *pectinata.*

I. *parviflora.*
Biscutella *frutescens.*
Euclidium *syriacum.*
Anastatica *hierochuntica.*
Otocarpus *virgatus.*
Cordylocarpus *muricatus.*
Psychine *stylosa.*
Senebiera *lepidioïdes.*
S. *violacea.*
Lepidium *glastifolium.*
Bivonæa *lutea.*
Zilla *myagroïdes.*
Z. *macroptera.*
Muricaria *prostrata.*
Crambe *reniformis.*
Rapistrum *Linnæanum.*
Hussonia *uncata.*
Reboudia *erucarioïdes.*

CAPPARIDEÆ.

Cleome *arabica.*

CISTINEÆ.

Cistus *Clusii.*
C. *sericeus.*
C. *Pouzolzii.*
C. *heterophyllus.*
Helianthemum *Fontanesianum.*
H. *ellipticum.*
H. *papillare.*
H. *croceum.*
H. *viscarium.*
H. *sessiliflorum.*
H. *Caput Felis.*
H. *polyanthos.*
H. *Cahiricum.*

VIOLARIEÆ.

Viola *Munbyana.*

RESEDACEÆ.

Reseda *Duricæana.*
R. *eremophila.*
R. *arabica.*
R. *Aucheri.*
R. *subulata.*
R. *Reuteriana.*
R. *villosa.*

POLYGALEÆ.

Polygala *oxycoccoïdes.*
P. *Munbyana.*

FRANKENIACEÆ.

Frankenia *thymifolia.*
F. *corymbosa.*

CARYOPHYLLEÆ.

Gypsophila *compressa.*
Dianthus *tripunctatus.*
D. *serrulatus.*
Saponaria *glutinosa.*
S. *tridentata.*
S. *cinerea.*
S. *hispida.*
S. *gibraltarica.*
S. *atlantica.*
S. *ramosissima.*
S. *arenarioïdes.*
S. *pteropleura.*
S. *reticulata.*
S. *succulenta.*
S. *patula.*
S. *rosulata.*
S. *pseudo Atocion.*
S. *fuscata.*
S. *lasiocalyx.*
Lychnis *macrocarpa.*
Arenaria *Munbyi.*
A. *spathulata.*
Cerastium *Boissieri.*
C. *atlanticum.*
C. *echinulatum.*

LINEÆ.

Linum *tenue.*
L. *corymbiferum.*
L. *asperifolium.*
L. *bicolor.*
L. *Munbyanum.*
L. *grandiflorum.*
L. *Decumbens.*
L. *Lambessanum.*

MALVACEÆ.

Malope *hispida.*
M. *stellipilis.*
M. *tripartita.*
Malva *Ægyptia.*
Lavatera *Olbia.*
L. *flava.*
L. *mauritanica.*
Althæa *longiflora.*

HYPERICINEÆ.

Hypericum *afrum.*
H. *perfoliatum.*

GERANIACEÆ.

Geranium *atlanticum.*
Erodium *hymenodes.*
E. *Munbyanum.*

ZYGOPHYLLEÆ.

Fagonia *sinaïca.*
F. *glutinosa.*
F. *latifolia.*
F. *cretica.*
F. *arabica.*
Zygophyllum *cornutum.*
Z. *album.*
Z. *Geslini.*

RUTACEÆ.

Haplophyllum *tuberculatum.*
Peganum *Harmala.*

RHAMNEÆ.

Rhamnus *oleoïdes.*

TEREBINTHACEÆ.

Pistacia *atlantica.*

LEGUMINOSÆ.

Spartium *Balansæ.*
S. *biflorum.*
Ulex *africanus.*
U. *Webbianus.*
Erinacea *pungens.*
Calycotome *spinosa.*
C. *intermedia.*
Retama *Rætam.*
R. *Bovei.*
S. *ferox.*
Genista *quadriflora.*
G. *umbellata.*
G. *microcephala.*
G. *capitellata.*
G. *Saharæ.*
G. *spartioïdes.*
G. *numidica.*
G. *Duriæi.*
G. *tricuspidata.*
G. *erioclada.*
G. *ramosissima.*
G. *cephalantha.*
Argyrolobium *Linnæanum.*
A. *grandiflorum.*
A. *uniflorum.*
Adenocarpus *umbellatus.*
A. *decorticans.*
Ononis *ramosissima.*
O. *lingulata.*
O. *cuspidata.*
O. *villosissima.*
O. *serrata.*
O. *euphrasiæfolia.*
O. *rosea.*
O. *hispida.*
O. *laxiflora.*
O. *pendula.*
O. *biflora.*
O. *incisa.*
Anthyllis *numidica.*
A. *polycephala.*
A. *tragacanthoïdes.*
A. *hamosa.*
Medicago *secundiflora.*
M. *plagiospira.*
M. *corrugata.*
M. *lævis.*
Trigonella *anguina.*
T. *uniflora.*
Melilotus *speciosa.*
M. *parviflora.*

M. *sulcata.*
Trifolium *Jaminianum.*
Lotus *parviflorus.*
L. *hispidus.*
L. *cytisoïdes.*
Ludovicia *Kremeriana.*
Astragalus *tenuifolius.*
A. *leptophyllus.*
A. *chlorocyaneus.*
A. *scorpioïdes.*
A. *annularis.*
A. *biflorus.*
A. *trimorphus.*
A. *corrugatus.*
A. *geniculatus.*
A. *falciformis.*
A. *Gombo.*
A. *lanigerus.*
A. *incurvus.*
A. *nummularioïdes.*
Psoralea *dentata.*
P. *plicata.*
Vicia *altissima.*
V. *polyphylla.*
V. *atropurpurea.*
V. *monanthos.*
V. *calcarata.*
V. *biflora.*
V. *Monnardi.*
V. *erviformis.*
Lathyrus *tingitanus.*
L. *luteus.*
Ebenus *pinnata.*
Coronilla *pentaphylla.*
Securigera *atlantica.*
Hippocrepis *Salzmanni.*
H. *bicontorta.*
Hedysarum *humile.*
H. *aculeolatum.*
H. *pallidum.*
H. *flexuosum.*
H. *carnosum.*
H. *capitatum.*
H. *Perrauderianum.*
H. *Naudinianum.*
Onobrychis *argentea.*
O. *venosa.*

ROSACEÆ.

Poterium *Duriæi.*
Cotoneaster *Fontanesii.*
Pyrus *longipes.*

HALORAGEÆ.

Serpicula *numidica.*

LYTHRARIEÆ.

Peplis *hispidula.*
Lawsonia *inermis.*

TAMARISCINEÆ.

Tamarix *africana.*
T. *bounopœa.*
T. *pauciovulata.*
T. *brachystylis.*
T. *Balansœ.*
F. *articulata.*

PARONYCHIEÆ.

Corrigiola *telephiifolia.*
Herniaria *Fontanesii.*
H. *hebecarpa.*
Paronychia *Cossoniana.*
P. *aurosiaca.*
Gymnocarpon *decandrum.*
Pteranthus *echinatus.*

CRASSULACEÆ.

Sedum *cæruleum.*
S. *hispidum.*
Umbilicus *horizontalis.*
Pistorinia *intermedia.*
P. *Salzmanni.*

FICOIDEÆ.

Mesembryanthemum *nodiflorum.*
Aizoon *canariense.*
Reaumuria *vermiculata.*
R. *stenophylla.*
Nitraria *tridentata.*

SAXIFRAGEÆ.

Saxifraga *atlantica.*
S. *globulifera.*
S. *spathulata.*
S. *Carpetana.*

UMBELLIFERÆ.

Ammodaucus *leucotrichus.*
Daucus *maximus.*
D. *hispidus.*
D. *parviflorus.*
D. *aureus.*
D. *grandiflorus.*
D. *laserpitioïdes.*
D. *alatus.*
D. *gracilis.*
D. *crinitus.*
D. *glaberrimus.*
D. *setifolius.*
Caucalis *bifrons.*
Torilis *leucotricha.*
Eleoselinum *meoïdes.*
Laserpitium *gummiferum.*
L. *thapsioïdes.*
Deverra *scoparia.*
D. *chlorantha.*
Selinopsis *fœtida.*
S. *montana.*
Seseli *atlanticum.*
Ferula *Tingitana.*
F. *sulcata.*
Anthriscus *mollis.*
Œnanthe *anomala.*
Bupleurum *Balansæ.*
B. *oligactis.*
B. *acutifolium.*
B. *montanum.*
B. *plantagineum.*
B. *gibraltaricum.*
Hohenackera *buplevrifolia.*
H. *polyodon.*
Pimpinella *lutea.*
Carum *incrassatum.*
C. *mauritanicum.*
Cachrys *peucedanoïdes.*
Eryngium *Barrelieri.*
E. *ilicifolium.*
E. *triquetrum.*
E. *dichotomum.*
E. *Bovei.*

LORANTHACEÆ.

Arceutholobium *Oxycedri.*

CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.

Lonicera *canescens.*

RUBIACEÆ.

Putoria *brevifolia.*
Asperula *hirsuta.*
Galium *ellipticum.*
G. *serotinum.*
G. *Tunetanum.*
G. *brunneum.*
G. *petræum.*
G. *glomeratum.*
G. *Bovei.*
Callipeltis *Cucullaria.*

VALERIANEÆ.

Centranthus *macrosiphon.*
Valerianella *fallax.*
V. *chlorodonta.*

DIPSACEÆ.

Cephalaria *syriaca.*
Scabiosa *parviflora.*
S. *semipapposa.*
S. *Camelorum.*
S. *rutæfolia.*

COMPOSITÆ.

Bellis *atlantica.*
B. *rotundifolia.*
Nolletia *pulicarioïdes.*
N. *chrysocomoïdes.*
Conyza *pulicarioïdes.*
Gymnarhena *micrantha.*
Rhanterium *adpressum.*
R. suaveolens.
Inula *crebrifolia.*
I. *graveolens.*

I. *arabica.*
Francœuria *laciniata.*
F. *crispa.*
Asteriscus *pygmæus.*
Anvillea *radiata.*
Cladanthus *arabicus.*
C. *halimifolius.*
C. *pedunculatus.*
Rhetinolepis *lonadioïdes.*
Anthemis *Boveana.*
Anacyclus *Pyrethrum.*
A. *pedunculatus.*
A. *linearilobus.*
Ormenis *aurea.*
Achillea *leptophylla.*
Leucanthemum *Fontanesii.*
Pyrethrum *fuscatum.*
P. *Gayanum.*
P. *Maresii.*
P. *macrocephalum.*
P. *macrotum.*
P. *paludosum.*
Chlamydophora *pubescens.*
Plagius *grandiflorus.*
P. *virgatus.*
Helichrysum *Fontanesii.*
Gnaphalium *muscoïdes.*
G. *leysseroïdes.*
Filago *Duriœi.*
Senecio *atlanticus.*
S. *Decaisnei.*
S. *leucanthemifolius.*
S. *coronopifolius.*
S. *humilis.*
S. *giganteus.*
S. *linifolius.*
S. *Balansœ.*
S. *Gallerandianus.*
S. *Auricula.*
Calendula *suffruticosa.*
C. *stellata.*
C. *Balansœ.*
C. *Monnardii.*
C. *algeriensis.*
Othonna *cheirifolia.*
Echinops *castaneus.*
E. *strigosus.*
E. *Bovei.*
Cardopatium *corymbosum.*
Carlina *involucrata.*
C. *corymbosa.*
C. *racemosa.*
C. *gummifera.*
C. *Fontanesii.*
C. *macrophylla.*
Atractylis *cæspitosa.*
A. *flava.*
A. *microcephala.*
A. *prolifera.*
Amberboa *Lippii.*
A. *micractis.*
A. *crupinoïdes.*
Microlonchus *Duriœi.*
M. *Delestrei.*
M. *Clusii.*
Centaurea *Tagana.*
C. *africana.*
C. *Tougourensis.*
C. *vesceritensis.*
C. *Balansœ.*
C. *eriocephala.*
C. *nana.*
C. *Parlatoris.*
C. *sempervirens.*
C. *involucrata.*
C. *parviflora.*
C. *furfuracea.*
C. *ferox.*
C. *dimorpha.*
C. *algeriensis.*
C. *Phœolepis.*
C. *infestans.*
C. *fragilis.*
C. *omphalotricha.*
C. *omphalodes.*
C. *microcarpa.*
Onobroma *helenioïdes.*
Carduncellus *eriocephalus.*
C. *atlanticus.*
C. *rhaponticoïdes.*
C. *atractyloïdes.*
C. *multifidus.*
C. *calvus.*
C. *pectinatus.*
Silybum *eburneum.*
Galactites *Duriœi.*
G. *mutabilis.*
Onopordum *macracanthum.*

Rhaponticum *acaule.*
Carduus *macrocephalus.*
C. *Balansæ.*
C. *Spachianus.*
C. *algeriensis.*
C. *pteracanthus.*
C. *leptocladus.*
C. *numidicus.*
C. *arenarius.*
Picnomon *Acarna.*
Notobasis *syriaca.*
Cirsium *giganteum.*
C. *echinatum.*
Scolymus *grandiflorus.*
Kœlpinia *linearis.*
Catananche *arenaria.*
C. *montana.*
C. *cæspitosa.*
Tolpis *altissima.*
Hypochæris *Salzmanniana.*
Seriola *lævigata.*
Leontodon *Balansæ.*
L. *helminthioïdes.*
Kalbfussia *Salzmanni.*
Spitzelia *cupuligera.*
S. *radicata.*
Tourneuxia *variifolia.*
Urospermum *picroïdes.*
U. *Dalechampii.*
Scorzonera *pygmæa.*
Helminthia *Asplenioïdes.*
H. *Balansæ.*
Barkhausia *suberostris.*
B. *amplexicaulis.*
Picridium *tingitanum.*
Zollikoferia *resedifolia.*
Z. *Candolleana.*
Z. *angustifolia.*
Z. *quercifolia.*
Z. *longiloba.*
Sonchus *mauritanicus.*
S. *divaricatus.*

CAMPANULACEÆ.

Jasione *glabra.*
J. *Bovei.*
Campanula *Kremeri.*
C. *mollis.*
C. *atlantica.*
C. *trachelioïdes.*
C. *alata.*
C. *numidica.*
C. *filicaulis.*
Trachelium *cæruleum.*

ANDROSACE.

Cyclamen *africanum.*
Anagallis *collina.*
A. *platyphylla.*

OLEACEÆ.

Fraxinus *dimorpha.*

ASCLEPIADEÆ.

Dæmia *cordata.*
Boucerosia *Munbyana.*
Apteranthes *Gussoniana.*
Stapelia *hirsuta.*

GENTIANEÆ.

Chlora *grandiflora.*

CONVOLVULACEÆ.

Convolvulus *supinus.*
C. *suffruticosus.*
C. *mauritanicus.*
C. *undulatus.*
C. *geniculatus.*
Ipomæa *sagittata.*

BORRAGINEÆ.

Borago *longiflora.*
Echium *grandiflorum.*
E. *flavum.*
Echiochilon *fruticosum.*
Nonnea *nigricans.*
N. *micrantha.*
N. *phaneranthera.*
Anchusa *lanata.*
Onosma *echinata.*
Lithospermum *callosum.*
Arnebia *decumbens.*
Alkanna *orientalis.*

Echinospermum *patulum.*
E. *Vahlianum.*
Cynoglossum *clandestinum.*
Solenanthus *lanatus.*
Mattia *sp.*
Megastoma *pusillum.*

SOLANEÆ.

Lycium *afrum.*
Withania *frutescens.*
Physalis *somnifera.*

SCROPHULARIEÆ.

Celsia *cretica.*
C. *laciniata.*
C. *betonicæfolia.*
Linaria *scariosa.*
L. *elatinoïdes.*
L. *lanigera.*
L. *fruticosa.*
L. *aparinoïdes.*
L. *tingitana.*
L. *viscosa.*
L. *reticulata.*
L. *spartea.*
L. *bipartita.*
L. *micrantha.*
L. *Munbyana.*
L. *atlantica.*
L. *marginata.*
L. *reflexa.*
L. *flava.*
L. *virgata.*
L. *laxiflora.*
L. *flexuosa.*
L. *minor.*
Anarrhinum *pedatum.*
A. *fruticosum.*
Scrophularia *sambucifolia.*
S. *capillipes.*
S. *lævigata.*
S. *hispida.*
S. *Duriœi.*
S. *Deserti.*
Eufragia *viscosa.*
Orobanche *Ritro.*
O. *media.*
O. *fœtida.*
Phelipæa *ægyptiaca.*
P. *violacea.*
P. *mauritanica.*
P. *lutea.*
Ceratocalyx *macropelis.*

LABIATÆ.

Ballota *hirsuta.*
Origanum *floribundum.*
O. *atlanticum.*
Thymus *hirtus.*
T. *lanceolatus.*
T. *Zattar.*
T. *Fontanesii.*
T. *capitatus.*
T. *ciliatus.*
T. *numidicus.*
T. *Guyonii.*
Micromeria *græce.*
M. *inodora.*
M. *microphylla.*
Calamintha *candidissima.*
Clinopodium *Munbyanum.*
Salvia *tingitana.*
S. *argentea.*
S. *phlomoïdes.*
S. *bicolor.*
S. *algeriensis.*
S. *Balansæ.*
S. *ægyptiaca.*
S. *lanigera.*
S. *Jaminiana.*
Nepeta *algeriensis.*
N. *tuberosa.*
N. *reticulata.*
N. *rosea.*
Brunella *algeriensis.*
Saccocalyx *satureioïdes.*
Sideritis *incana.*
S. *Guyoniana.*
Marrubium *Deserti.*
Betonica *algeriensis.*
Stachys *Duriœi.*
S. *Mialhesii.*
S. *arenaria.*
S. *Guyoniana.*
S. *marrubifolia.*

S. *brachyclada.*
Phlomis *mauritanica.*
P. *floccosa.*
P. *Bovei.*
Teucrium *pseudo-scorodonia.*
T. *mauritanicum.*
T. *resupinatum.*
T. *ramosissimum.*
T. *albidum.*
T. *bracteatum.*

VERBENACEÆ.

Lippia *nodiflora.*

PLUMBAGINEÆ.

Goniolimon *tataricum.*
Statice *sinuata.*
S. *Bonduellii.*
S. *Thouinii.*
S. *Duriœi.*
S. *oxylepis.*
S. *cyrtostachya.*
S. *Gougetiana.*
S. *spathulata.*
S. *globulariœfolia.*
S. *gummifera.*
S. *cymulifera.*
S. *virgata.*
S. *dictyoclada.*
S. *asparagoïdes.*
S. *echioïdes.*
Limoniastrum *Guyonianum.*
Bubania *Feei.*
Armeria *allioïdes.*
A. *plantaginea.*

PLANTAGINEÆ.

Plumbago *syrtica.*
P. *ovata.*
P. *ciliata.*
P. *serraria.*
P. *macrorhiza.*
P. *mauritanica.*

SALSOLACEÆ.

Oreobliton *thesioïdes.*
O. *chenopodioïdes.*
Atriplex *parvifolia.*
Obione *coriacea.*
Kali *arabicum.*
Halostachys *perfoliata.*
Halocnemum *strobilaceum.*
Suæda *vermiculata.*
Traganum *nudatum.*
Caroxylum *tetragonum.*
Salsola *tetrandra.*
S. *longifolia.*
Noæa *spinosissima.*
N. *aretioïdes.*
Anabasis *articulata.*
A. *alopecuroïdes.*
Cornulaca *monacantha.*

AMARANTACEÆ.

Achyranthes *argentea.*
Ærva *javanica.*
Polycnemum *Fontanesii.*

POLYGONEÆ.

Calligonum *comosum.*
Rumex *induratus.*
R. *thyrsoideus.*
R. *tingitanus.*
Emex *spinosus.*
Polygonum *equisetiforme.*

THYMELEÆ.

Passerina *nitida.*
P. *virgata.*
P. *microphylla.*
P. *virescens.*

SANTALACEÆ.

Osyris *quadripartita.*
Thesium *humile.*

ARISTOLOCHIEÆ.

Aristolochia *Fontanesii.*
A. *altissima.*

EUPHORBIACEÆ.

Andrachne *telephioïdes.*
Crozophora *verbascifolia.*
Euphorbia *globulosa.*
E. *mauritanica.*
E. *paniculata.*
E. *biumbellata.*
E. *bupleuroïdes.*
E. *cornuta.*
E. *Guyoniana.*
E. *luteola.*
E. *calcarea.*
E. *calyptrata.*

URTICEÆ.

Forskalea *tenacissima.*
Parietaria *mauritanica.*

CUPULIFERÆ.

Quercus *Mirbeckii.*
Q. *Pseudo-Robur.*
Q. *pseudo-coccifera.*
Q. *Ballota.*

SALICINEÆ.

Salix *ægyptiaca.*
S. *pedicellata.*

CONIFEREÆ.

Cedrus *Libani.*
Juniperus *thurifera.*
Ephedra *alata.*
E. *græca.*
E. *fragilis.*
E. *altissima.*
Callitris *quadrivalvis.*

ALISMACEÆ.

Damasonium *Bourgœi.*

COLCHICACEÆ.

Merendera *filifolia.*
Colchicum *bulbocodioïdes.*
Erythrostictus *punctatus.*

LILIACEÆ.

Scilla *Aristidis.*
S. *undulata.*
S. *fugax.*
S. *pulchella.*
S. *obtusifolia.*
S. *fallax.*
S. *parviflora.*
S. *anthericoïdes.*
S. *villosa.*
S. *lingulata.*
Ornithogalum *sessiliflorum.*
O. *arabicum.*
Gagea *mauritanica.*
G. *chrysantha.*
G. *circinata.*
G. *polymorpha.*
Allium *margaritaceum.*
A. *odoratissimum.*
A. *trichocnemis.*
A. *Duricæanum.*
Uropetalum *serotinum.*
Muscari *atlanticum.*
M. *parviflorum.*
M. *ciliatum.*
Phalangium *algeriense.*
Anthericum *bicolor.*
Asphodelus *luteus.*
A. *pendulinus.*
A. *acaulis.*
A. *microcarpus.*

SMILACEÆ.

Asparagus *altissimus.*
Smilax *mauritanica.*

IRIDEÆ.

Crocus *reticulatus.*
Iris *filifolia.*
I. *juncea.*
I. *stylosa.*
I. *scorpioïdes.*
Gladiolus *byzantinus.*

AMARYLLIDEÆ.

Narcissus *Clusii.*
N. *pachybolbus.*
Paneratium *collinum.*

ORCHIDEÆ.

Serapias *nivea.*
Orchis *Munbyana.*
O. *saccata.*
O. *patens.*
O. *longicornu.*
O. *elata.*
O. *atlantica.*

POTAMEÆ.

Potamogeton *contortus.*

AROIDEÆ.

Biarum *Bovei.*
Arisarum *simorrhinum.*

JUNCEÆ.

Juncus *salinus.*
J. *striatus.*
J. *foliosus.*
J. *valvatus.*
Luzula *græca.*

CYPERACEÆ.

Cyperus *badius.*
C. *fascicularis.*
Carex *Mauritanica.*

GRAMINEÆ.

Phalaris *cœrulescens.*
Panicum *obtusifolium.*
P. *Numidianum.*
P. *Teneriffæ.*
Pennisetum *ciliare.*
P. *asperifolium.*
P. *dichotomum.*
Pennicillaria *spicata.*
Hemarthria *fasciculata.*
Andropogon *annulatus.*
A. *laniger.*
Anthistiria *glauca.*
Agrostis *capillaris.*
Stipa *barbata.*
S. *gigantea.*
S. *parviflora.*
S. *tortilis.*
S. *tenacissima.*
Aristida *pungens.*
A. *ciliata.*
A. *plumosa.*
A. *obtusa.*
A. *Adscensionis.*
Eleusine *Ægyptia.*
Tetrapogon *villosum.*
Spartina *juncea.*
Pappophorum *brachystachyum.*
Ammochloa *pungens.*
A. *subacaulis.*
Avena *eriantha.*
A. *longiglumus.*
A. *clauda.*
A. *hirsuta.*
Kœleria *Balansæ.*
K. *hispida.*
Arundo *altissima.*
A. *festucoïdes.*
Cynosurus *Crista Galli.*
C. *elegans.*
Melica *pyramidalis.*
Glyceria *tenuifolia.*
Poa *atrovirens.*
P. *geniculata.*
Dactylis *repens.*
Bromus *Alopecurus.*
Festuca *triflora.*
F. *cœrulescens.*
F. *interrupta.*
F. *Alopecuros.*
F. *geniculata.*
F. *cynosuroïdes.*
F. *Pectinella.*
F. *Hemipoa.*
F. *divaricata.*
F. *memphitica.*
F. *Salzmanni.*
F. *Lolium.*
F. *tuberculosa.*

Hordeum *crinitum.*
Triticum *hordeaceum.*
Ægilops *ventricosa.*

EQUISETACEÆ.

Equisetum *ramosissimum.*

ISOETEÆ.

Isoëtes *adspersa.*
I. *velata.*

I. *Hystrix.*
I. *Duricei.*

MARSILEACEÆ.

Pilularia *minuta.*

FILICES.

Cheilanthes *odora.*
Notochlæna *vellea.*
Asplenium *palmatum.*
Pteris *lanceolata.*

These plants "*spéciales à l'Algérie,*" have been marked for me as such by M. Durando, botanist at Algiers, from the "*Catalogus Plantarum Algériensium,*" published by M. Munby in 1859, and from his subsequent "*Supplementum Catalogi,*" which rank as the most perfect lists extant on the subject. The botanical world will soon, however, be gratified by the appearance of another, more extensive and complete; M. Durieu de Maisonneuve, Directeur du Jardin Botanique de Bordeaux, having been charged by the French Government to publish, in conjunction with Dr. Cosson, author of the "*Flore Parisienne,*" a folio edition of the classified Flora of Algeria.

N.B.—A larger Catalogue might be given of those common also to Spain and Sicily, though unknown in England and France. These, however, are designedly excluded. It will be sufficient here to quote M. Munby's statement that the Flora of Algeria is intimately related to that of the middle of Spain, and that certain species are found in common in these two countries which are not met with elsewhere; such as the *Helianthemum Caput-Felix, Adenocarpus decorticatus,* and several others.

ANALYSIS OF THERMAL AND MINERAL SPRINGS.

An analysis of some of the thermal and mineral waters, to which allusion has been made, may possess an interest for medical readers. The following are quoted by M. Piesse, as given by M. le Dr. Lelorrain.

The saline springs of Hammam-Rir'a.

1,000 grammes of water contain—

	Gr.
Chloride of sodium Chloride of magnesium	0·900
Sulphate of soda Sulphate of magnesia	0·100
Sulphate of lime	1·350
Carbonate of lime Carbonate of magnesia	0·240
Total	2·590

Analysis of the adjacent iron waters (hot) which flow out of the ground vertically, in ten or twelve small jets, at a temperature of from 69° to 75°.

Water, 1,000 gr.	Gr.
Chloride of sodium	0·5236
Sulphate of lime	0·8266
Sulphate of magnesia	0·2726
Sulphate of soda	0·4280
Carbonate of lime	0·2866
Carbonate of magnesia	0·0500
Sulphate of soda	0·2746 (*sic.*)
Silica	0·0066
Oxide of iron, and traces of phosphate	0·0266
Organic matter	traces.
Total	2·7042

In close proximity are springs of iron waters (cold). The taste of these acidulated gaseous waters is said to resemble those of Seltzer.

1,000 grammes contain—	Gr.
Chloride of sodium	0·1957
Chloride of magnesium	0·1850
Sulphate of lime	0·7828
Sulphate of magnesia Sulphate of soda	0·5570
Carbonate of ammonia	traces.
Carbonate of lime	0·8070
Carbonate of magnesia Carbonate of strontia	0·0015
Ochreous deposits	0·0300
Total	2·5590

It will be well perhaps to let M. le Dr. Bertherand, who has written so fully on "l'*Étude* des Eaux Minérales de l'*Algérie*," speak for himself:—

"L'hiver n'existe pas en Algérie, et particulièrement sur tout ce littoral délicieux, où elle développe plaines, et côteaux, entre l'Atlas, et la Méditerranée. On laisse bien loin Nice, Hyères, et jusqu'aux dernières côtes d'Espagne, et d'Italie. La transformation du climat est complète. . . .

"Cherchez un peu dans ces gorges délicieuses de l'Atlas, vous y trouverez les succursales de Baréges, de Bagnères, de Vichy, de Plombières, de Spa, de Sedlitz, de Pullna; debarquez à Alger, passer la Mitidja, et vous y êtes."

TABLE *showing comparative* ALTITUDES *of the chief* TOWNS *in* ALGERIA.

	Feet above the level of the sea.		
Algiers, from	1 to 464	Larghaout	2,437
Oran	„ 1 „ 318	Millianah	2,925
Constantine	2,080	Mostagem	341
Bône	114	Mascara	1,901
Bougie	88	Orleansville	472
Blidah	845	Setif	3,575
Medeah	2,990	Tlemcen	2,600

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